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The Trouble With the State Department

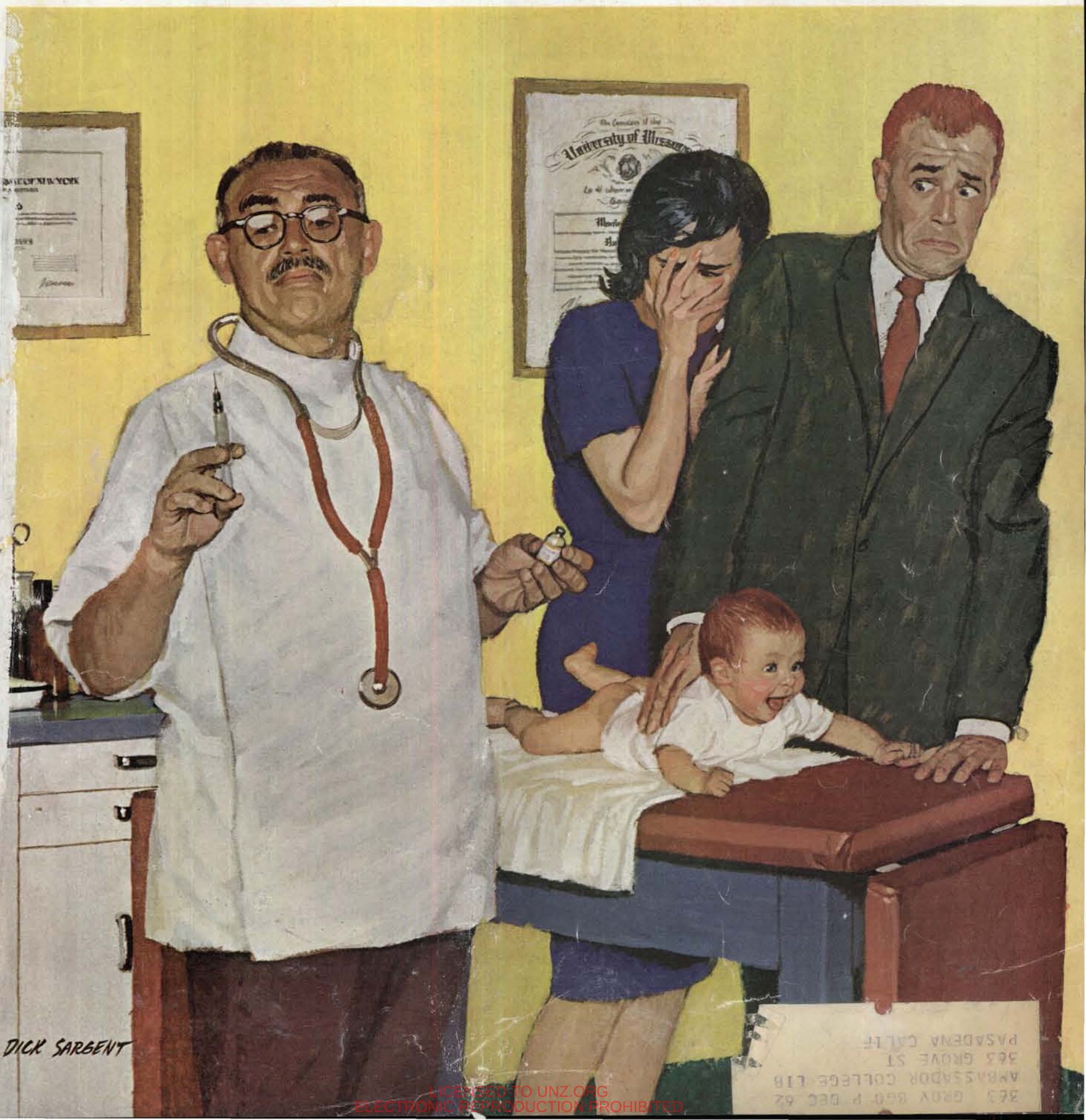
By Stewart ALSOP

Also: Margaret Mead Speaks Out on the Changing Status of Women

The Saturday Evening POST

Mar. 3, 1962

20¢



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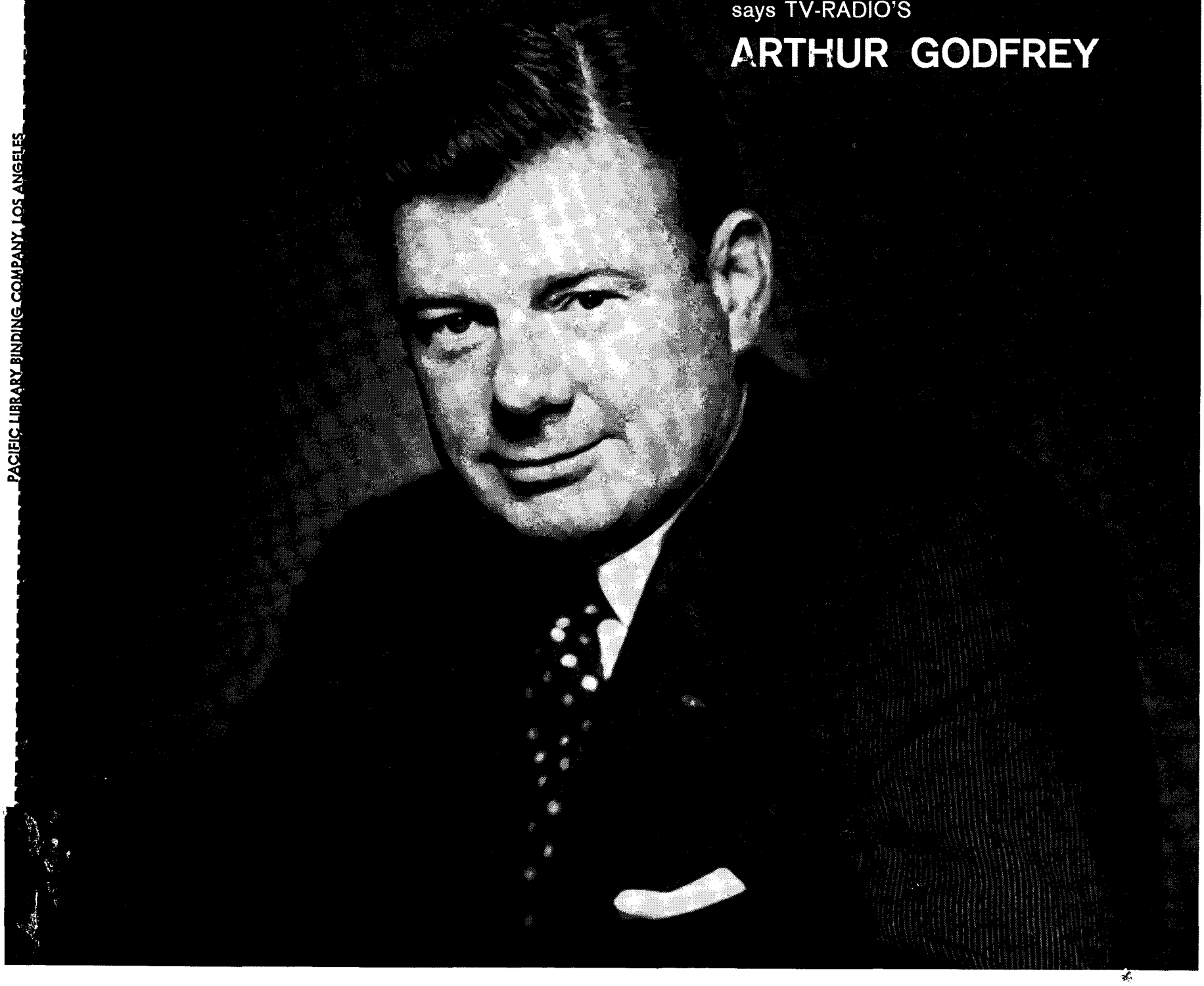
ARTHUR GODFREY



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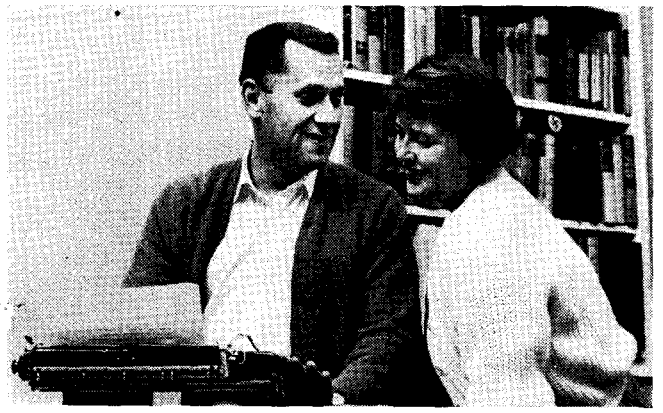
Robert L. Whearley, who writes about the ski-and-culture resort town of Aspen, Colorado (ASPEN: SKI HEAVEN, page 16), is a Denver newspaperman who likes to explore the Rockies in a jeep but not on skis. In researching the article, he says, "I kept to the lower levels of Aspen." A transplanted easterner thirty-three years old, he grew up in New York City, quit school at sixteen, lied about his age and went into the Army. The war ended. So did his paratrooper training, and he talked himself into being assigned to the Army's newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. He's been a newspaperman ever since. Now a reporter for the Denver *Post*, Bob worked on the infamous Denver police scandals long before the extent of corruption became public knowledge. In fact, Bob's early nosing about made him suspicious enough to write a memo that persuaded Colorado's Governor Stephen L. R. McNichols to



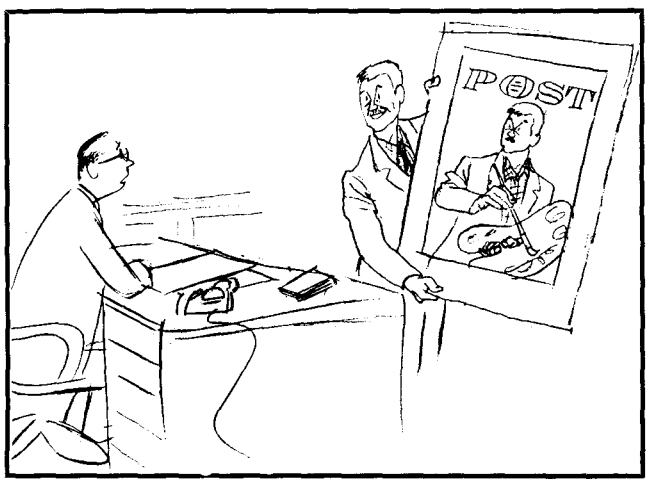
Author Whearley with his wife, Frances. He doesn't often let her peek.

bring the state into the investigation. At the same time Bob established a reputation in the police department for trustworthiness. From his conversations with Bobbie Whaley, a Denver policeman now in jail, came the article in our February 10 issue I WAS A BURGLAR WITH A BADGE (*by* Whaley *as told to* Whearley). Whearley says that he's been trying for years to sell fiction (Westerns) to us but with no luck. So he is still surprised at having his by-line appear in our pages twice in less than a month.

A Pretty Girl wants to go to college in order to become a teacher. The Miss Teen-age America contest offers four years of college to the winner. Result: prospective teacher Holly Mae Shick of Cincinnati, who has top grades, a sparkling personality and poise gained from working part time as a model, entered the Miss Teen-age America contest. In this issue author Joe Alex Morris tells how the contest began, how it works and who benefits most from it. How did Holly Shick fare? See page 52.

Miss Teen-age America contestant Holly (in dark sweater) and friends.

The Scene on Our Cover this week will surely touch a responsive chord in every parent. The idea was suggested to artist Dick Sargent by *Post* readers Walter and Barbara Jackowski of Danville, Illinois, shortly after they had taken their baby, Stanley Frank, for his first shot. Small Stanley put his parents to shame too, for he continued to gurgle and smile throughout the Terrible Ordeal. Sargent tells us that hundreds of readers have sent him suggestions for covers, but this was the first one he has ever been able to use. And getting an idea is only the first step. Sargent spoofs the next problem—selling the idea to *The Post*'s Art Editor Ken Stuart—in his sketch below.



Sargent shows Art Editor Stuart a proposed cover: Sargent by Sargent.

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LETTERS

THE ARAB WORLD

Dear Sirs:

Harold H. Martin in his article [SEETHING ARAB WORLD, Jan. 20] asks, "What can the U.S. do to keep peace in the Mid-East?" Past U.S. efforts to help a country in trouble have had the same effect as gasoline being poured on a smoldering fire. Therefore, the answer to your reporter's question is obvious: Keep the U.S. out of it.

ALICE V. LAUNAY
Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I think we and the United Nations could do much more than we have done in attempting to establish peace in that area.

REBECCA HORN
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It seems that Mr. Martin has confused a few things which are basic in the Arab-Zionist dispute. I assure you that the Arabs harbor no hatred for the Jews. Thousands of Jewish citizens of Arab countries live among the millions of Arabs. Our dispute is with Zionism and not Jewry. Mr. Martin says in his article that "American support of Israel . . . stems from a deep compassion for a people who . . . at last have established a homeland in which they hope to live free from fear." Would you be kind enough to tell us whether Israel is a home for all Jews and whether the United States Government believes American Jews live "in fear"? . . .

I am not surprised that Mr. Martin, in speaking of Israel, overlooks the fact that Israel is an alien body in the heart of the Arab world. . . . I regret to say that the article contains the most slanted information, unimaginative analysis and misleading conclusions, which could only have been issued by Zionist organizations in a hatred campaign waged against the Arab world.

B. BUTTI
Press Department
Embassy of the Republic of Iraq
Washington, D.C.

● *Author Martin says, "I came away from the Middle East feeling a deep sympathy for the Arabs. This leads me to deplore the fact that they cannot bring themselves to accept the* fait accompli *of the establishment of the State of Israel. The cause of civilization would be better served if the Arabs could sublimate their bitterness toward the Zionists and direct their anger instead against the poverty, illiteracy and disease which are the real enemies of the Arab peoples."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I wish to compliment your editor for the excellent objective presentation of a complex Arab-Israel problem. . . . Peace in the Middle East would be a blessing to Arab and Jew, and to the entire Middle East.

HENRY ROSENBAUM
Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Harold Martin's article is a classic in the dangerous application of imprecise language. His repetitious use of the term "Jew" in confusion with "Israeli" or "Zionist" is an affront to the vast majority of Americans of Jewish religious faith who reject the efforts of the World Zionist Organization to tie them politically or nationally to the State of Israel.

The American Council for Judaism Philanthropic Fund recently contributed a sizable sum of money for the relief of Arab refugees in the Gaza Strip. The Council itself is anti-Zionist, a fact well known to *Post* editors.

RABBI ELMER BERGER
Executive Vice President
American Council for Judaism
New York, N.Y.

● *Rabbi Berger's organization has some 20,000 members, while the U.S. affiliates of the World Zionist Organization have 750,000. Most of the United States' 5,500,000 Jews are not members of either group, but are enthusiastically friendly to Israel.—ED.*

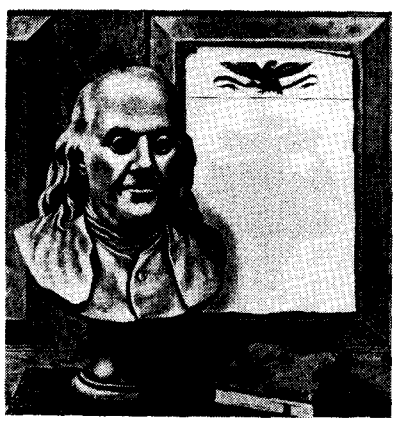
COVER CHOICES

Dear Sirs:

Shades of good old Ben Franklin! Has this great American sunk so low in the estimation of his countrymen that the very magazine he founded sees fit to replace his customary picture and wisdom on its cover [Jan. 20] with a couple of Arabs? 'Tis a low blow indeed at those of your readers who have long enjoyed seeing his likeness and reading his advice at this time of year. However timely and interesting the Arab article may have been (I read it and enjoyed it very much), was it necessary to feature it on your cover?

ELLIS HANKS
Yakima, Wash.

● *For those who pine to gaze upon a* Post *cover honoring our founder, we print [below] the one we used last year, with*



the space for the traditional quotation left blank so readers can fill in their own favorites. One of Franklin's that seems appropriate to us at this time: "As I do not aim at publick Praise I design to remain concealed."—ED.

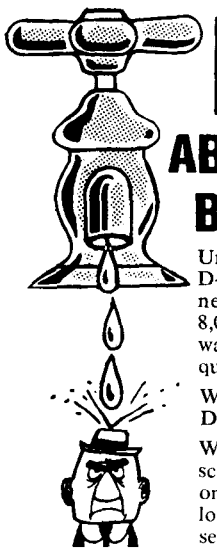
Dear Sirs:

I want to compliment you on your choice of cover for the Jan. 20 *Post*. It is timely and revealing. One only has to look at the Arabs' faces to see turmoil in this part of the world. The pride and determination of the Arabs is shown there. The wounds of a long, long struggle are also evident.

DOROTHY L. ANDERSON
River Falls, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Why is it that since our subscription has become effective those clever, artistic covers have been gradually replaced by common photographs? One



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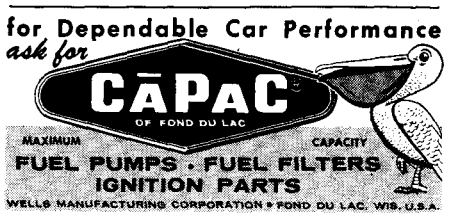

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LETTERS

of *The Post*'s outstanding features was the amusing cover found on each new issue of *Post*. Let's leave the photographs to the "common" magazines and keep *Post*'s individuality. O.K.?

SUE DOEPKER
Owosso, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

To be perfectly frank, I don't usually read *The Post*, but the picture of the budgie and wren by Gyo Fujikawa on your Jan. 6 issue was so appealing that I bought the magazine in order to have the picture. Now I find the reading matter so delightful also that I shall be a regular reader henceforth.

KATHLEEN M. KERSHAW
New York (APO), N.Y.

REDUCING ILLUSIONS

Dear Sirs:

Your article, ILLUSIONS OF REDUCING [by Stanley Frank, Jan. 20], is an insult to all American men and women who are members [of reducing salons]. We can prove the wonderful results our members get, and we do not misrepresent all the things you quote. The writer must be some kind of a scrawny, dried-up jerk who doesn't have the intelligence to take a health course or a fat slob that's too lazy to do anything about it.

ADELE DIGBY
American Health Studios
Silhouette Figure Form
Metairie, La.

● *Author Frank's vital statistics: 6 feet 1, 175 pounds, 41-34-36. "A fairly*

brisk figure for an old bag of bones," he opines.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

I have had a great deal of experience over many years in the reducing field, and I find your article most thorough, enlightening and well qualified.

FRED GILBERT, M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The unfortunate, and we are sure inadvertent, inclusion of a picture of Exercycle in the illustration accompanying Mr. Frank's article has led to the inference that Mr. Frank's otherwise clear-cut article referred to Exercycle. We would certainly appreciate your bringing this inadvertence to the attention of your readers. For some time Exercycle has been in the forefront of efforts to eliminate spurious advertising claims in the industry. Manufacturers have been urged to prove their claims or benefits by reliable research such as that which is being conducted for Exercycle Corporation at several universities in the United States.

JULIUS S. IMPELLIZZERI, *President*
Exercycle Corporation
New York, N.Y.

CHURCH DISAGREEMENT

Dear Sirs:

I was a bit disgusted with some of my Protestant brethren in their letters [Jan. 27] concerning John A. O'Brien's article, CAN CHRISTIANS UNITE? [Dec. 23-30].

LOUIS R. MCCREERY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is reassuring to find that there are people in this country who have not forgotten what the word "Protestant" means. Union of true Christians with Romanism is impossible.

MIKE WALSH
Opa-Locka, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Methinks your Protestant readers doth *protest* too much.

MRS. WAYNE F. MARESCH
Carlisle, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

From those letters it would seem that Protestant ministers and their congregations fear Catholicism more than Communism. It is hard to reconcile the teachings of Christ's love for fellowmen in their modern epistles of hate and dissension.

PAUL E. DOYLE
Franklin Park, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Both Communism and Catholicism are totalitarian, neither believes in personal freedom nor democracy. . . . The Catholic Church is a monolithic monarchy, a religious imperialism. The top-ranking leaders of the Catholic Church in America are not elected by the people but are appointed by Rome. If the Protestant Church should unite with the Catholic Church, it would lose its character and identity in an imperialistic organization.

J. F. DORMAN
Monroeville, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

These dissenters are flattering their ego when they proclaim that the Catholic Church would swallow them whole. I believe that any denomination other than their own would choke on such a morsel of ignorance and intolerance.

MRS. WILLIAM PANEK
Globe, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Printing such letters may not promote Christian unity, but exposing these ridiculous opinions may help to excite public interest in the search for religious truth about each other.

MARCELLA GUILFOY
Glendale, Mo.

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3–Bob Henriques; John Urwiller. • 11, 12, 13, 14, 15–Robert Phillips. • 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21–John Bryson. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24–Leonard Nadel. • 25–Larry Keighley. • 26–Gary Gladstone. • 27–Joern Gerdts. • 28–James Bama. • 30, 35–Larry Fried. • 36, 37–George Him. • 44, 45, 46, 47–Peter Stackpole. • 52, 53, 54, 55–Bob Henriques. • 56–Irv Bahrt. • 61–Gary Gladstone. • 73–Frank Ross. • 75–Neil Leifer.

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

RETURN OF THE CAVE WOMAN

BY MARGARET MEAD

During the past fifty years social scientists have been preoccupied with those social changes which have left women increasingly free to enter professions outside the home and increasingly free from drudgery within the home. But a number of other changes, concurrent and little recognized, may have profound effects upon the way in which women's feminine nature and capabilities contribute to the welfare of mankind.

Today, when it is of the greatest importance that we mobilize all possible efforts to "cherish and protect the lives of men and the life of the world," it may be well to ask: What has happened to those roles which have historically belonged to women? Traditionally they used to care for the young, nurse the sick, lay out the dead, attend women in childbirth, comfort the sorrowful, quiet unruliness, and temper hotheadedness with gentleness and wisdom. In many instances women elected a life devoted to God or God's children. A mere recitation of these historical roles sounds strange; the very vocabulary is out of date.

We may think of the family as having begun in the far prehistoric past when males extended their protection to specific females and their offspring, granting the youngsters a longer and longer childhood. Men stopped hunting for themselves alone and began bringing home the quarry for the little group that lived together. It is likely that this change in behavior roughly coincided with the loss of a specific breeding season. Females became receptive to male advances all year round, and family life was established. It was based on regular sex relations on one hand and the provision and preparation of food on the other, in which a male and one or more females cared for the young. In all probability such primitive families existed before there was any greater division of labor or elaboration of social organization or religious belief. Such families, however, needed group life for mutual support. Also, the group provided mates from outside the household, thus preventing intrafamilial strife between fathers and growing sons over the possession of sisters.

It took hundreds of thousands of years to develop the very simple cultures that we find in remote parts of the world, and longer still to develop the great civilizations to which our own modern civilization is heir. Through the ages the central pattern of the family and the division of labor between the sexes survived. Men went out from the hearth to hunt for food, to protect and to conquer, to explore and to organize. Women stayed near the hearth, cared for the young children and prepared the food. However much subsequent generations elaborated this pattern—with great extended families, complex systems of feudal interrelationships and one-sex religious communities—this central core remained. But much was added to it. To the care of the infant and toddler was added the protection of young people through adolescence, the care of the sick and the care of the old. And a place was found for the wisdom and wider generosity of women past childbearing. They were free to care not only for their own children, with the fierce maternal protectiveness of young mothers, but also for all the children within the community. Elaborate rituals grew up around death, and it was women who straightened the limbs of the dead and washed their bodies for burial. Knowledge of midwifery grew, and it was women who attended a woman in labor, washed the newborn and wrapped him—in bark or swaddling clothes.

When the Judeo-Christian tradition flowered in a new concern for the welfare of the poor and the sick and the orphaned, it was women who organized to take on these widened responsibilities. First as "widows," then as deaconesses, then as nuns—in each of these organizations they became more amenable to male authority—they continued the activities that had once been confined to the home. As they became nurses and teachers, their traditional role was widened even more. In the early days of the United States it was valiant older women who fought against slavery, against child labor and the horrors of the slums. Many of these women were unmarried and, like Jane Addams, gave their entire lives to make a world safe for all children.

We are the inheritors of this tradition of service that was established by women who left their homes, many of them never to return. In these days of great freedom, when education is as open to women as to men, when the great professions of medicine and law, teaching and scientific research are open to women, we may well ask: How do we women stand?

The answer is simple. We stand very badly indeed. The ancient occupation of bathing the dead is now in the hands of morticians, a male profession conducted for profit. Midwifery, and the loving induction of mother and infant into a satisfactory symbiotic relationship, is now in the hands of male obstetricians, followed by male pediatricians. Visiting the widowed and the sorrowful is done largely by male insurance agents—again as part of the profit structure of society. Dedicating one's life to God or human welfare is becoming steadily more unpopular; the teaching and nursing religious orders depend upon bringing in women from the less sophisticated parts of the world. Bedside nursing is repudiated by the trained nurse as beneath her high level of education. The care of the infirm old has been put as far outside the home as possible and delegated to institutions where gadgets replace tenderness, and the television set the friendly personal voice.

Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of surplus older women, many of them with more-than-adequate means, are restricting their activities to the preservation of their own private—and often boring—existences. Neither their fortunes nor their hearts nor their imaginations are placed at the service of the wider world.

Finally, as we consider such matters as peace and bread—measures to protect the world from war, and food for the children who suffer and die from preventable malnutrition—we must ask: Are women today in the forefront of organized movements to treat such needs?

On the whole it is not a pretty picture. We may well ask, why have we returned, despite our advances in technology, to the Stone Age picture? Women's main ambition today is to acquire and hold a mate, to produce or adopt children who are to be the exclusive delight and concern of a single married pair. Work outside the home, whether it be such traditional occupations as teaching or nursing, office or technical work, holds no attraction in itself, unless it is subservient to the demands of an individual household.

Woman has gone back, each to her separate cave, waiting anxiously for her mate and children to return, guarding her mate jealously against other women, almost totally unaware of any life outside her door. The woman who does not marry is frowned upon and discriminated against, given neither status nor honor. Various psychiatric terms are now used to describe religious dedication, and the dedicated are suspected of having neuroses. Interest in any kind of work which might take precedence over the desire to "have a family" is discouraged. Girls are admonished to study typing rather than mathematics, and if, after the children are grown, women look for some greater meaning in life, their eyes usually are turned toward a hobby or some form of self-fulfillment, seldom toward activities on behalf of the larger community. Community busywork—scouts, P.T.A., local Community Chest drives—has become part of the homemaking activities of the mothers of young children. Even as they

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Margaret Mead, anthropologist, author and mother, is associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. She is best known for her widely read book, Coming of Age in Samoa, *first published in 1928.*

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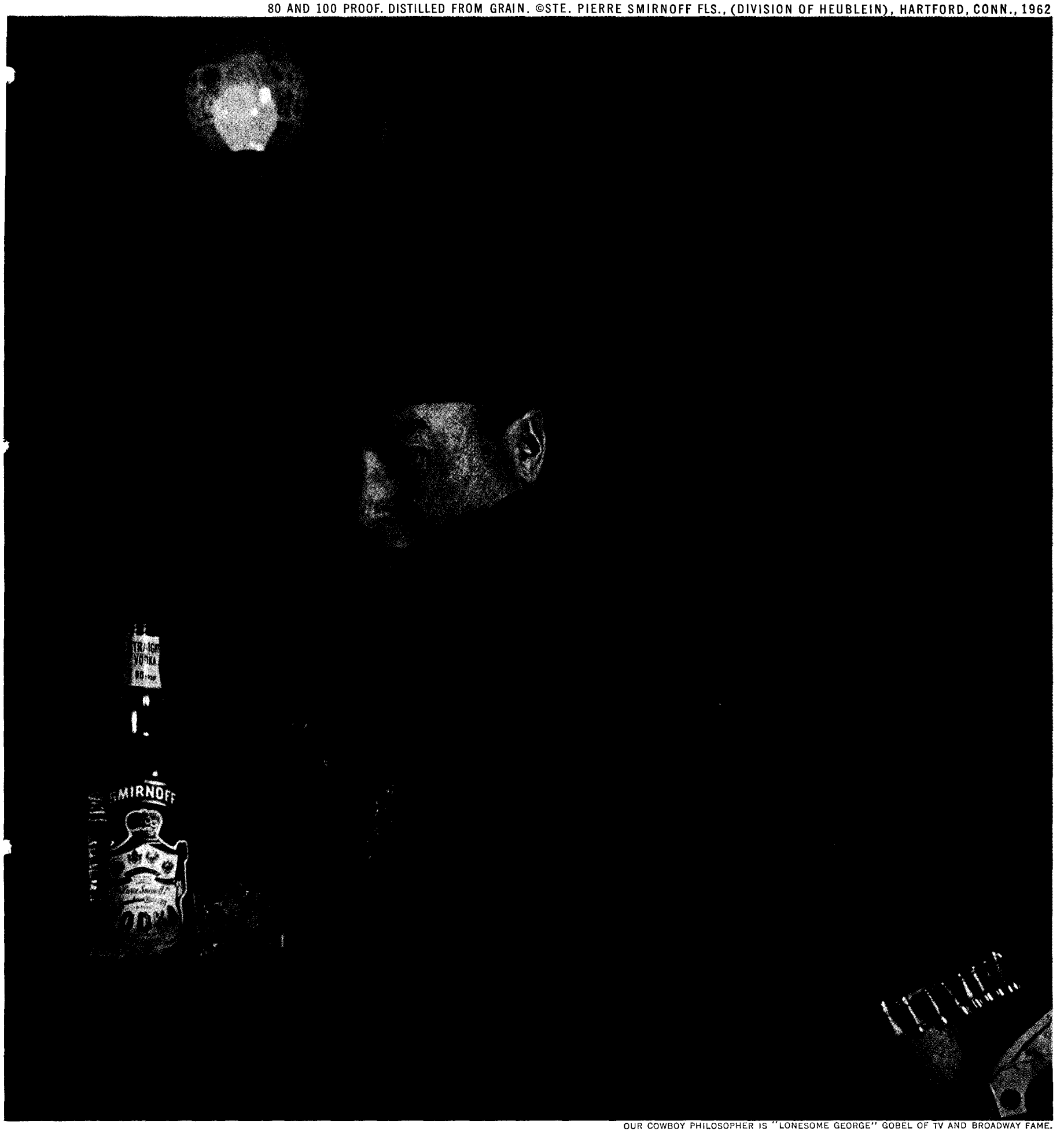

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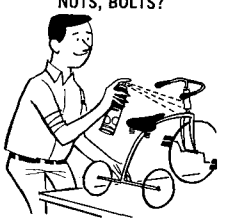
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SPEAKING OUT

attempt to make their community one which is good for their children, it is well protected against those whose children might need help; acknowledgment of such communities would tend to lower the status of their own safe little green islands.

Today, while we argue over whether India or the underfed people of the Caribbean should not be cajoled or forced into population control, we must acknowledge that the United States has one of the fastest-growing populations in the world. In this retreat into fecundity, it is not the individual young girl or young wife or older woman who is to blame. It is the climate of opinion that has developed in this country, to which our leaders have succumbed and which now is stifling the ethical life of the nation. To change the trend it will be necessary to make some basic changes in the present attitudes of both men and women. It is project enough to start with women themselves, especially with women who are rearing daughters, guiding girls or preparing to be complacent grandmothers.

We might start with some basic questions: Are women to be seen as individuals with special capabilities and possibilities, or primarily as wives and mothers? Are we to continue to provide an education for girls that is comparable to that of boys, then reward with praise and approval the girl who makes no use of her education, and punish the one who does? Are we going to accept the popular thesis that every adult woman who isn't conspicuously occupied with married life every minute—until the imbalance between the sexes condemns some women to widowhood—has something wrong with her? At best, the condition of such women is considered neurosis; at worst, a character disorder that may lead to crime and treason. Are we going to continue and exacerbate the practice of forcing immature girls—and even more immature boys—into a travesty of courtship, hustling them toward marriage before they are in any way ready for it? Are we going to perpetuate the distrust of every woman who genuinely wishes to devote herself to work, whether it be art, or science, medicine or the religious life? Are we going to condone current employment practices that discriminate against the older woman who wants to do useful work? Are we going to do nothing about the plight of the single woman who must live alone overseas or in a strange city simply because she has neither enough salary nor living allowance to permit her to bring her dependent relatives—a mother, a sister, a niece—to live with her? Are we going to ask nothing of widows with incomes except that they stay well, keep themselves amused and don't make demands on their married children?

It is against this background and this order of problems that we can consider the role of women in a future which will depend more and more upon science. One reason women have played such an insignificant role in science is that science in many ways has been alienated from human life; it has become departmentalized and provincial. The human sciences are the areas in which women have been most welcomed and in which they have done the best work. But the great majority of natural scientists have been either indifferent to or contemptuous of the human sciences. Science fiction, which has done so much to prepare boys for understanding and participating in scientific activity, is almost entirely written in profound ignorance of human being as the poet, the novelist or the social sc entist knows them. So most girls are r pelled by science fiction, and the gap scientific understanding between boys ar girls widens, in spite of higher and hig general education for both.

Yet if we are to have a world in whic human beings can live, it is more scientif activity that we need, not less. Wome must take their places in a world we a learning more and more about. There a two courses open to them, which can b taken alternatively, sequentially or t gether: to become the teacher-mothers infant scientists or to engage themselv in immediate scientific activities, teachers, researchers, planners, enginee or therapists. There is abundant evidenc that the very early preschool education the child can lay the groundwork fc thinking. A mother who knows nothin about science is a mother whose child handicapped. A mother who dislikes th idea of space because it might take h husband or children too far is bringin up members of a generation of stay-a homes who will in theory or in actualit prefer mowing lawns with a power law mower to venturing toward the stars.

And as long as women, in despe at cavewomen style, devote their whol lives to narrow domesticity—first i schoolgirl dreaming and a search for role which make them appealingly ignorant then as mothers and then as grand mothers—our scientific activity will re main one-sided. It will have an over emphasis on power and an underem phasis on human values.

Long ago, when men huddled togethe in small groups, in caves, or in straw hut or on platforms in trees, the fact that ther were a few old women past childbearing was a great strength to a group. The old women remembered what had been done in the past. The old women, with the old men whose numbers had been decimated by the precariousness of hunting and warfare, could take responsibility for the whole group, could lead them in time of famine to where food had been found in an earlier emergency. They could draw on a lifetime of experience—in childbirth, in healing those who were ill, in stanch ing the blood of the wounded.

Today our millions of lives are in even greater danger than when the first humans clustered for safety around a fire which no one knew how to make and which must not be allowed to go out. Now, as then, we need those who can take a wider responsibility, some women who are not burdened by infants in their arms, some who can think for the whole, work for the whole. We have need of a new invention—some way in which we can take responsibility for the whole of mankind, while recognizing that the *governments* of some nations are inimical to ours, and so to us.

Perhaps it is because so many of the battles fought by crusading women of the past appear to be won that we have so few crusaders now. Such a situation reflects dangerous ethnocentric complacency. The intrinsic cherishing role of women for children—not just their own, but all children—is needed now as never before. For now we cannot even protect our own children unless we find a way of protecting the children of the enemy also. If we do not, there will be no children t cherish. THE END

(*This essay is excerpted from the book* Women in Mass Society, *to be published in September by Beacon Press.*)

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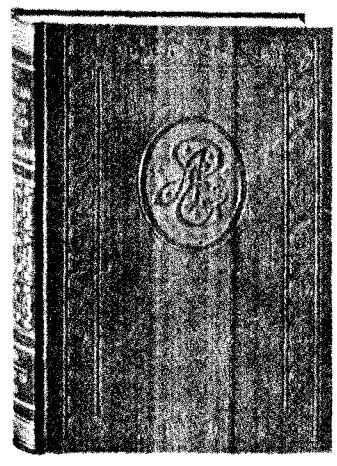

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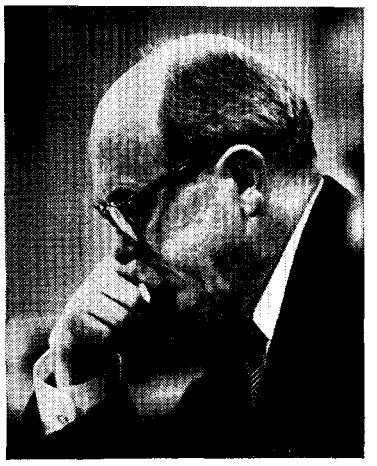

Secretary Rusk: The headaches are largely his.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT

By Stewart Alsop

A *POST* EDITOR REPORTS ON THE VAST AGENCY LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR "THE UNEVEN, DEFENSIVE QUALITY WHICH AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY HAS DISPLAYED IN RECENT YEARS."

What's wrong with the State Department?

People began asking that question in the days of Thomas Jefferson. The question is still being asked. There was a recent time, for example, when it was often on the lips of President John F. Kennedy. It is also often on the lips of a great many other Americans—the volume of congressional mail critical of the State Department is higher now than it has been for many years. What, then, is *really* wrong with the Department of State?

A taxi driver once gave me a memorable answer to that question. He was dropping me at the State Department. As I was fumbling for the change, he turned around and looked at me.

"Treachers," he said. "Fruits and treachers. That's what this place is full of."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Look, buddy," he said. "Last time I pick up a fare here, it's a couple characters that's talking funny, and they're wearing these tammyshanters and fur-covered shoes. Fruits and treachers, the place is full of them."

That was ten years ago, at the height of the McCarthy era, when a lot of people honestly imagined that the State Department was crawling with perverts and traitors. But the taxi driver's remark still has meaning.

Those characters he picked up were no doubt wearing berets and suede shoes, and they were certainly foreigners. Dealing with foreigners is the State Department's business. It is a suspicious business to many Americans, and always has been. When things go wrong abroad—as they have a way of doing—the State Department is suspected of putting the interests of those wily foreigners, with their "tammyshanters and fur-covered shoes," above the interests of the United States.

The business of dealing with foreigners is, moreover, now infinitely more difficult and complicated and dangerous than it has ever been before. At a given moment within the huge, expensive and utterly characterless new State Department building there may be people wrestling with such matters as how to decorate the new consulate in Zanzibar; how to respond to a new threat to the Berlin access routes; how to negotiate with the Russians an agreement to control the flight of virus-bearing migratory birds; how to negotiate with the Russians an agreement to avoid mutual suicide; how to seat the official dinner in the vast new state dining room.

Undersecretary of State George Ball, one of the rising stars of the Kennedy Administration, has a large, lighted globe in his office. He is thinking of having it removed.

"Whenever I look at the damn thing, I see another problem," he says. "There used to be three or four major trouble spots in the world. Now there are dozens, and they're all connected together. That globe gives me a headache."

Ball's headache suggests the first and underlying thing that is wrong with the State Department. It has an impossible job to do. Most critics of the State Department, of both right and left, look for easy, simple, sweeping solutions to the problems of foreign policy which confront the United States. There are no such solutions.

Here one thing that is *not* wrong with the State Department ought to be pointed out firmly. It is not full of "fruits and treachers." It is not even full of "fuzzy-minded liberals," or "striped-pants cookie pushers." On the contrary, the 14,000 Americans employed by the department are by and large exceptionally able people. A few

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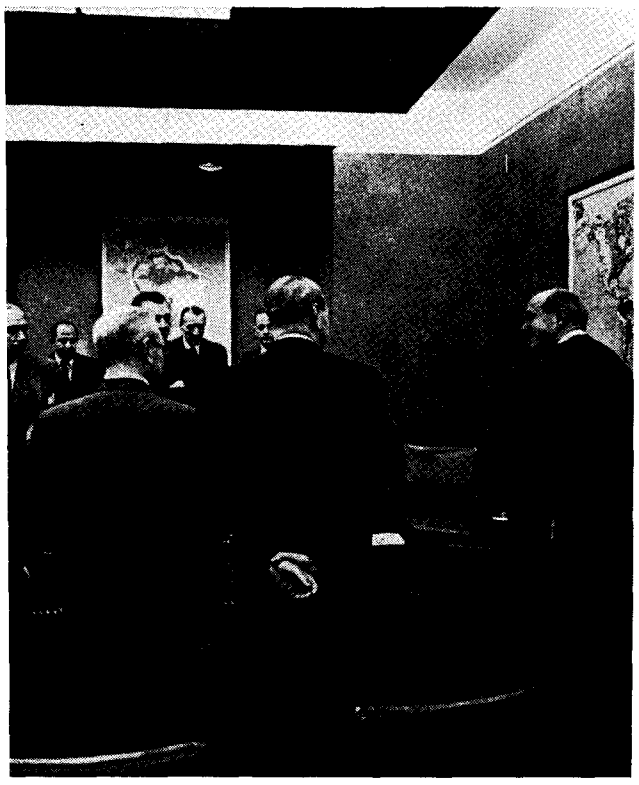

The Secretary meeting with members of the Foreign Service Inspection Corps. "The system denies to men with final responsibility the clear, sharp choices they need to make."

months ago Charles Lewis, solidly conservative president of the American Sumatra Tobacco Company, served as a public member of the Foreign Service Selection Board, which rules on promotions.

"As the record unfolded," he said, "I became simply flabbergasted at the quality of the young women and young men we were reviewing. Frankly, they were so much better quality people, in my judgment, than comparable people in business . . . it was hard to believe."

Yet there are certainly some things wrong with the State Department all the same. Before writing this report, I talked with the present Secretary of State, two former Secretaries of State and dozens of other knowledgeable people both in and out of the department. I found rather general agreement on the following six things that are wrong with the State Department.

First, there are too many people in it.

Second, partly for this reason, the department produces too many "waffle papers" (to borrow a phrase from that peerless phrasemaker, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson) and too few clear, clean and rapid policy decisions.

Third, partly because there are so many people producing so many waffle papers, nobody—except the drones—has enough time to think.

Fourth, for understandable reasons, the career Foreign Service tends to put a greater premium on avoiding mistakes than on bold and original thinking about foreign policy.

Fifth, our ambassadors abroad do not have enough independent authority and prestige. As one ambassador remarked to me in Africa, "I have to ask Washington for permission every time I want to go to the bathroom."

Sixth, too many departments and agencies have got into the foreign-policy act, thus weakening the State Department's authority.

All these things that are wrong with the State Department are bound together in a seamless web, and this seamless web is what is known in the State Department as "the system." "The system," moreover, is not simply something that is wrong with the State Department. It is something that is wrong with the United States Government. If you want to get an idea of how the system operates, consider a recent episode.

Shortly after the pro-Communist Cheddi Jagan took power in British Guiana, President Kennedy asked a White House aide, "What is our policy on British Guiana?" He added that he would like to know the answer that afternoon. The aide picked up a telephone and called the appropriate level in the State Department.

Consternation resulted. That afternoon? Impossible. Maybe in a couple of weeks. "Damned if I see why the State Department shouldn't have a good policy ready and waiting," said the White House aide later. "What the devil do those people *do* all day?"

"But my God, man," a middle-level career officer said when this incident was reported to him and an explanation asked. "You can't expect a subordinate officer to produce a policy out of his hat. It would be as much as his career was worth. First, a paper would have to be drafted, and then it would have to move up through the various levels of the office of Inter-American Affairs. Then there would have to be clearances and concurrences—European Affairs, International Organization Affairs, Intelligence and Research, Political Affairs. Then when it got up near the secretary's level, there would have to be interagency clearances—the Pentagon, the Central Intelligence Agency, the foreign-aid people, the Information Agency, maybe Treasury or Commerce. And finally the paper would have to be approved by the National Security Council. A policy in an afternoon? Good God."

This small episode suggests some of the reasons why the question—what's wrong with the State Department?—has often been on the lips of John F. Kennedy, an impatient man who likes to move quickly. The system of "clearances and concurrences" has a sensible objective, of course—letting the left hand know what the right hand is doing. What appears to be wise to those in charge of the Congo or Angola may not appear so wise to those responsible for Belgium or Portugal. Other departments and agencies, notably the Pentagon, have a legitimate interest in foreign-policy decisions. But the system has got out of hand.

Even the most trifling matters must be cleared and concurred in to the point of sheer nonsense. Not long ago a couple of influential businessmen wrote the Secretary of State a polite note to the effect that they had been well taken care of by one of the European embassies. The note was referred to the "country desk" of the country concerned.

There are now six career officers on that desk. A few years ago, there was one. The lowliest of the six drafted the obvious polite reply, which made its way up to the officer in charge. The draft then went up to the Office of European Affairs where it was concurred in and passed on to the Office of Congressional Relations and the Office of Educational and Cultural Affairs for more initialing. Days later it arrived back at the Secretary's office. By this time the Secretary had left for abroad. One of his secretaries, a bright girl, tore up the now massive bundle, wrote the businessmen a polite note and signed it herself. Meanwhile, uncounted man-hours had been wasted.

If this sort of effort is required to answer a bread-and-butter letter, imagine the viscous bureaucratic sludge that surrounds more important policy matters. Ten or fifteen years ago, before the system really took hold, it required a day or two to get approval for routine negotiations. Now it often requires six to eight weeks. The man-hours devoted to really grave issues stretch into eons.

One reason for the sludge is the ancient bureaucratic curse of overstaffing. George Kennan, ambassador to Yugoslavia, former ambassador to Russia and one of the two or three most brilliant men the State Department career service has produced, believes that the State Department might well operate more efficiently with half as many people. When Dean Rusk took over as Secretary of State, Dean Acheson suggested that former Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett and Acheson himself should perform a surgical operation on the department, to cut the staff by thirty percent. Rusk demurred, which he may now regret.

Without authorization from Congress a surgical operation is impossible. Under present Foreign Service, Civil Service and veterans' legislation, the job can't be done at all. When the State Department is hit by a R.I.F.—reduction in force—the good new people go, while the drones, protected by veterans' legislation and seniority, stay on.

The problem is complicated by the intelligence and ability of most people in the department. An intelligent and able man wants to earn his salary. When something important is afoot, everybody wants to get into the act. Thus committees keep getting bigger and bigger. The "Berlin Task Force" was set up by the President as a small interdepartmental committee of a dozen or so second-level men to keep an eye on the Berlin crisis. A recent attendant at a meeting of the Berlin Task Force counted sixty bodies present.

The committee system in turn produces the phenomenon of the waffle paper. The result of government by committee, George Kennan has written, is "compromised language, obscurity, a hodgepodge inferior to any of the individual views out of which it was brewed." A journalist recruited into the State Department recently attended a meeting of fifteen people who were supposed to write an official reaction to the Soviet nuclear tests. "I was appalled," he says. "By the third hour we had two sentences written, and we were haggling over the punctuation of those two."

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Former Secretary of State Christian Herter has thus described his experience of government by committee: "Sometimes you get yourself so bogged down in the editing of a sentence or a word that you say, 'My God, why am I spending so much time on this?'" The "hodge-podge" which results from this collective literary effort is often totally worthless. One New Frontier ambassador, who returned to Washington to report to the President, showed him the lengthy, vacuous and meaningless "policy guidance" he had received from the State Department.

"Honestly, Mr. President," he asked, "what would you do with this guff if you were in my shoes?"

"This," said the President and dropped the papers in the wastebasket.

At the apex of the system is the National Security Council, the nation's highest policymaking body. Sen. Henry Jackson, who did a useful study of the NSC, crisply concluded: "The NSC spends most of its time readying papers that mean all things to all men."

One result of the time-wasting process of producing "papers that mean all things to all men" is that nobody has enough time to think. Another result is that the career Foreign Service officers—F.S.O.'s for short—get out of the habit of making decisions on their own. The 3700 F.S.O.'s are the guts of the State Department. Secretaries of state come and go, but the F.S.O.'s go on forever.

A Foreign Service career does not in any case promote the habit of independent decision. An F.S.O. may be forty before he has done much more than stamp visas, concur in reports and remember to be nice to the ambassador's wife.

When he's abroad, a junior F.S.O. is a small frog in a very large pond. Former Secretary Herter estimates that upward of thirty departments, agencies and bureaus—from the Fish and Wildlife Service to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—have got into the foreign-policy act. As a result, an American ambassador abroad presides uneasily over a vast competitive gaggle of people from the Pentagon, the CIA, the foreign-aid and information agencies, Agriculture, Commerce, Treasury, and who knows what all. These people owe their allegiance—and their chance of promotion—to organizations other than the State Department. Thus an ambassador has to be a very tough fellow to be boss of his own show, and a lowly Foreign Service officer is lost in the motley mob.

Moreover, the ambassador and his subordinates constantly feel the hot breath of Washington on their necks. The American Government habitually proceeds on the assumption that its representatives abroad are knaves or fools, incapable of making the smallest independent decision. A Soviet ambassador can on his own authority offer bribes, scholarships, dams or anything else he needs to fight the cold war. At least until recently, an American ambassador had to have Washington's permission to send one boy back to America on a scholarship, to send one of his men out for treatment in a medical emergency, or even to redecorate his living room.

Washington's habit of neck-breathing can reach ludicrous proportions. Not long ago consular officials abroad received an elaborate order—which has since been rescinded—to the effect that adultery had been adjudged "moral turpitude," thus excluding adulterers from the right to an American visa. The officers were instructed to interview all suspected adulterers in depth and return the transcripts to the State Department for review by a special panel on adultery. One official remarked that, in certain sunny and libidinous lands, the order, if literally complied with, would have excluded the entire male population over fourteen.

Abroad an F.S.O. thus becomes accustomed to being tied to Mummy Washington's apron

Junior F.S.O.'s: Young energy to cut through the "viscous bureaucratic sludge."

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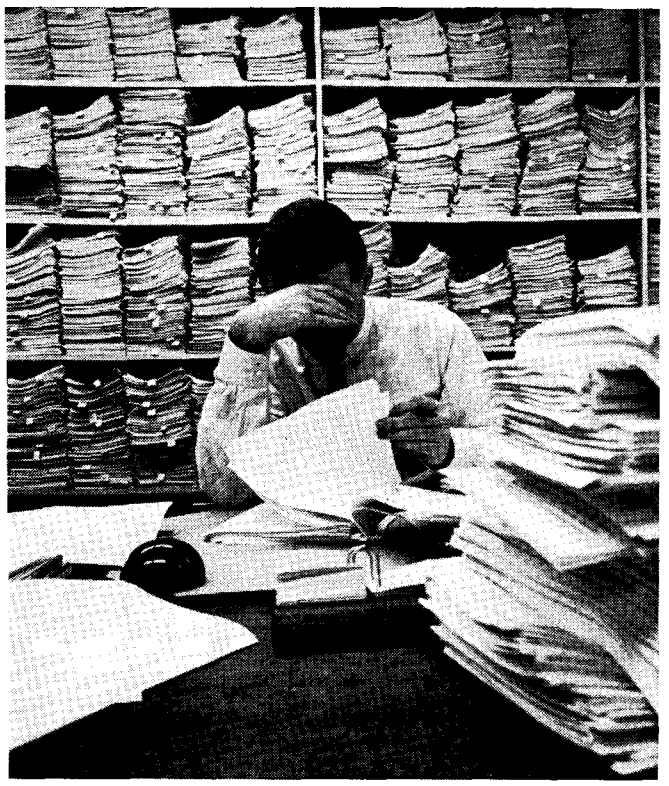
"SO MANY PEOPLE PRODUCING PAPERS . . . NOBODY HAS ENOUGH TIME TO THINK."



Sheaves and quires and reams of "papers that mean all things to all men" result from government by committee—and the committees keep getting bigger and bigger.

Photographs by Robert Phillips

strings. Back home he finds himself smothered in the committee system—often thankfully, for the system is designed to lift the load of making decisions off the individual official's back. As Henry Kissinger has written, "The committee approach to decision making is often less an organizational device than a spiritual necessity."

Recent history has also tended to crush any spirit of independence or originality in all but the bravest Foreign Service breasts. There was the McCarthy era, when career officers learned how dangerous it could be to voice opinions which might later prove unpopular. There was the Dulles era, when John Foster Dulles, emulating Louis XIV, *was* the State Department, leaving nothing useful for the career men to do. And there was the "Wristonization" of 1955.

In that year a plan for "democratizing" the career Foreign Service, proposed by a committee headed by Dr. Henry Wriston, was adopted. As a result about 2000 State Department employees with little or no experience in diplomacy, including accountants and other specialists, were lumped into the career Foreign Service, which was thus almost tripled in size overnight. Some of the Wristonees are able people who have turned into good F.S.O.'s. But almost everyone agrees that this meat-ax operation demoralized the Foreign Service and added to the bureaucratic sludge.

The Foreign Service has produced many bold and able men—like presidential adviser Charles Bohlen, Assistant Secretary Foy Kohler, or George Kennan himself. Yet the fact remains that, as Kennan has written, the system itself places a premium on "the cultivation of a nice mixture of noncontroversialness and colorless semicompetence." But the price paid for the system cannot be measured in "colorless semicompetence," or wasted man-hours, or delayed decisions. The price is really higher than that.

Before they took office, both President Kennedy and Secretary of State Rusk strongly criticized the "airborne diplomacy" which became the rule in the Eisenhower Administration. But both men have taken to the air at least as much as President Eisenhower or Secretary Dulles. The reason is simple.

The system denies the men with the final responsibility the clear, sharp choices which they need to make. Instead, they get those "papers that mean all things to all men." The system also makes it next to impossible for their representatives abroad to make American policy vigorous and effective. So in the end there is nothing for the top men to do but to leap into their planes and take off for foreign parts, to see for themselves, and to try to make American diplomacy come alive. But this can only be an intermittent process. And this in turn largely accounts for the sporadic, uneven and defensive quality which the conduct of American foreign policy has displayed in recent years.

Can anything be done about the system? No, says George Kennan. "Only some form of catastrophe—natural disaster, financial collapse, or the atomic bomb," he has sadly written, could "dismantle (the system) or reduce it to healthier dimensions." But surely this is a counsel of excessive despair.

In fact, President Kennedy and the new Kennedy men came to office determined to do something about the system, and they have accomplished quite a lot. A "committee-killing outfit," first proposed by Averell Harriman, was established in the White House, and at last count some three dozen useless interdepartmental committees had been killed. The elaborate machinery of the NSC, which contributed heavily to the luxuriant growth of the committee system, has also been partially dismantled.

In a letter to all American ambassadors (drafted by Chester Bowles, who did a lot of useful things before he was axed as undersecretary) the President firmly informed them that henceforth he expected them to be chiefs of their missions in fact as well as in name. The President's habit of involving himself in such matters as policy in British Guiana has also paid off. The career men wisecrack that the President is "the highest-paid desk officer in history." But the State Department has begun to produce policy papers, not in an afternoon, perhaps, but sometimes within forty-eight hours.

The new Administration also brought into the State Department a needed transfusion of new faces. There are not many of them—at last count, just seventy-four Kennedy appointees in the whole huge State Department building. Not all these new people are foreign-policy geniuses by a long count. But for the most part they are able and energetic, and they have done a useful job of stirring things up.

The key new face is, of course, the round, square-jawed face of Secretary of State Dean Rusk himself. In his first few months Rusk gained a reputation for excessive caution and for playing his cards close to his chest. At first, he played his cards close to his chest, even with the President. One slightly miffed White House aide dreamed up an imaginary conversation between Rusk and the President, alone together in the President's White House office.

"Mr. President," says Rusk, "I believe that at last I have the solution to the Berlin problem."

"Fine," says the President. "What is it?"

"I should be delighted to tell you," says Rusk. "But this is a most sensitive matter, and I believe it would be best if half of those present would first leave the room."

Given his situation, Rusk had good reason to be cautious. He was confronted with insoluble problems, and he was surrounded by at least four big operators—Averell Harriman, Chester Bowles, "Soapy" Williams and Adlai Stevenson—who had once dreamed of the Presidency itself and who would not have turned down Rusk's job. Above all, when he took office he hardly knew the President, and a Secretary of State stands or falls by his relationship to his chief.

Now that relationship is on a solid footing, by all accounts. The President began calling Rusk "Dean" last September, and he particularly admires Rusk's ability to sum up a complex problem in a maximum of four minutes. In other ways Rusk has been finding his feet.

He has launched a war against waffle papers. Some months ago, when the Congo crisis was boiling, a portion of the fleet had been ordered to sail toward Leopoldville, in a show of strength. Rusk asked for opinions as to whether the fleet should proceed on course and got the usual waffle paper. He returned it with a notation which can be paraphrased: "What is wanted is orders to the admiral. Shall we proceed north or south?"

His subordinates muffed the opportunity to produce the shortest policy paper in history: "north." But that was the substance of the answer, and the paper was uncommonly short. Rusk has also given Roger Hilsman, director of Intelligence and Research, a special assignment to act as a sort of devil's advocate, stating the case against important policy recommendations. Rusk's purpose is to achieve the sort of clear choice the waffle papers deny him.

Rusk himself has said that he is by nature "more of an inside man than an outside man." As a result he has remained a rather dim and faceless figure both inside and outside the department. But Rusk now realizes that it is part of his job to be "an outside man." A Secretary of State must rally support for his policies and for himself, in the country, in the Congress and in the State Department itself.

Although Rusk dislikes doing this sort of "outside job"—he hates making speeches, for example—he realizes that the job must be done. Since

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he is a most able man, he will no doubt do it well. In that case, he will be on the way to becoming what a Secretary of State must be—the boss, second only to the President where all questions of foreign policy are concerned. But almost everybody agrees that more must be done, if the system is to be brought under control.

First, some such surgical operation as that proposed by Acheson is still needed. The legislation required to permit such an operation should be permanent, not temporary. Short of a return to the spoils system, some way must be found to take the right to hire, fire and promote out of the hands of a vast, impersonal machinery and return it to where it belongs—the immediate superiors of the man concerned, who know his strengths and weaknesses.

Second, the pride and prestige of the Foreign Service must be restored. In the pre-Wriston days the Foreign Service was castigated as an undemocratic "elite." The word "elite" is defined in my dictionary as "the choice or best part, as of a body or class of persons." That precisely describes the kind of Foreign Service we need.

Third, where the committee system survives, the rule laid down by Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze ought to be followed: "What you need in order to make a committee work is, I think, a chairman who will take responsibility to get a decision made, even when all the members of his committee are against it." In short, the chairman must be boss, not a referee. And where the issue concerns foreign policy, the boss-chairman must represent the State Department.

On these points almost all the experts I have consulted agree. But there are those who believe that something more drastic is needed—the sort of unification in the foreign-policy field which is at last being forced on the three defense services.

Throughout the Government, there is a sullen resistance to the domination of foreign policy by the State Department. One reason is that diplomacy is nowadays only one of the instruments of foreign policy. Other key instruments are secret intelligence, propaganda and foreign aid, both economic and military. Yet the State Department is thought to speak—and often does speak—only for the career diplomats of the Foreign Service.

Moreover, among career officials, only the F.S.O.'s now have a serious chance of reaching the top, of becoming ambassadors or being appointed to high policy-making positions. The jealousy and sense of unfairness this engenders contributes heavily to the sullen resistance to the State Department elsewhere in the Government, and thus to the sludgy system of clearances, concurrences and government by committee.

The Brookings Institute, among others, has proposed that *all* instruments of foreign policy ought to be brought directly under the Secretary's control. There would then be an under-secretary of intelligence, foreign aid, and information. Moreover, although an elite diplomatic corps is essential, it should not be confined to the F.S.O.'s. Above a certain level, specialists in other fields of foreign policy—CIA men, for example, many of whom are very able—should have a chance to join the elite. Thus the sullen resistance to the Department's domination of foreign policy would be sharply reduced, while the Secretary of State became the undisputed master of his own house.

On one point, at least, everybody who has studied the problem seems to agree. Something has to be done to clear away the sludge which surrounds the infinitely complex business of meeting the enormous challenges which confront the United States abroad. The human material to meet the challenge is there, in those people whose high quality "flabbergasted" Mr. Lewis. But as long as the system puts a premium on a "nice mixture of noncontroversialness and colorless semicompetence," our foreign policy will be sporadic, uneven and defensive. THE END

To Rusk's desk comes the paper which funnels upward from a 14,000-man organization.

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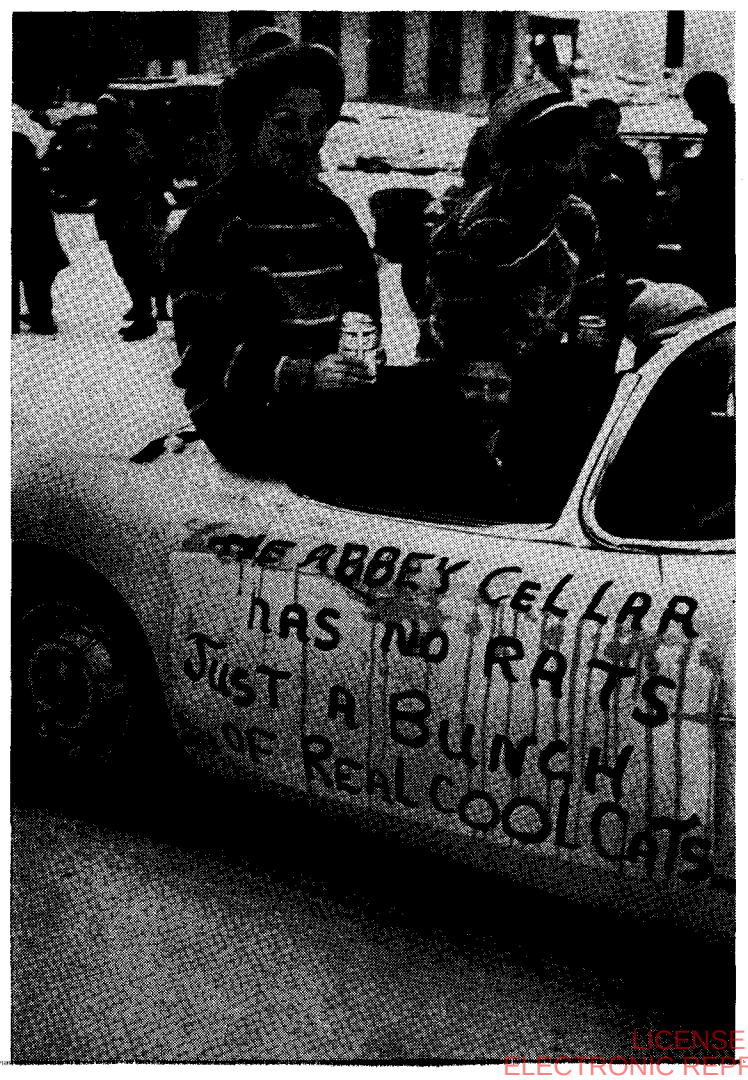
ASPEN: SKI HEAVEN

BY ROBERT L. WHEARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRYSON

Hollywood stars, drifters and just plain snow lovers make this offbeat Colorado resort the most cosmopolitan small town in America.

Touting the conviviality of a local bar, frolicsome Aspen sun-and-snow worshipers parade in honor of the Winterskoal, a casually organized round of merrymaking and winter games.



It happened in Aspen, Colorado: The cold winter sun had disappeared behind Ajax Mountain when the young man skied down the slope in a breakneck schuss, trailing a streamer of powdery white snow. As he neared the foot of the mountain, he slowed himself with a series of precise turns and then, with a ski pole dangling from one wrist, reached into a pocket for a comb and proceeded to slick back his hair. He kept on skiing, right into the residential district. The cocktail hour was at hand, and he was late.

To say that Aspen is probably the most cosmopolitan small town in America is pure understatement. Where else, residents ask, do you see Grosse Point and Newport society matrons, wearing full-length mink, gold-lamé stretch pants and heavy ski boots, doing the Twist in the crowded barroom of a Victorian hotel, while at a table nearby a bearded ski bum from Brooklyn plays chess with a Hollywood star?

Perhaps it is unfair to identify the town simply as Aspen, Colorado. A qualifier is needed, and the best qualifier is Wintertime Aspen.

In the off-seasons—April fifteenth through mid-June and September thirtieth until Thanksgiving—Aspen is a placid community tucked away inconspicuously at the base of 11,300-foot Ajax Mountain, in the upper reaches of Western Colorado's Roaring Fork Valley. Its 1500 year-round residents take a breather earned in the season just past, and a deep breath of anticipation for the one that lies ahead. Oh, a few fishermen and hunters may drop by en route to Independence Pass, but for the most part these belong to that group distastefully described by inn-keepers as "sleeping-bag types."

In the summertime culture is king. Soul-weary organization men meet in the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies to read and discuss the ideas of Locke, Rousseau and Freud and to hear from such dignitaries as Supreme Court justices Hugo Black and William J. Brennan Jr., Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and President Lee DuBridge of the California Institute of Technology. Noted musicians—Isaac Stern, Darius Milhaud, Mme. Rosina Lhevinne of the Juilliard School, and the like—take part in the summer Music Festival; many of them stay on till fall to give private lessons to advanced students.

But in the winter months a peculiar madness overcomes Aspen. Winter is the time of deep powdery snow in the high country, and deep powdery snow is the life substance of skiers.

Days are governed by the schedules of the lifts that transport skiers from down here to up there: nine A.M. to four P.M. All that goes before, or after, is incidental to the dubious business of steering one's self down a snowy incline while balanced on an expensive pair of well-waxed, parallel boards.

To save skiers the bother of coming down for lunch, an expensive restaurant called the Sundeck was built atop Ajax Mountain. Cocktail time is reckoned from the hour when the lifts shut down until midnight. This is not to suggest that the sociable hours end at the stroke of twelve. Aspen's dozen bars close at two in the morning, but party time often lasts until dawn in the posh private homes on Hopkins Avenue and nearby Red Mountain. Dinner? It's squeezed in during the cocktail hour—sometimes.

The town's sixty lodges and inns owe their success to the legions of skiers (45,000 last year) who visit Aspen's slopes during the winter. Cross-country buses pull into town with ski-filled canvas pouches strapped to their rear ends. A week is the usual stay, with a number of skiers staying on for two weeks, sometimes three. They bring with them not only their skis, imported boots and bulky sweaters, but also the wherewithal for a rousing good time. Aspen is only too happy to oblige.

To understand Aspen, you have to understand its history. It was founded in the summer of 1878 by a band of prospectors who trekked across Independence Pass from Leadville in search of silver and gold. These were not the wild-and-woolly Westerners of legend, as a pioneer's daughter, Miss Louise Berg, hastens to explain: "They were honest, God-fearing people of education. . . . We never had any lynchings here."

Ski bum extraordinaire: *Aspen habitué Ralph Jackson (right), zanily turned out for the occasion, makes the scene at the Winterskoal.*

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"THE DEEP POWDERY SNOW IS THE SKIERS' LIFE SUBSTANCE."

Top: A bizarrely garbed skier swooshes down-slope to finish the "saloon slalom" in which Aspen bars sponsor entrants. Bottom: Stretch pants are popular with skiers—and spectators.

The prospectors made rich silver strikes. In a few years the population of Aspen boomed to 15,000, a figure never since equaled. Then, in 1893, when Aspen silver mines were producing about $10,000,000 a year, came the demonetization of silver, and the bottom dropped out of the silver market. For the next half century Aspen dozed with little more than its memories of the past to sustain it.

In 1945 Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke joined forces with Friedl Pfeifer, an ex-ski trooper who had been stationed at nearby Camp Hale, Colorado, in organizing the Aspen Skiing Corporation. They built lifts and cleared the slopes. Paepcke bought up key properties, leased others and began restoration of the town.

At the same time he started the development of Aspen as a cultural center. Aspen made its mark with the intellectuals of the world in 1949, when the International Goethe Convocation was held there to celebrate the bicentennial of the German poet's birth. The following year the Institute for Humanistic Studies was established. Celebrities began to settle in Aspen—among them, actor Gary Cooper, writers John P. Marquand and Fred Glidden (Luke Short), and designer-painter Herbert Bayer.

Even before Paepcke's death in 1960, murmurs of discontent were being heard in the little town on the Roaring Fork. Some of the old-timers didn't want Aspen to become a major resort; quiet little towns were already too scarce, they argued. But they were outvoted by the newcomers, who had problems of their own—how, for example, to be commercial without being too commercial and attracting riffraff. Bayer, a member of the Aspen Zoning and Planning Commission, put it like this: "We want the better-type visitor, not the two-day tourist." As one means of attracting sophisticated types, Bayer's commission put through stiff new zoning rules, banned neon signs and forbade inns to put up signs larger than ten square feet.

Geography helps to keep small spenders away from Aspen. The closest large city is Denver—210 miles northeast, via State Highway 82 and U.S. Highway 6, and across two major mountain passes—11,992-foot Loveland and 10,603-foot Vail.

Distance, to be sure, doesn't stop the determined skier of limited means. Such a skier was David Michael, a one-time Fulbright scholar who now is justice of the peace in Aspen (part time) and an up-and-coming abstract painter (full time). Before coming to Aspen to live four years ago, Michael, a native Georgian, worked for a map company in Denver.

"A bunch of us used to get off work Friday night, drive like mad through the snow to get here and then catch a few hours' sleep in the car before the lifts opened next morning," he recalls. "We'd ski all day, carouse all Saturday night, and then ski all day Sunday and drive back to Denver Sunday night. I'm afraid we really weren't at our best Monday morning when it came time to go to work."

Other youngsters, whose names haven't yet appeared in the Social Register, and who aren't really trying to get in, manage to gravitate to Aspen. They are variously known as students on sabbatical leave, and just plain ski bums. They come to Aspen to work for ridiculously low wages as busboys and barmaids (two dollars a night is par), but since night life does not begin until the lifts shut down, they have plenty of free time for skiing.

One who might be classified as a student on sabbatical is Charla Winn, twenty-three, a pretty blonde who is somewhere between her sophomore and senior years at the University of California, Berkeley; she isn't sure just *where* between her sophomore and senior years. Every time she gets close to graduation, "I panic and change my major or something." Her current major is philosophy, but she has been out of school almost a year.

Charla is a barmaid at the Golden Horn, one of the better-known night spots in Aspen. There, in a dark, smoky basement resembling a prohibition speakeasy, a room resounding with hot jazz and the cacophony of a hundred shouted conversations, she delivers drinks to the customers' tables. She works until two in the morning, but

Winter exercise on the slopes of Ajax Mountain above Aspen. The intrepid skier at right is James Arness, TV's Marshal Dillon.

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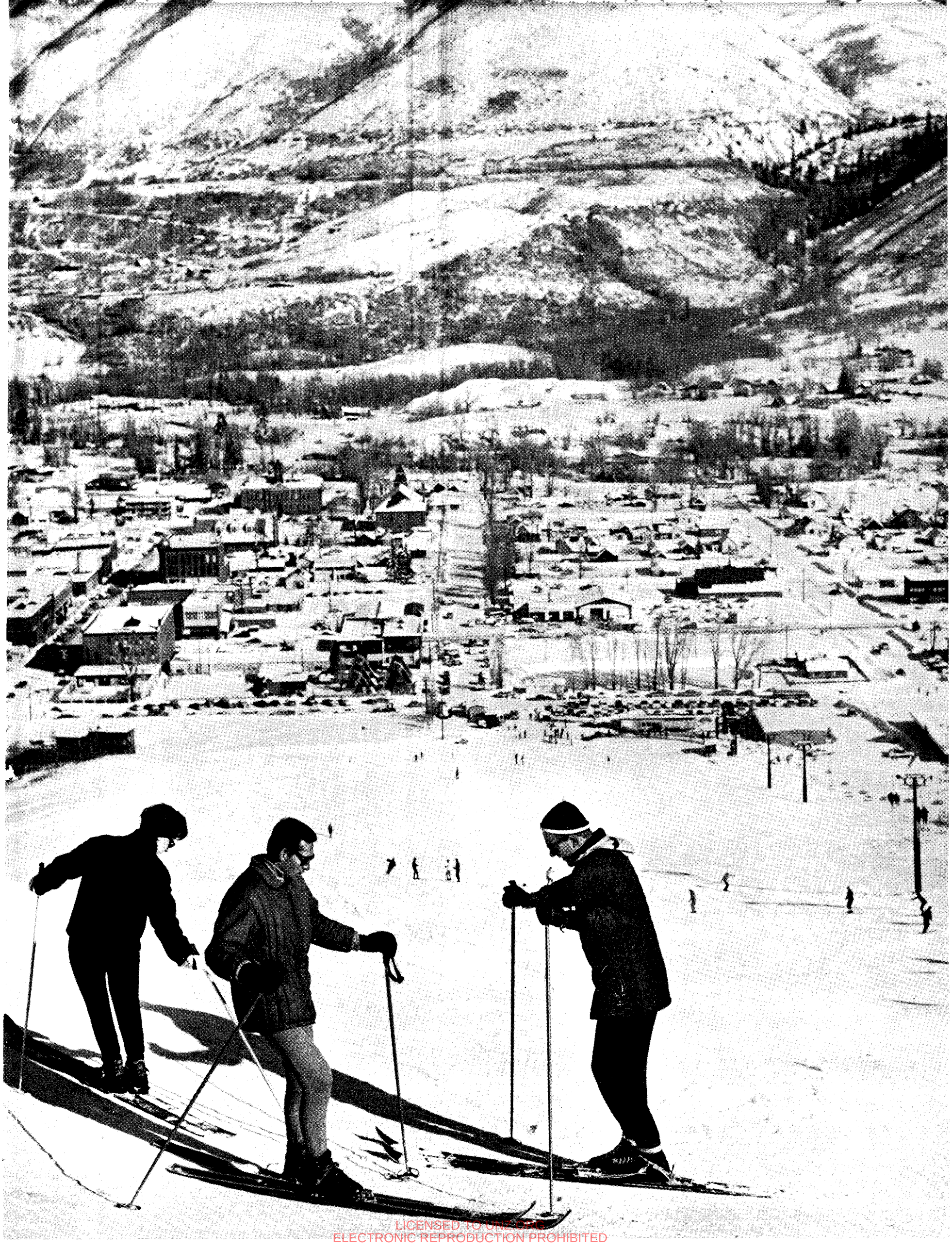

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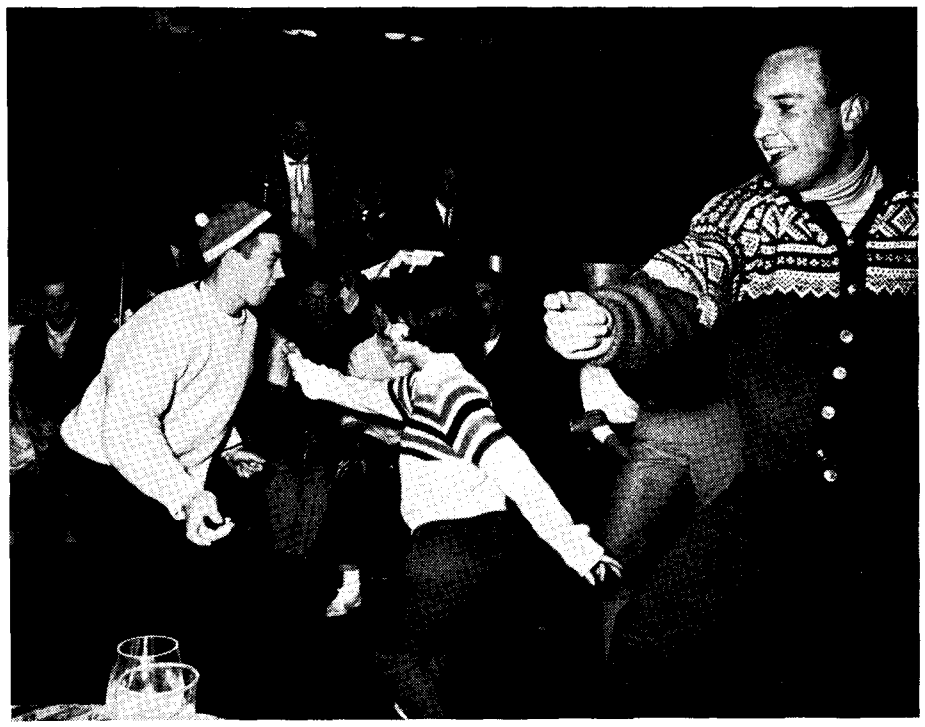
"THE PEOPLE WHO COME TO ASPEN KNOW THEY BELONG."



Fresh from a day on the slopes, young skiers twist out their kinks at the Red Onion bar. Below: Members of Aspen's "jet set" gather at the home of Merrill Ford, a rich divorcée.

even so she's up early the next day to ski. Why does she ski? She's not quite sure of that either, except that she thinks it's great sport, one "that takes every bit of concentration and energy you can give it."

Now Charla is not a ski bum. She likes Aspen for itself and not just for its white slopes; where else, she asks, can a girl walk home from work at two in the morning with perfect safety?

A true ski bum is a fanatic who places the quality of the snow above all else. Innkeeper Jack Cammack, a onetime ice-cream manufacturer who came to Aspen two years ago because it looked like a good business bet, tells how two busboys once walked out on him right in the middle of breakfast. "They suddenly decided the snow wasn't all they thought it should be; they took off for Sun Valley or someplace."

Cammack, a skier himself in a restrained sort of way, owns the Aspen Inn, a new $500,000 lodge near the foot of Lift No. 1 on Ajax Mountain. When he came to Aspen, a controversy was still raging over the wisdom of an earlier decision not to compete for the Winter Olympics. "It would have put Aspen on the map, sure," he admits, "but does Aspen need it?"

Like Cammack, many of Aspen's substantial citizens agree that Aspen doesn't need to be on the map. To them, the town is a hideaway with a special kind of charm that would be lost if it ever became too popular. They want to cater to skiers, of course, but only to those skiers who can afford to pamper rich tastes.

One of Aspen's few concessions to the masses is the annual Winterskoal, or Salute to Winter, held in January. It is nothing more or less than a winter carnival, but the word "carnival" does not suit the character assumed by Aspen.

During Winterskoal there are organized ski races and the usual unorganized night life. Often celebrities will slip into town to see the show—James Arness, television's "Marshal Dillon," was on hand for the 1962 Winterskoal; he came on condition that there would be no publicity on his visit, and that was fine with a town that is awed by nobody.

For those in the public eye, a sojourn in Aspen provides a tonic of temporary anonymity, a spiritual marshaling yard for the campaigns that lie ahead. In other words—they can think out loud without having to look over their shoulders in fear a newspaperman is within earshot; they can stroll down Main Street without having to run a grinning, glad-handed gauntlet of favor seekers. Many of President Kennedy's New Frontiersmen seem to find this aspect of Aspen particularly refreshing. The President's brother, Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy, spent a relaxed week in Aspen last fall. Other recent visitors: Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, one of his assistants, Paul H. Nitze, and Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb E. Halaby. In fairness it must be admitted that William E. Stevenson, the new ambassador to the Philippines, went just the other way; he was a resident of Aspen, and executive vice president of the Institute of Humanistic Studies, when his diplomatic appointment came through last December.

The only semblance of high society in Aspen is the so-called "Red Mountain set," a reference to artists and executives who have homes on Red Mountain just north of town. These are not homes in the usual sense; they are $40,000 to $100,000 dwellings that, in many cases, serve only as mountain retreats for their wealthy owners.

Just below the Red Mountain set on the social ladder is "the Jet Set," a younger crowd. But social rules aren't rigid in Aspen. The people who come to ski and see know they belong, or they wouldn't be there. A few tradespeople are accepted in Aspen society, and this seems to be one of the charms of the town. Mrs. Tukey Jonas, proprietor of The Centerline, an interior-decorating salon, explains, "Go to a party here, and, just as often as not, you're liable to find someone like Thorton Wilder off in the corner, talking literature with the town barber. That wouldn't go in the East. Things are more informal here, more fun . . . more Aspen."

THE END

Horseplay at the Aspen Inn's heated pool: "Ski bum" Pat Francis, who works at the inn, divides her time between snow and water.

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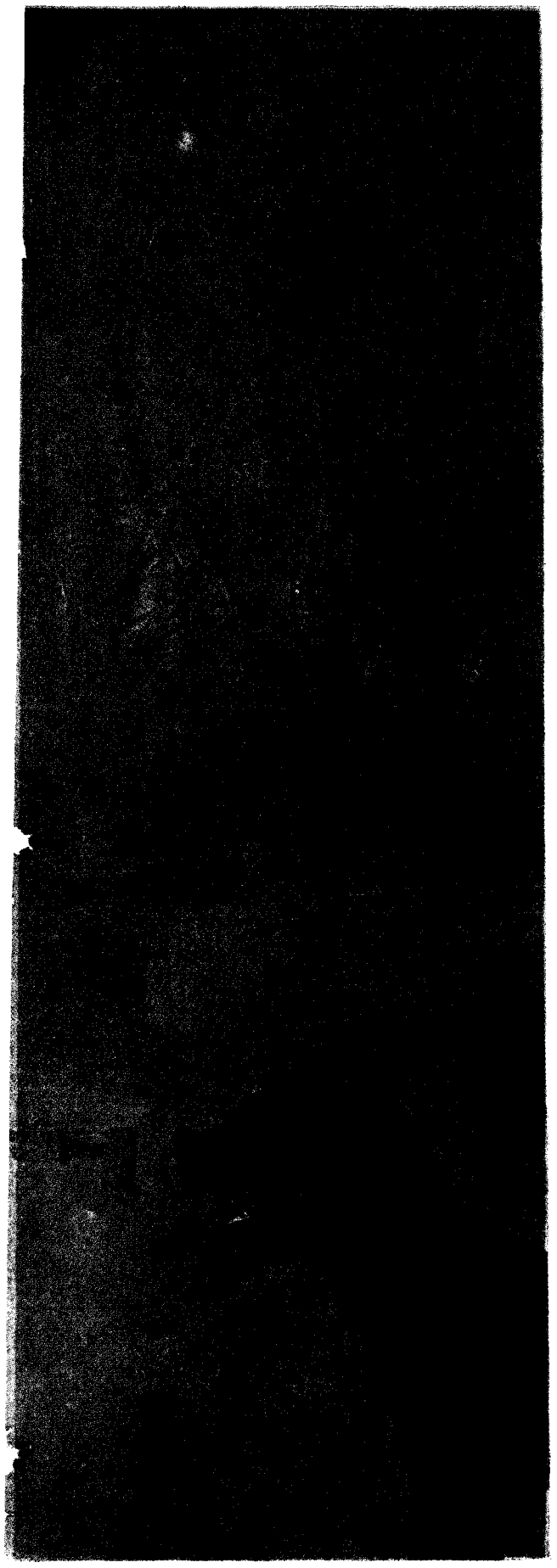
Thirty years of marriage and still

Time for Courtship

by Nancy Pope Mayorga



No, man is not just his physical shape, not just the body alone, but the inhabitant of the body; and moreover, so little depends, as Max Müller once said, on the particular covering of flesh, that if animals could talk, we would acknowledge them at once as our brothers. All right! And if some of our little brothers could talk and would give advice —— Oh, well, we're not all as lucky as Clem Handsen.

The pup was on the porch Saturday night when Clem got home from eighteen holes of golf, a couple of highballs and dinner all alone at the Montecito Club. It was a brown puppy, not a year old certainly, his young frame not yet caught up with his head, his long slow-wagging tail and enormous flopping feet.

"Hello!" said Clem in surprise. The dog twisted himself with delight around Clem's knees. "Out of my way, dog." He pushed him aside gently, let himself into the dark house and closed the door. Then he turned to look back through the door's glass panel. The puppy was disappointed, but after a moment he sat down philosophically on the step. "Well," said Clem.

He lighted some lights. The house felt chilly and neglected. He went into the kitchen to look in the refrigerator. There were a couple of pieces of liver, some carrots and a lamb bone. He put them on a plate on the front step, along with a bowl of water. Then he went to bed and forgot.

Sunday was a bad day to be home alone. He felt the emptiness of the house the minute he awoke. Winifred would be back on the late-afternoon bus from Hollywood. He would meet her. They would go to see Janie and the kids. Then they would have dinner at the club, then head for home, and tonight there would be someone in the house. He repeated that last thought, sitting on the edge of his bed. Was the house really less empty when Winifred was home? he wondered. Abruptly, feeling disloyal, he stood up and reached for a cigarette from the bureau. Winnie was six years younger than he—only fifty-five—my gosh, that was young! He lighted the cigarette and looked cautiously into the mirror. Not so bad. Lean, rangy, golf-tanned, with tousled gray hair and steady blue eyes. Nothing spectacular, just casual good looks. A few lines, but no puffiness at all. He felt cheered up. He gave his reflection an approving nod, slid into his robe and started for the kitchen.

While the water was heating for his instant coffee, he went to get the Sunday paper, and when he opened the front door, the pup was still there, sitting on the stone porch, shivering desperately. Clem had forgotten all about him. The plate was empty; the bone, clean.

"My gosh, dog!" he said. "You're cold. You better come in." Back in the kitchen he opened a can of chicken soup, heated it and poured it over a couple of shredded-wheat biscuits. The dog took it, his long tail wagging slowly, and afterward he stopped shivering.

Clem sat down in the kitchen chair. "Let's look at you." He held out his hand. The puppy came, his whole adolescent body wriggling with thanks. His eyes were clear; his breath, fresh; his thick smooth coat was clean and healthy.

"Are you lost? Or did some human monster dump you?" The puppy went limp, leaning his great head against Clem's knee; and if a dog can be said to smile, he smiled.

"Well, we'll call you Charlie Brown for now, after a character I know whom you resemble somewhat. Then we'll see if anyone advertises for you. If not, I'm afraid it's going to mean the pound for you, boy."

He went into the living room, found the classified ads and hunted through them. Then he looked thoughtfully at the pup.

"My friend," he said, "there's nothing here. We'll have to wait and see Monday night's paper."

Charlie Brown settled down on the living-room rug with a stomach full of chicken soup and a heart full of confidence. His whole attitude announced that he was home.

Clem had to leave early for the bus station so that he could buy some dog food on the way. It's not a simple thing to buy dog food in Santa Barbara on Sunday. A couple of years ago the city's grocers got together and agreed that Sunday was a day for rest and spiritual refreshment—those were their words—and more power to them, Clem thought. He had to hunt around to find a maverick grocer. Then he met Winifred at the bus. "What's this?" she asked.

"Dog food."

"Is the stock market that bad?"

"Much simpler than that. It's for a dog. But don't worry," he added quickly, answering the alarm in her eyes. "He's just a stray. I'm waiting to see if someone advertises for him, and if not, I'll call the pound."

"Let's go see the children," she said.

"Then we'll go to the club for dinner. There's nothing in the *Continued on Page 50*

Illustration by Coby Whitmore

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Lady Lawman: Poised with tear-gas gun, Murle Hess, 34, introduces cadets of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Academy to the tools of the trade. The first woman to teach full time at a sheriff's training academy, Murle uses the man-to-man approach. "I like to think," she says, "that cadets consider me only as a staff member, and not a female." Deputy Sheriff Hess also lectures on booking procedures, techniques of reenacting a crime, weaponless defense tactics and other mostly masculine subjects. Off duty, Murle is thoroughly feminine. Married and the mother of two teenage boys, she sews for fun and makes her own clothes. She entered the Los Angeles Sheriff's Academy as a cadet two years ago, finished second in a class of eighty-two, which had been drawn from 2900 applicants. Police work attracted her because it presents challenging situations. "Women," says Murle, "are particularly well suited for one of the most important aspects of the job—handling people. Many people talk more freely to a woman, and children respond more readily to them." Says the academy's commander, Lt. Jay R. Stroh: "The highest compliment I can pay Deputy Hess is that I'd like to have her as a work partner. That means I'd willingly trust her with my life." PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD NADEL.

Wilderness Tamer: Strolling with a living reminder of his island's onetime wildness, resort developer Charles Fraser, 32, crosses the links at Hilton Head, S.C. (His companion is "Young Man," a tame, eight-foot alligator which lives in a golf-course lagoon.) President of the corporation that turned 5200 acres of remote Hilton Head Island into a lushly picturesque resort, Fraser pursues a rare philosophy of land management: "I'm interested in making money," he says, "but I'm also interested in history, architecture, trees and birds. When we have to make a decision about cutting down a tree, we're apt to say, 'Let's leave it alone. It looks nice.'" He aims to preserve the island's natural beauty, sacrificing quick profits for lasting charm: "I think it's wrong to destroy a rookery to drain a road," says Fraser and boasts as he escorts visitors about the island, "We were able to lay out this road without cutting down a single pine." Son of a lumberman, bachelor Fraser was born in Hinesville, Ga. He was graduated from the University of Georgia Business School in 1950 and from Yale Law School in 1953. Four years later, after a hitch in the Air Force and a year practicing law, he created a corporation with several of his young friends and set out to transform Hilton Head's cutover land. Winning financial backing from Southern textile interests, his firm built a million-dollar inn with an 18-hole golf course, that now flourishes year-round. It has sold 500 of the resort's 2000 building lots (for $3000 to $12,000 each). A bridge now connects the island with the mainland. Further plans call for a two-square-mile wildlife preserve. "By the time we've finished," says Fraser, "we will have put in about $5,000,000 of our own capital over a five- to six-year period. Private land buyers will eventually invest $40,000,000 in homes here." Fraser has his own home at Hilton Head. Absorbed with his work, he seldom leaves the island, but occasionally drives to nearby Beaufort, S.C., and Savannah, Ga., for a dance or dinner party. With his island resort booming, Fraser is already looking for new projects: "If you find another island like Hilton Head," he tells visitors, "you call us—collect!" PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY.

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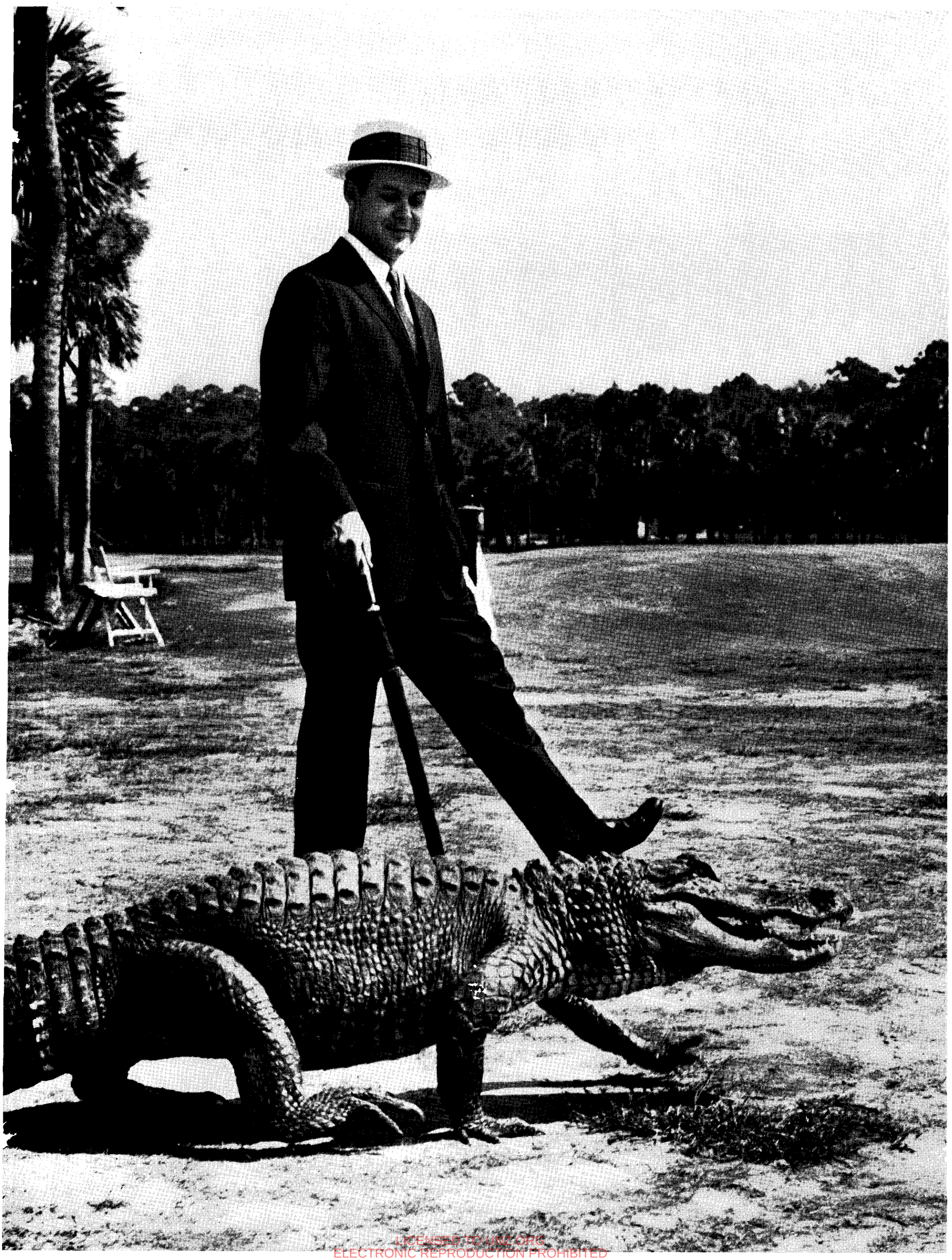

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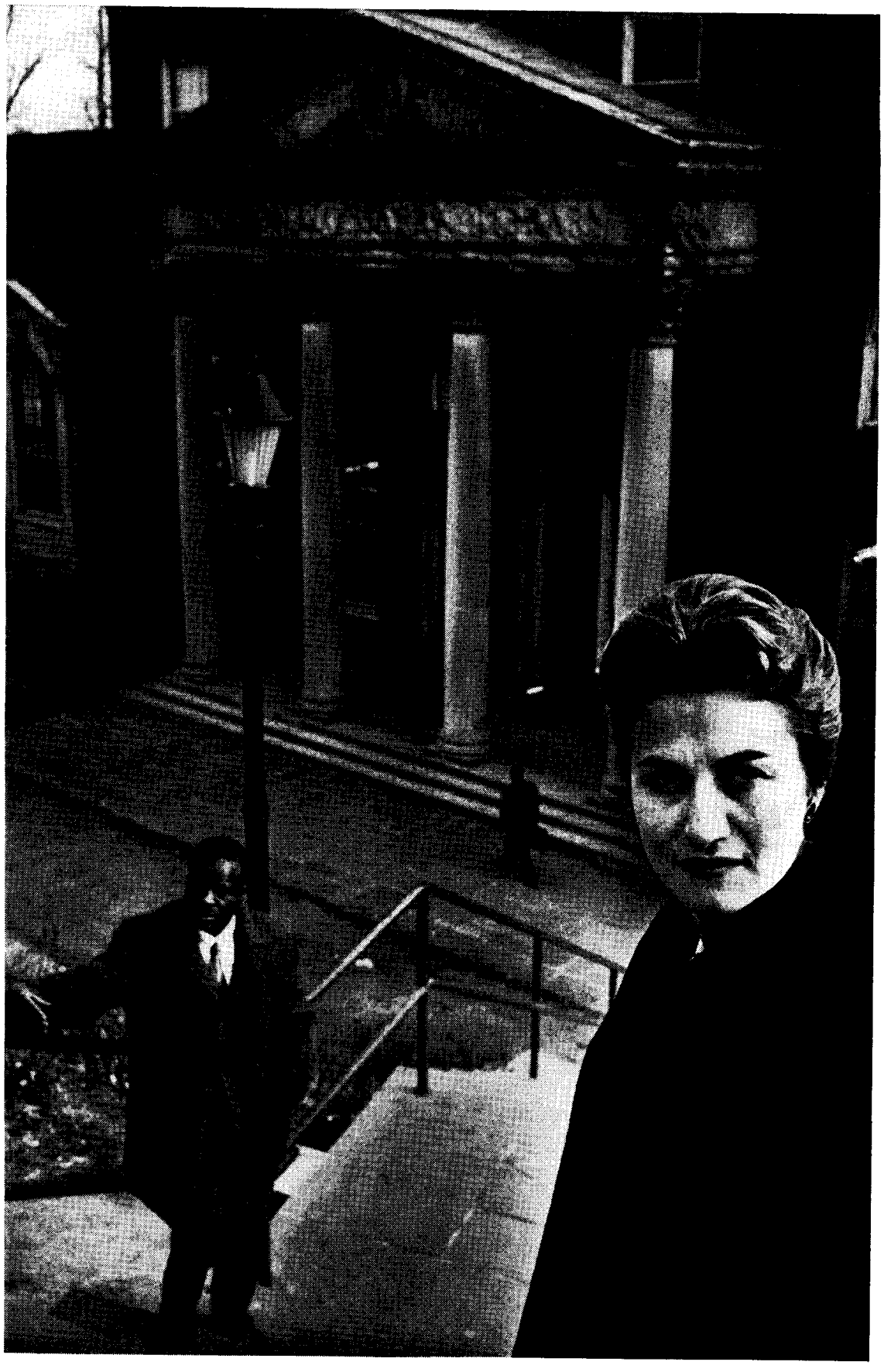
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



African Airlifter: Seeing an African student on a U.S. campus gives Cora Weiss, 28, a strong sense of satisfaction. Executive director of the African American Students Foundation, she has helped bring 750 young Africans here to study. (There are about 3000 Africans now attending U.S. colleges.) The foundation was set up five years ago to airlift Africans who had scholarships to American colleges but lacked plane fare. Once they are in school, the foundation tries to make sure they lack neither funds nor friends. "We can't afford to have any African go home feeling hostile or embittered," Cora says. But aiding African students, in her view, is more than smart cold-war tactics; it's the moral obligation of a fortunate country. "People who've got it," she says, "must give it." Cora is compelled by temperament to give time to causes she believes in. At the University of Wisconsin she helped organize the African Students' Union. Later she did settlement work on the Lower East Side of New York, her hometown. She devotes long hours to the foundation, which is supported by private donations (the biggest: a $100,000 grant from the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, which became a minor 1960 Presidential-campaign issue). Mother of two girls, she currently is stumping for the foundation's new program: Adopt-a-Student. It's a scheme by which community groups help African students with such problems as winter clothing, summer jobs. "What better way to build friendship," Cora asks, "than to take one of these students under your wing?" PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GLADSTONE.

Amateur Astronauts: Beneath the balloons which will lift their space-probing equipment into the stratosphere, student scientists Kelly MacDonald (left), 18, and David Guidici, 19, keep their feet on the ground and their eyes on cloud nine. "In the next six months," says Kelly, "we hope to orbit a small satellite we designed." Already their experiments have brought them a citation from the American Astronautical Society—"in recognition of achievements that show outstanding potential abilities"—and $1500 in free equipment from industry and Government agencies. Both boys are majoring in electronics engineering—Kelly as a freshman at the University of California, David as a sophomore at Contra Costa College. They began collaborating while schoolmates at El Cerrito (Calif.) High School two years ago, taking high-altitude photographs with a box camera carried aloft by a Government-surplus weather balloon. Those experiments developed into a self-education course in rocketry and space research. Their "Project Photos Alpha" carried a pay load of cameras, radiation counters and radio transmitters which parachuted into San Francisco Bay and sank. Pay load No. 2 probed to 60,000 feet, was recovered in a pasture. No. 3, a radio-transmitting rocket, will be launched from a balloon at 100,000 feet. To earn money for their gear, Kelly works as a part-time draftsman, David as a television repairman in his father's shop and as a grocery bagger. The boys' parents are resigned to the arcane goings-on in the basement laboratory—Mrs. MacDonald hardly batted an eyelash when one day a solid-fuel rocket ripped loose, shot up through the kitchen floor and lodged in the ceiling. Kelly, shaken by the mishap, has taken additional safety precautions. "But," he confesses, "I *still* have trouble with rocket fumes seeping up through the heater vents." PHOTOGRAPH BY JOERN GERDTS.

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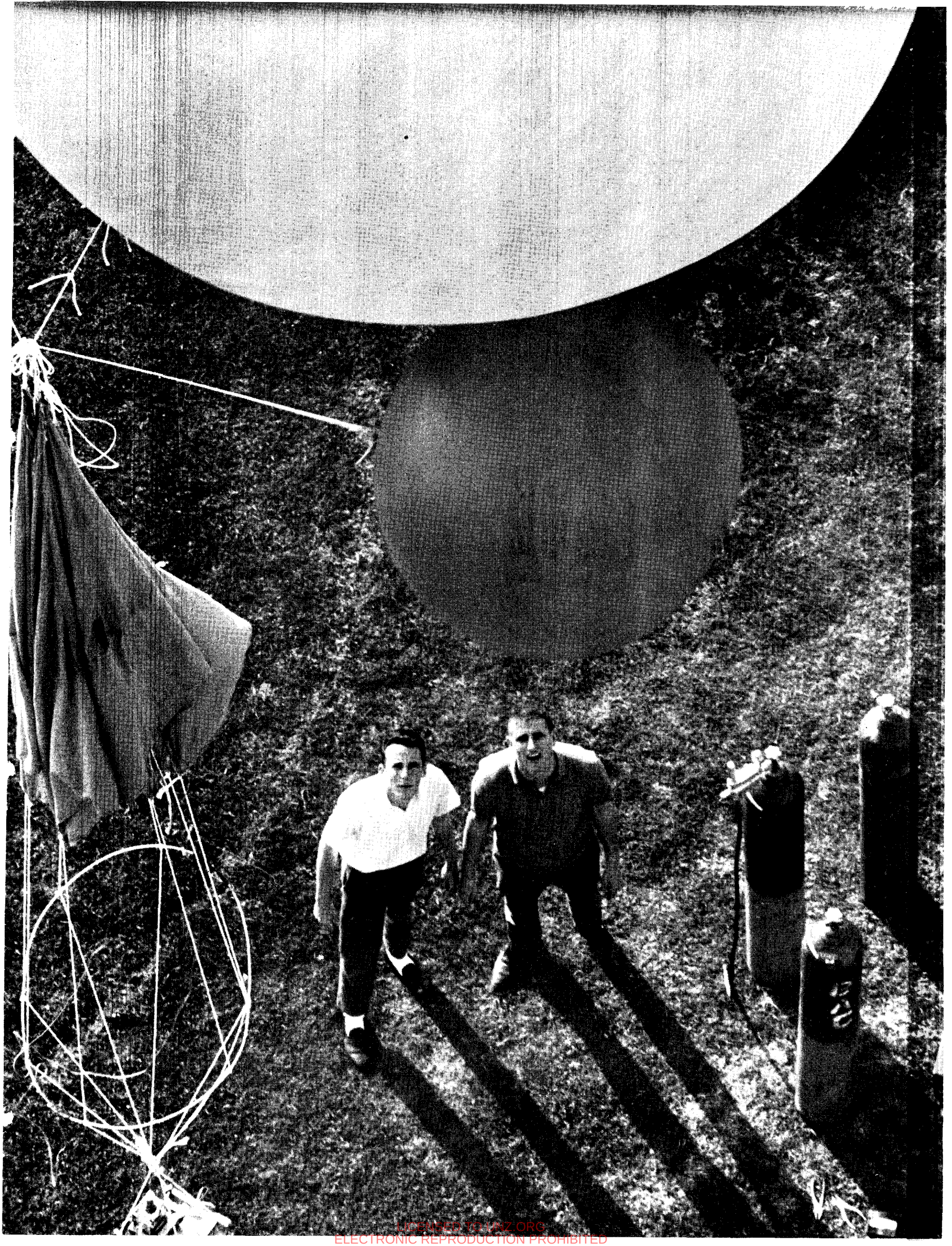

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HE WAS A MAN WITH AN OBSESSION

NEVER DIE TWICE

BY KENNETH KAY

Never mind what the job was. It involved certain information the Joint Chiefs couldn't ask for through channels, so Hack Eglin and I went to the Middle East to get it. In Istanbul this Noel Dwyer joined us, a brash, likable young State Department regional expert. Together we did the job and were headed home when an unexpected strike of airport baggage handlers grounded us in Athens. I'd never been there and welcomed the layover, but Hack seemed curiously put out, even sourer and grimmer than usual. There was nothing he could do, though, and so we deposited our top-secret information at the embassy and took in the afternoon sights.

Athens is a handsome city with wide, clean squares, but all the Greeks were home for siestas, and we had the place to ourselves. At dinner I said I wanted to see the Acropolis, and Hack reluctantly agreed to come along. But Noel grinned and said he preferred the glories of modern Athens and, when we left, was established at the hotel bar between two Greek airline stewardesses.

It was closing time when we reached the Acropolis, and the sentry wouldn't let us in. But his bored lieutenant sauntered down to practice his English and, when Hack let it drop that he had been an infantry adviser to the Greek Army during the civil war with the Communists, he stretched a point. So we climbed the ancient broken steps and came out on top among collapsed marble walls and saw the white Parthenon columns shimmering up, with all Athens blazing far below, and overhead the velvety star-glittering Aegean summer night. And I couldn't say a word. I just stood there, awed.

"Night's the time to see it," said Hack somberly. "By day it's a pitiful ruin. But under the stars like this you get a feeling for how it was back when the Nike Temple and the Great Altar and the rest were here. I used to sit here dreaming about those old Greeks and how they invented democracy and a lot of other ideas we still believe in. I was helping fight people who were supposed to be trying to scuttle those ideas—turn history backward. I didn't really believe it at first. I was pretty young." His hawk-sharp face grimaced. "But I found out! It's exactly what they were after, and they'd stop at nothing. Sam, you can't believe what those people would do to get at a man and break him!"

I was astonished. I considered what I knew about this morose, phlegmatic Lt. Col. Hoxie Gilmore Eglin and decided it wasn't very much. We had worked together a year on contingency plans at the JCS, but all I really knew was that he was unmarried and stiff and reticent, a tall man with a chestful of combat ribbons and no apparent interest outside the Army.

I remembered the night I had him home for dinner. He refused cocktails, was excessively polite to my wife and spent most of the evening down on the rug with our kids. They loved it, and he played parcheesi and Old Maid with disturbing intensity, and once I caught him glancing around our 90-per-cent-mortgaged split-level with a naked hunger in his eyes that embarrassed me. Five minutes after he left, my wife had him analyzed and his future settled.

"That man's so lonesome that it hurts," she remarked. "He needs to meet some nice girl."

"You lay off Hack," I told her. "He's past thirty, and if he wanted a wife he'd have one. You leave Hack alone."

"Yes, dear. Let's see now. There's Betty Penson, only she's a little young. Oh, I know! Margie Gipson! It's two years since Don died, and she's the right age and has those babies, and you saw how he took to the children tonight."

"Now listen, Norma!"

But it didn't matter. After that Hack always had an excuse when I invited him.

"I never knew you were in that civil war," I said to Hack. "How was it?"

"Dirty." He stared up at the Parthenon. "Throat-cutting, ambushes, peasants tortured and killed, a filthy guerrilla war against an enemy who melted away across frontiers just as you got your hands on him. The kind of war those people excel at and we didn't know how to fight. But we learned. We led our Greeks out of their forts into the mountains and after that hunted down the K.K.E.—the communist forces—like snakes. I even enjoyed it for a while, but it was still a nasty, vicious war. I've never liked to talk about it, and I'd hoped I'd never see this country again!"

His vehemence startled me. "I gather you don't think much of the Greeks."

"Greeks?" He sounded surprised. "I think they're the finest people on earth, the good ones." Then: "My wife was Greek."

"Your *wife?*" I shut up, flabbergasted.

"They killed her," he said harshly. "Those people killed her." He turned abruptly and stalked down the hill.

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Painting by James Bama

The lieutenant wanted to talk some more, but Hack clumped past him out the gate, and I followed along, dismayed and perplexed. When we reached the hotel, Noel was out front talking to a skinny Greek in sunglasses who vanished the instant Hack stepped out of the cab.

"What happened to your girls?" I said, grateful to see Noel's pleasant face.

"They took off." He grinned. "Their regular gents showed up, and I was stuck with the bar tab. Always a mistake to buy drinks for a stewardess in her home port. . . . Say, Hack, there's a friend of yours looking for you."

Hack scowled. "I've got no friends in this town," he said.

"Somebody thinks you do." Noel shrugged. "Old Sunglasses here—hey, where did he go?—came sidling up to ask if I knew you. Said your friend's waiting at the Zulu Club." He clucked in mock disapproval. "Thought I knew every low trap in Athens, but the Zulu's a new one. Your friend's name is Gus. Fat Gus Constantine."

"*What?*" Hack's hand shot out and seized his coat. "*Fat Gus?*"

"That's what the man said," Noel drawled and tried to ease out of Hack's grasp. The fist held like iron, and he went pale. "Now listen, pal ——"

Hack jerked him forward. "What are you pulling, damn you! Fat Gus is dead!"

This was too much. People were stopping, and the hotel doorman was watching. I had visions of cops coming and the ambassador having to bail Hack out of jail next morning. That would be cute all right. "Knock it off," I said sharply.

He gave an animal snarl. Then he shuddered and let his hand fall away. "I'm sorry." Sweat glistened on his face. "I had a feeling," he muttered, his voice gone queer and wondering. "All day this feeling. I knew better than to ever come back." He blinked dazedly. "Noel, I humbly beg your pardon."

Noel gave me a bewildered look. "Not at all," he said with dignity. "It's perfectly O.K. Just forget it."

"No," said Hack doggedly. "It was a shock, but that's no excuse." He put his hand out. It was jumping and quivering. "Where can I get a drink?"

Noel looked at me again. Neither of us had ever seen him drink. "Across the street," he said quietly.

It was a sidewalk place, and we sipped resin-tasting wine while Hack gulped Greek brandy. His hand stopped shaking, and he stared at us with baffled defiance.

"It can't be!" he insisted. "Fat Gus is dead! I heard his neck crack!"

"Sure," I said, pitying him without knowing why. "Sure he is. Forget it."

"Listen! I'm telling you I killed him! I broke his neck across my knee!"

Noel caught his breath. "Hack," I said quickly, "we didn't hear that."

"I'm not talking about murder," growled Hack, and an old hate burned in his eyes. "He had it coming. Fat Gus was —— We never knew. Maybe an intelligence officer with the K.K.E. Macedonian brigade. But he had it coming!"

Around us handsome Greeks chatted pleasantly, and couples strolled down the sidewalk. Athens seemed a happy, lighthearted town where nothing serious could go wrong, but I watched Hack and had a sick feeling that unless we got away soon something terrible might happen.

Noel frowned. "The K.K.E.? Macedonia? What is all this?"

Hack brooded over his brandy. A ragged boy darted into the café with sacks of pistachio nuts for sale, and a bellowing waiter chased him out. "Hack was a military adviser to the Greek Nationalists in their civil war," I said.

Noel whistled. "And somebody who knew him then and spotted him in town today is maybe using this Gus's name for bait? . . . I hope you're not going to bite."

Hack glared. "I never want to see anybody who ever knew him—except down the barrel of a gun!"

"I see," said Noel uneasily. "Well, I expect it's only an ordinary shakedown try. Some back-alley riffraff from your war days who thinks you might be good for a handout." He glanced at his watch. "Hey! I almost forgot my girl!"

"What girl?"

He winked. "I didn't strike out completely, Sam, old boy. One of those stewardesses is dumping her boy friend, and I'm to call her." He went to the phone and came back making faces. "I've been double-crossed! The boy friend answered. Said he was coming down and tie my legs in a knot. He could do it too. That bruiser's as big as Hack. You'll protect me, won't you, Sam?"

"I'll hold you for him." I grinned, glad of light conversation for a change. "I've never seen anybody's legs tied in a knot."

"What are you—some kind of sadist or something?"

Hack looked up, misery in his eyes. "I owe you two an explanation."

"Not me," I said hastily, and Noel shook his head.

"Maybe I need to tell it. Maybe I've kept it bottled up too long."

"Now look, Hack ——"

"Please." I had never heard him sound pathetic before. "I want to tell it." He started talking almost compulsively then, his voice strained and emotion-stricken, and a picture of the Hack Eglin I had never really known began to emerge.

Lt. Hoxie Gilmore Eglin was twenty-three when they sent him to Greece, and all he knew was war. He had enlisted at seventeen, a boy from the Ozarks, and he was one of those natural infantrymen who come of age in their first battle. He was a green replacement at Bastogne, a quiet front until Panzer divisions burst through the snowy Ardennes, but after that first day nobody had to teach him anything. Instinctively deep in the marrow of his long, plowboy bones, he knew as much after the first day as the sagest dogface sergeant in the lines. Every generation breeds its Hack Eglins. There were boys like him at Kings Mountain and Chapultepec and Shiloh and Saint-Mihiel. But they are rare.

Almost before he was shaving he wore the D.S.M. and Silver Star and three Purple Hearts. And the Army brought him home for prep-school cramming to make up for his scanty backwoods education and sent him to West Point, because they knew they had a soldier.

When he came to Greece, all he knew was war. He knew nothing about girls. They teach a man the social graces at The Point, but Hack had a country boy's shyness and a morbid fear that Ozark would crop out in his speech at a critical moment and get him laughed at. So none of the brave girls who flock to West Point dances could ever corral him.

But Penny—Penelope Andropoulos, the lissome, honey-haired secretary to Gen. "Papa" Pappachristous of the Greek General Staff in Athens—spoke a charmingly ungrammatical English herself and would

Continued on Page 68

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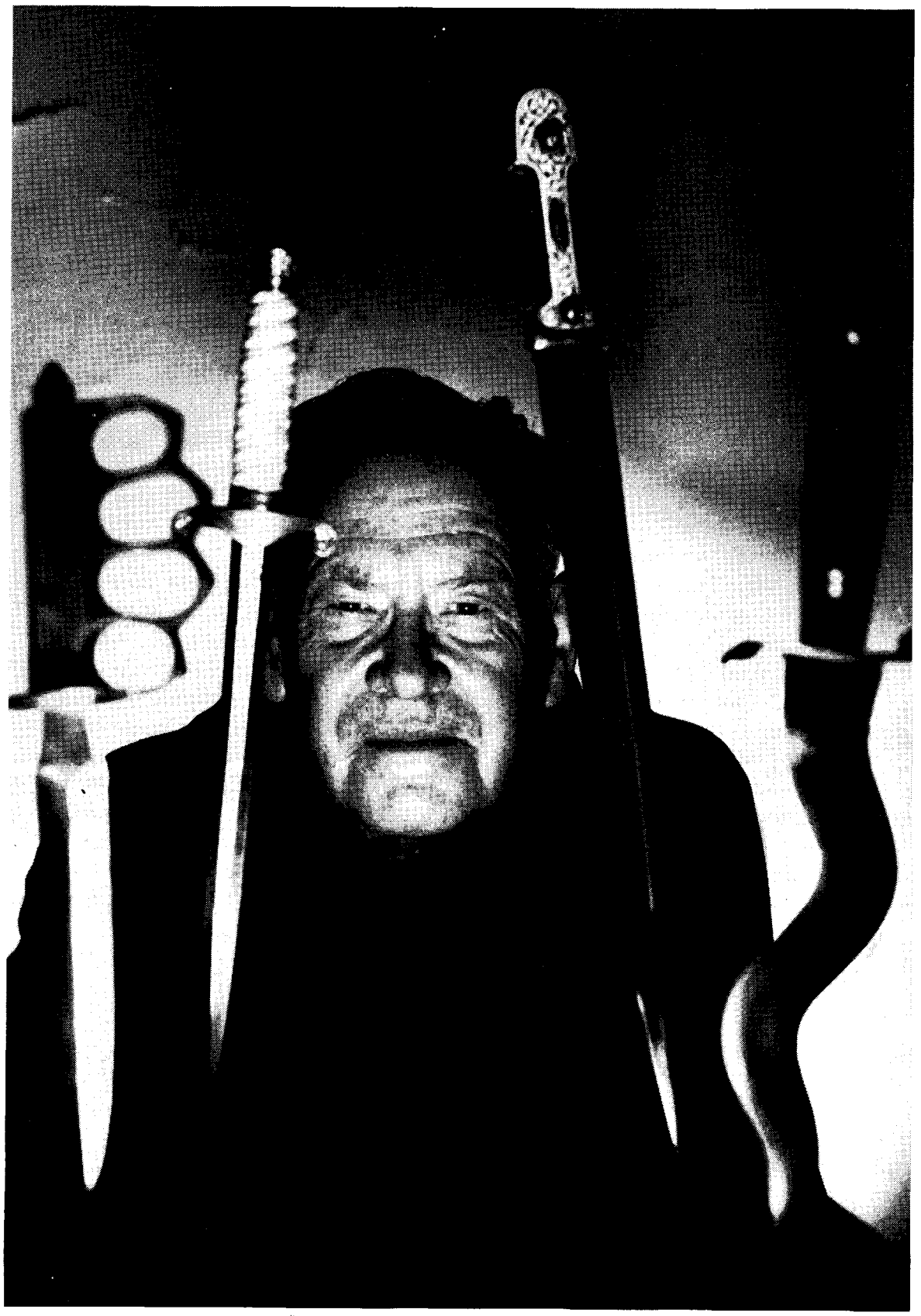
CLOAK-AND-DAGGER BEHIND THE SCENES

After twenty years of silence, a former Government scientist describes the diabolical workings of our World War II espionage.



Author Lovell. His OSS chief dubbed him "Doctor Moriarty"—after the fiendish professor in the Sherlock Holmes tales—and called on him for "devilish, subtle devices."

BY STANLEY P. LOVELL

The war had been on for six months, and was not going well for us, when I was introduced to Gen. (then a colonel) William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan. Dr. Vannevar Bush, my chief in the Office of Scientific Research and Development, had recently distributed to all his staff a special problem:

"You are all alone on a rubber raft, about to land on a German-held coast. Your mission is to destroy a well-guarded enemy radio tower. It has armed guards, searchlights and police dogs. You can have only one weapon, but it can be anything you can suggest. Describe that specific weapon."

I submitted, "I want a flashless, completely silent submachine gun."

My answer won first prize in Doctor Bush's contest. That is why Wild Bill had sent for me. He looked up as I entered his office and said, "Doctor Moriarty! He's the man I want on my staff. I think you're it."

"Do I look to be as evil a character as Professor Moriarty in the Sherlock Holmes stories?" I asked.

"I don't give a damn how you look," Donovan answered. "I want every devilish, subtle device and every underhanded operation possible to use against the Germans and Japs by the Underground in all occupied countries. There's only one condition. You must promise to wait twenty years before you tell what you've been responsible for."

That is how I became director of research and development for Donovan's embryonic Office of Strategic Services—just twenty years ago. And from then on General Donovan called me "Doctor Moriarty."

Now, although there are some matters which must still remain secret, I feel free to reveal—for the first time, I believe—some of the special devices we cooked up for spies and saboteurs to use behind enemy lines.

From 1942 to 1945 we used our scientific knowledge and all manner of unorthodox materials to develop precisely the kind of "devilish, subtle devices" Donovan had asked for. Some were undramatic—the forgery of passports, ration books, identification papers and foreign currency, for example. Some were rather funny, at least to us. And some, of course, were weapons of death and destruction.

By mid-1943 we had perfected some twenty special devices, ranging from delay firing systems and incendiaries down to a simple firecracker device we called "Hedy Lamarr," because my young officers told me that Miss Lamarr created a panic wherever she went. When you pulled a small wire loop on the gadget, it simulated the screeching Doppler effect of a falling Nazi bomb, ending in a deafening roar—but all completely harmless. We made it for our spies who might be trapped in a theater or a hotel lobby. By activating "Hedy," the agent might escape in the turmoil.

General Donovan and I gave lectures before many military groups. I vividly recall one on August 28, 1943, before the Joint Chiefs of Staff. After General Donovan's talk on OSS objectives, he asked me to demonstrate several of our simpler devices. I showed our "booby traps," our incendiaries and other devices, and I explained the need for "Hedy Lamarr." As I spoke, I activated one and dropped it casually into a metal wastebasket. "Hedy" interrupted me by suddenly shrieking. Then came the deafening bang. To my surprise I saw generals and admirals clawing to get out through the room's single door.

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CLOAK-AND-DAGGER

There was so much that was grim, bloody and sordid about the creation of lethal weapons that I searched for comic relief. The anthropologists in OSS were asked to suggest some custom or taboo that was uniquely Japanese, something to which only that race was sensitive. I was told the answer was bowel elimination, which the Japanese felt to be very secret and shameful. A Japanese soldier, even in jungle fighting, and even at great risk, would seek a private place to defecate. Here was my comic relief.

I had a group of chemists work out a skatol compound—a liquid which duplicated the odor of excrement—and named it "Who? Me?" We put this obnoxious chemical in collapsible tubes which were then flown to Chungking and distributed to children in Japanese-occupied cities—Peking, Shanghai, Canton and the like. When a Japanese officer came down the crowded sidewalk, Chinese boys and girls would slip behind him and squirt a shot of "Who? Me?" at his trouser seat. This modest weapon, I am told, cost the Japanese a loss of "face" which did more to lift the spirits of the Chinese than a battlefield victory.

Not all of our devices proved so successful, of course, and some were never used at all. One of these flops was called "Beano." The hand grenade issued to our forces was the Mills grenade, a British invention. Before throwing it, the soldier must activate a time-delay fuse; and often, in service, the grenade bounces off such targets as enemy vehicles and discharges harmlessly. With this in mind, we asked Doctor Bush's Office of Scientific Research and Development to produce a grenade the exact size and shape of a baseball, one that would explode on impact. The result was "Beano," a weapon which became armed during its flight through the air. After thirty feet it would explode when it hit anything.

We had great hopes for Beano as we prepared for tests at the Aberdeen Proving Ground of United States Army Ordnance, with many top commanding officers present. One of the Army's civilian engineers who had, we assumed, been thoroughly instructed in this new grenade gave a most enthusiastic lecture on it and then proceeded to demonstrate. To our horror, he said that Beano could be handled like any baseball—and he tossed it high in the air. Of course this throw automatically armed the grenade. When he stepped under it and caught it, he was killed instantly. This fatality caused the Army to stop all further Beano tests and abandon the grenade as unsafe.

The OSS had not been in operation for long before the word spread that we would welcome unorthodox weapons and stratagems, and as a result all such schemes gravitated to General Donovan's desk. These ideas he promptly shunted to me.

One device was the barometric fuse we called the "anerometer," for sabotage of airplanes. An increase in altitude of 5000 feet would make it work. About the diameter of an ordinary garden hose, the anerometer was attached to an actual length of hose filled with explosive. Military planes had inspection ports in their tail sections through which our anerometer could be dropped, to fall down between the ribs and struts, out of sight. Whatever the airport's altitude, as soon as the plane carrying this device had risen 5000 feet above it, the tail section would blow off. Our biggest user was the Chinese force at Chungking, which got them into many Japanese planes.

In at least one case, however, the victim was not Japanese. The most hated man in Chiang Kai-shek's government was Gen. Tai Li, the ruthless chief of their secret police, whom even the Chinese called "the Himmler of China." Assassinations and executions were so common that his name was something to be whispered. When Japan surrendered, Tai Li and his staff in Chungking boarded his plane to fly to Peking, where a great purge of all Chinese who were even rumored to have collaborated with the Japanese was to be organized. Everyone felt this would be a blood bath without justice. Tai Li's plane, I was later told, had risen about 5000 feet when the whole tail section exploded.

Of all the underground organizations with which the OSS worked, I might add, the Norwegians were the most ruthless to their own nationals, as well as the most deadly to the invaders. In May and June of 1943 I spent some time with their training groups in the north of

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Scotland. We showed them all of our devices and told them all our stratagems. Their leader, in turn, told me their many ways of fighting the Germans, using subtlety rather than force.

At one time, for example, the Germans ordered the entire Stavanger sardine pack to be delivered to them, the choicest and best to go to Saint-Nazaire. Knowing this to be the Nazi U-boat headquarters, the Norwegians asked the British counterpart of OSS to send them all the croton oil they could locate. Croton oil is a drastic purgative, dangerous for humans, but its acrid taste would be covered by the tang of smoked sardines. The Norwegian resistance leader said that, in the entire shipment of sardines sent to the German Submarine Command, croton oil was used in place of the oils normally employed. It was frustrating not to know what the result actually was, but he felt that many a U-boat never surfaced again.

I knew what stark realists those Norwegians were, and I knew what a problem it had been to prevent betrayal of their underground personnel to the Germans. I asked him how they handled that.

"We have no trouble any more with quislings," he said. "Many of our people could not resist the promise of the Nazis to double their rations if they would betray us, but we developed a system that stopped all that."

"What on earth can you do?"

"Well, we plan a meeting of the resistance group—a cell of say eight women and men. All are told, 'It's Olson's garage at one o'clock tomorrow morning.' All but one person are then advised it's not Olson's now, but has been changed to Lemberg's cottage. We post watchers at Olson's and, if the Gestapo raid it, we know that the one man we didn't notify of the change is a traitor."

"But now you've identified him, how do you handle it?" I asked.

"Ah, that's what works so well. We wait our time and kidnap him. He's blindfolded and driven in a car high up in the mountains near the Swedish border. There we have a little hunting lodge which we have made over into an immaculate miniature hospital. The traitor is anesthetized with expert care, and our surgeon cuts out his tongue. Enough of a stump is left in his mouth so he can manage to gulp down his food; but he can never talk again. When it is all healed up, he is driven back to his native city."

"That's ghastly!" I cried. He smiled and shook his head.

"Treason is ghastly. At first we shot traitors, but it didn't stop the quislings. This tongue surgery does. We had to do it perhaps fifteen or twenty times, but now no one ever betrays our underground groups. You see, no one wants to live out his life making animal noises instead of speech when each effort to talk brands him and advertises to all Norway that once he tried to betray our beloved land." Doctor Moriarty never thought of so effective an answer to traitors.

We did, however, come up with what I still believe to be a nearly perfect weapon for saboteurs. It was infallible as a tactical device, and it involved virtually no risk for the resistance groups which used it. We called it "Casey Jones." It had a very strong permanent alnico magnet on one side of a small box. This magnet was to stick the box firmly to steel or iron plates on the underside of railway cars. On the lower side of the little box was a special electric eye, designed for us by the Bell Laboratories. This eye looked down on the railroad track and right of way.

The function of Casey Jones was to derail trains—not trains in France or Germany, but those in Italy, those which sooner or later would traverse tunnels in daylight. Our electric eye was not affected by a gradual reduction of light, such as nightfall, but a sudden sharp cutting off of light—as when the train entered a tunnel—activated it instantly, and the explosive charge blew a wheel off the car.

Italy depended on Germany for munitions, coal and a host of supplies and was always full of empty cars ready to return to Germany for more material. From the start we insisted that the San Marco resistance group put out no Casey Jones devices until they first had them installed on the wrecking trains in each rail-division headquarters. After that, men, women and children placed them on any

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Spectacular pictures—400 sq. in. big—will raise your viewing standards. New 110° Magna-vision 27″ picture tube with 400 sq. in. screen, is 50% larger than 23″ screens; yet is in slim, beautiful cabinets. High fidelity sound puts the "breath of life" into every scene. **Magna-vision 400 models are priced from $298.**

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from your easy chair is optional on most Magnavox models.

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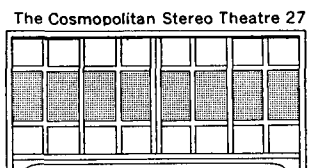

in mahogany, $695

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Newport 4-door sedan, exclusive of destination charges. White wall tires extra.

The price is only part of the good news.

If you think the price above is just delightful fiction, we invite you to look more closely at Chrysler's best-seller—Newport.

The price is still the surprise it was last year. So is the car—and there's a lot more of it. A Newport drive is a revealing experience.

Newport's just a nick over seventeen feet of very husky automobile. It's no jr. edition. Newport is a full-size, full-value automobile. When you buy Newport, you can rest assured your investment is protected —because there are no small-scale Chryslers running around.

Newport's engineered like cars priced $1,000 or more above it. All-welded body with no bolts to loosen. A 265-h.p. V-8 engine that runs on regular gasoline. Torsion-bar suspension for superb riding and handling. An alternator that keeps the current flowing, even in crawling traffic, lets you run heater and radio without battery fatigue.

Newport's roomy and relaxing—a refreshing change from the crowded conditions in so many of today's cars. Seats are five feet wide. Fabrics are Chrysler originals and would enrich any living room.

Newport is kind to people and their spending habits. And that goes for Chrysler dealers, too.

THREE GREAT CHRYSLERS: ■ NEWPORT ■ 300 ■ LUXURIOUS NEW YORKER . . . AGAIN, NO JR. EDITIONS!

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Lovell with two deadly contrivances: a baseball grenade which explodes on impact and a flashless silent pistol.

rolling stock at all, generally at night, and regardless of whether the freight cars were empty or loaded.

A long line of empty cars would wind its way north. Sooner or later an explosion and derailment in a pitch-black tunnel occurred. A call for the wrecking train with its derricks and cranes would follow. When it crawled in to clear the tracks, it too was derailed in the cramped tunnel. Now both wrecks had to be worked by hand, and the line was blockaded for a long time. Every Casey Jones had on it a decalcomania printed in German which read, THIS IS A CAR MOVEMENT CONTROL DEVICE. REMOVAL OR TAMPERING IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN UNDER HEAVIEST PENALTIES BY THE THIRD REICH RAILROAD CONSORTIUM. HEIL HITLER.

Few, if any, were ever removed because, we guessed, the German soldier was trained to let Berlin think for him.

Another development of which we were rather proud was an explosive which, like Poe's purloined letter, could be hidden in plain sight.

We wanted a high explosive which would look like ordinary wheat flour and thus arouse no suspicion if found in the possession of saboteurs in German or Japanese territory; Dr. George Kistiakowsky, then head of the Bruceton, Pennsylvania, Explosives Laboratory, presented us with just what we needed. His white powder, used just as it was, had almost the *brisance* of TNT. It could be wet with water or milk, kneaded into dough, raised with yeast or baking powder and actually baked into biscuits or bread. In any form it was a terrific explosive. I called it "Aunt Jemima."

We made exact duplicates of Chinese flour bags and sent them, properly stenciled, to Adm. Milton E. (Mary) Miles, senior American officer of SACO (Sino-American Co-operation Organization) in Chungking. All the Chinese agents had to do was insert a time-delay detonator in the explosive. I was told that bags of this cleverly camouflaged explosive, laid against the steel compression members of a great bridge over the Yangtze River, destroyed it completely.

My personal troubles with "Aunt Jemima" started one day when I found I had about a hundred pounds of it in my office at 25th and E Streets in Washington. I telephoned an expert to take it away. He said, "No need for that, Lovell; simply flush it down the toilet."

It took some time for Dr. Allen Abrams, my assistant, and myself to do that; and when I returned to my desk, the expert's boss was on the phone. "Don't flush that explosive down the toilet," he warned. "The organic matter in the sewer would react with it and blow the whole Washington sewer sky-high, and every building over it."

I thanked him as calmly as I could. There was no point in his worrying too. The sewer ran from beneath our offices across to 16th Street and near the White House.

The hours dragged by, as Doctor Abrams and I debated whether to tell anyone. We knew that if we did, the White House would be evacuated, and we could guess that panic would follow. Every truck that backfired, every door that slammed, raised the hair on our heads, but we set our teeth and kept mum.

That night, beginning to breathe a bit easier, we ate at the Cosmos Club. Just as we were congratulating ourselves, a waiter dropped a loaded tray of dishes beside our table. Seconds later we found ourselves out in the garden with no recollection of how we had got there.

In the morning we decided that the War College or some more remote building might blow up, but that the White House was safe. We knew it because we stood at its gates at sunrise. Happily the Potomac River has long since laid its burden of "Aunt Jemima" softly in the bosom of the sea.

Not too long after that, Japan surrendered, the OSS was liquidated in a rush, and Doctor Moriarty disappeared into the somewhat anticlimactic role of an industrial scientist. The kind of dirty tricks which boiled up from his witches' caldron have not been in demand. But looking at the world now, a man can perhaps be forgiven for wondering if they may not be needed again.

General Donovan often used the expression. "History is made; it doesn't just happen." In our great conflict of the 1940's, America had a true historymaker as the director of the Office of Strategic Services. God grant that in this time of even more subtle cold warfare we will raise up another. THE END

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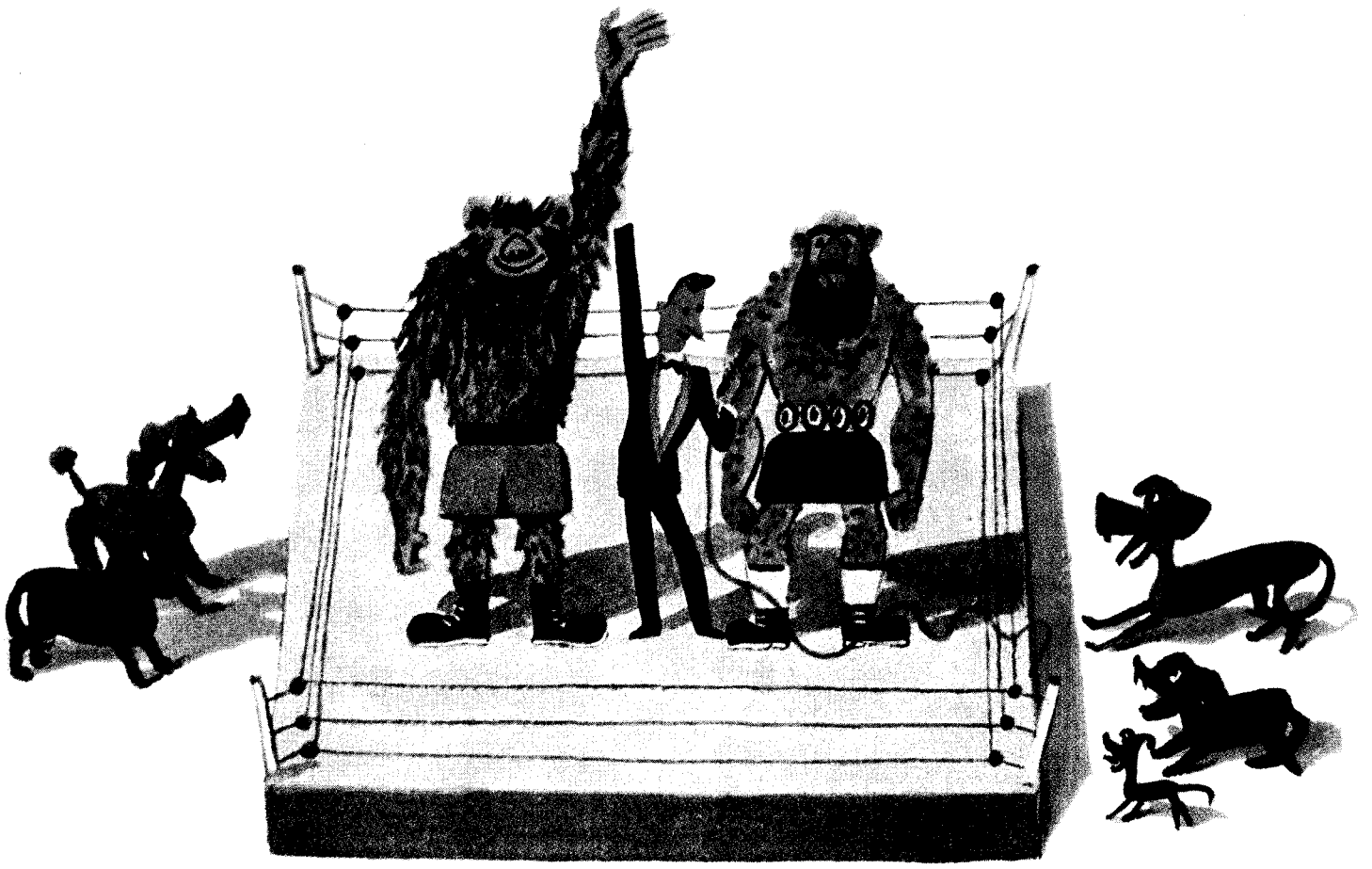
Cousin George's long hair and even longer arms were bad form, especially at tea.



THE APE IN THE FAMILY TREE

by Robert Standish

Illustrations by George Him

My name is Donald Faversham. I am a lawyer by profession, a solicitor, as we call it in England, thirty-two years of age. While only too well aware of the occasional deplorable need to embroider the truth in the interests of a client, I would like it to be clearly understood that I set down these facts in an entirely nonprofessional capacity as a private person.

For several years I have been engaged to Jennifer Bullingdon who is, making due allowance for my natural bias, both lovely and charming. She is, although it has little to do with my story, a natural flaxen blonde with peach-bloom complexion, dark, violet-blue eyes and the most delicious gurgling laugh I have ever heard. The understanding has always been that when I am admitted to partnership in the law firm of Pawson, Pawson, Gilliland & Raikes, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, we will be married.

A few months ago Pawson, the senior partner, called me into his private office to announce that as soon as the necessary papers had been drawn I would be made a partner. Thanking him, I returned to my own office in order to phone Jennifer and tell her the glad news. As I sat down to do so, the phone rang. Jennifer was on the line. "Donald," she said, "something terrible has happened, and I must see you this evening."

"Yes, of course," I said, "but can't you give me some idea of what the trouble is?"

"Father has come home," she replied.

"Is that so terrible?" I asked.

"Well, you see, he hasn't come alone." And not another word would she say.

Jennifer's father, Col. Archibald Bullingdon, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., whom at that time I had never met, is a man who lived his life obsessed by the lure of high mountains. When he and Mrs. Bullingdon were married, they went out to East Africa, en route for India, for the honeymoon. This was in the mid-'30's. Colonel Bullingdon spent the honeymoon climbing Mount Kilimanjaro while Mrs. Bullingdon—and I have this from her own lips—spent it in a Nairobi hotel. They then took ship from Mombasa to Bombay and went up to the North-West Frontier where still a junior officer, his regiment was stationed. Mrs. Bullingdon did not like India. The reasons don't seem to matter. At the end of 1936 she returned to England, where Jennifer was born. There was no shortage of money, for the Bullingdons were a wealthy family. Mrs. Bullingdon bought a charming house adjoining the golf course at Templeton Friars, an ancient village some forty miles southwest of London.

The outbreak of war in 1939 found Colonel Bullingdon still in India, although, strictly speaking, he did not become a colonel until later. In 1945 he was still there. Just when Mrs. Bullingdon was expecting him home, she received a brief letter from him that he was resigning from the army and was in process of organizing a small expedition to climb Mount Everest. In 1946 there came from him a post card mailed in Simla, stating baldly that he had made a most important scientific discovery. He sent his love to Jennifer. That was the last communication Mrs. Bullingdon received from him for fifteen years. The bank continued to pay her a generous allowance, and that was that.

Mrs. Bullingdon is a pleasant woman. I won't put it more strongly. She plays a good game of golf, collects warming pans and, one supposes, has found them a partial compensation for the void left in her life by Colonel Bullingdon.

In the evening of the day Colonel Bullingdon returned to the bosom of his family, I drove down to Templeton Friars with the intention of telling Jennifer that I had been made a partner, but the unusual situation I found there drove the matter clean out of my mind.

On my arrival at the house a strange sight met my eyes. In the meadow skirted by the drive was an enormous man with long, simian arms, whose features—like those of the old English sheep dog—were almost totally obscured by bushy

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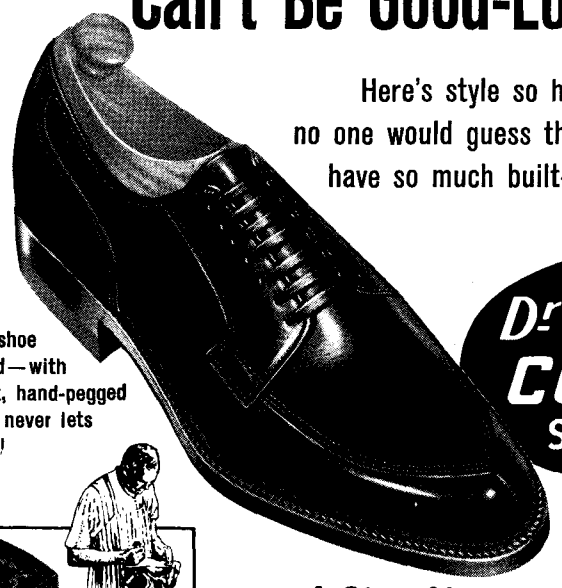

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Want a shoe that really comforts your feet—*without sacrificing style?* Then take a walk in a pair of COPEGS! They're the smartest-looking shoes on the street—yet their unique hand-pegged arch gives your feet firm support. Every step gets a comforting "lift" that makes walking a pleasure! Dr. Scholl's COPEG shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin, in black and brown.

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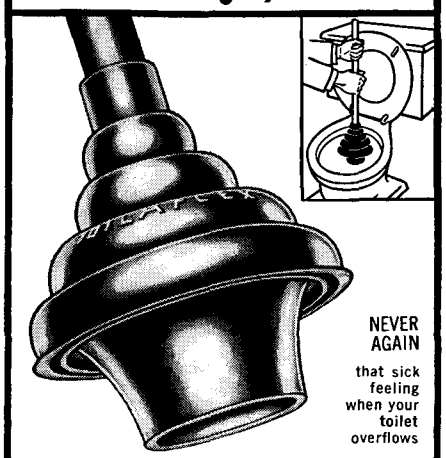

NEVER AGAIN that sick feeling when your toilet overflows

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With "Toilaflex", expressly designed for toilets, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and swishes it down. Can't miss!

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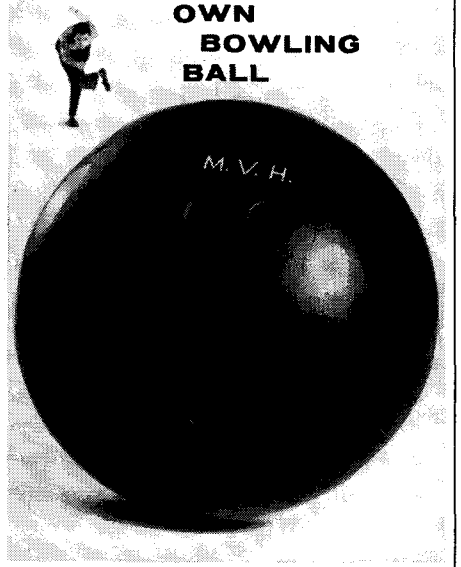

You can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball. Be sure to specify weight desired.

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Paint comes off brushes quickly. Just soak in Kwikeeze and rinse.

APE tufts of hair. He was being chivvied by two dogs, large mongrels, which were snarling furiously, hackles erect with a mixture of rage and fear. They were joined by a third dog as I watched. They circled him warily at a distance of some thirty yards. He stooped to pick up a stone and, whirling his arms somewhat in the manner of a baseball pitcher, flung it at the most aggressive of the three dogs. The trajectory of the stone was to my eye dead flat, for it was traveling with a frightening velocity. I am tempted to use the term muzzle velocity, for it went like a bullet, striking the dog squarely between the eyes. The two others, realizing as I did that the first was dead, bolted in terror. The man set off in pursuit of them, covering three yards to their two, catching up with them at the far end of the meadow where, despite their speed, he grabbed them by the tails and, whirling them round his head, flung them into the duck pond. At that moment Jennifer came out of the house to greet me.

"Who's your friend?" I asked.

"Father brought him home this morning," replied Jennifer.

"But who is he?" I wanted to know.

"Father introduced him as 'Cousin George,'" replied Jennifer unhappily.

"Well," I remarked, "he has a wonderful turn of speed, hasn't he?"

Standing in the drive near the house was a contraption like a circus trailer, a kind of cage on wheels such as lions travel in. "What's that?" I asked, noting that it bore number plates issued in India.

"I don't know," said Jennifer bleakly. "I don't think I want to know."

Then up the drive came a travel-stained car which also bore Indian number plates. From it jumped an alert, dapper man of around sixty years of age whom I assumed, and rightly, to be Colonel Bullingdon. "So you're the lucky man that's going to marry my little girl!" he said amiably. "Well, take good care of her. Would you mind," he asked me, "giving me a hand with this basket of meat?"

"It feels," I remarked, "as though someone's killed the fatted calf for you."

"Ha, ha! Very good that! Fatted calf... prodigal father. Must remember that. No, my boy, this is for Cousin George. Met him yet?"

"No, but I've seen him in action," I said, nodding toward the dead dog.

"It's quite amazing," remarked the colonel, "how dogs everywhere hate George. Something atavistic, I suppose."

There was a garden table outside the kitchen door, to which we carried the basket of meat. Taking out a huge slab of raw ox liver, Colonel Bullingdon proceeded to cut it into strips, each about eight or ten inches long and weighing about half a pound each. In all there was not less than seven pounds. In the background hovered Cousin George.

Jennifer, horror-stricken, sensing rather than knowing what was about to happen, stood rooted to the spot. Cousin George approached, slavering. Then, somewhat in the manner of an Italian tenor eating spaghetti, he seized the liver, strip by strip, holding each above his open mouth lengthwise, seeming to swallow it all without mastication.

"Splendid food if you like it that way!" observed the colonel. "Full of vitamins, I expect. Isn't it, George?"

"Father," said Jennifer in a faint voice, "how closely related to you is he?"

The same thought, frankly, was in my mind, although I had enough tact and delicacy to refrain from giving it expression. The answer to the question could, from where I stood, be extremely important, and it was Colonel Bullingdon's evasion of it which prompted me to keep to myself the news that I had been made a partner that day. I now needed to know a great deal more about the Bullingdon family—especially Cousin George—before taking the plunge into matrimony.

I skipped the next weekend, and it was two weeks before I again saw Jennifer. At lunch on Saturday I learned that since my previous visit Cousin George had had some golf lessons from the pro at Templeton Friars. "How's he shaping?" I asked, more to mask the animal noises coming from the kitchen, where Cousin George was having his lunch, than from a desire for information.

"His approach shots and putting are still weak," replied the colonel, "but wait till you see his tee shots!"

Mrs. Bullingdon, I gathered, had given up golf since Cousin George had been initiated into the game. After lunch I knew why.

The little community—of whose life the Templeton Friars Golf Club is the focal point—comprises mostly prosperous professional and business men and their families, who vote Conservative, attend the Established Church, observe a high standard of decorum and are extremely conventional. It did not surprise me, therefore, to learn from Jennifer that the arrival of Colonel Bullingdon and Cousin George had caused a certain amount of eyebrow-lifting locally. So when these two began their game of golf after lunch, there was a gallery of some 200 persons to watch them tee off.

The dish that melts in your mouth these days may just need a little more defrosting.

David O. Flynn

The 258-yard first hole at Templeton Friars is tricky. If your tee shot doesn't carry a clump of trees at about 140 yards, you are in trouble. Colonel Bullingdon's tee shot landed in the trees. Cousin George, using a most peculiar and unconventional stance, necessitated by his long arms, stood well back from the ball. He used no preliminary wiggles, or other affectations, but stood quite motionless for many seconds. Then, with arms twisted in a way I find hard to describe, he seemed to explode into violent movement.

There was a gasp from the spectators as the ball left the tee at fantastic speed, traveling almost parallel with the ground at first and rising until lost to sight.

"'E's gotta neye like a nawk!" said one of the caddies.

The ball was finally found on the fairway of the sixteenth hole, approximately 460 yards from the first tee. But that wasn't all. The ball—admittedly a cheap one, because Cousin George lost an average of six on every round—just wasn't a ball any more. Part of it had become concave, rather like a baseball mitt, only smaller, of course. The tough outer skin, or whatever it is called technically, had burst like the peel of a ripe orange.

"Try not to put so much steam behind it," urged Colonel Bullingdon.

For me it was not a happy weekend. There were too many unspoken thoughts hanging between Jennifer and me. And Cousin George, to put it no more strongly, was a disturbing influence.

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When I arrived on the following Saturday, Colonel Bullingdon was having a little trouble with the police. "You've no call to use language like that, Colonel Bullingdon," I heard the sergeant say. "I'm just doin' my duty, and I would like to see the licenses for the four great Danes you keep here."

"How dare you invade my land and make wild accusations about great Danes?" demanded the colonel.

"The law says that if you keep dogs, you've got to 'ave licenses for them."

"You produce the four great Danes, my good man, and I'll buy licenses for them, but until you produce them, keep out of my sight."

There were, of course, some adjectives and nouns which I have omitted. "Can I be of any help?" I asked the sergeant as the colonel stalked off in triumph.

"You can 'elp 'im by telling 'im to take out those licenses on Monday, because if 'e doesn't 'e's going to run into trouble."

"But you know, sergeant," I said, "unless he's bought four dogs since last weekend, I've never seen a dog they own except Mrs. Bullingdon's spaniel."

"Then why, will you explain, sir, does 'e tell Mr. Maggs, the butcher, that 'e's got four great Danes? Why does 'e buy forty-odd pounds of meat every week?"

"I don't know, sergeant," I told him, "but I do know that if you want to convict Colonel Bullingdon of keeping four unlicensed great Danes, you'll need more evidence than his butcher's bill. Were you present when he told Mr. Maggs that he had four great Danes?"

"No, but ——"

"Then I don't need to tell you the pitfalls of hearsay evidence. Sorry I can't be of more help."

All the same, forty pounds of meat weekly did seem a lot for such a small household. Maybe, I mused, meat really was what it was called in the advertisements, an energy food. That would account for the shape of golf balls when George smacked them out of sight.

Jennifer's first question when I met her told its own story. "Any news about the partnership?" she asked anxiously.

"It won't be long now, I feel sure," I told her. "Any reason for asking?"

"Well, it's just that mother has decided to go on a cruise, and I can't—won't stay at home without her, and if you had your partnership ——"

She left it hanging there.

"You and your father seem to get on well together," I said, "or don't you?"

"He's quite potty, of course, but we get on quite well. Donald," she said urgently, "what do you think of Cousin George?"

"Frankly, my pet, I try not to," I replied. "It isn't for me to criticize members of your family. I am sure, if you look for it, that Cousin George has a heart of gold. How's his golf coming along?"

"It isn't," replied Jennifer tearfully. "The golf-club committee has told mother that they don't want him there anymore."

"Jealous of his tee shots, I suppose?"

"No, it isn't that, Donald; it's something else. Cousin George had a shower there the other day and—well, some of the members complained."

"Why shouldn't the poor chap have a shower?" I asked with some indignation.

"You see, Donald, they say Cousin George has long fur all over him, and Doctor Wilkinson, who happened to be there, told everyone that his footprints on the locker-room floor were very peculiar."

"In what way peculiar?"

"Doctor Wilkinson said that his feet were padded. And that isn't all, Donald," she said, an edge of hysteria in her voice. "One of Cousin George's tee shots killed a lamb last week and—and he ate it."

"That surely was better than wasting it," I remarked, wondering why I should fly to the wretched fellow's defense. "What's nicer than a loin of spring lamb with mint sauce, potatoes and peas?"

"But, Donald," she wailed, "Cousin George didn't have any mint sauce. He skinned it on the green at the fourteenth and ate it—raw. A dozen or so members saw him."

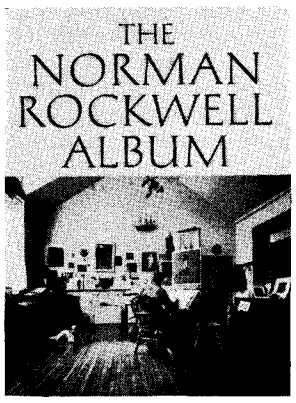
"Well, I suppose it was a trifle unconventional," I was forced to admit. "All the same," I added, "it would be a pity if Cousin George gave up golf at this stage, because those tee shots of his are quite sensational. All great men have their detractors," I added with a burst of originality, "so don't let it worry you. What does your father have to say about it?"

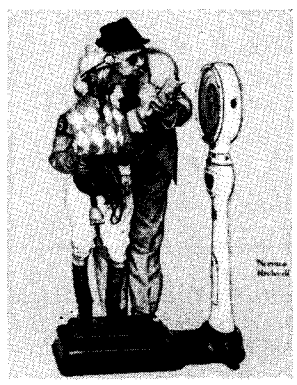
"He's very angry. He's going to talk to you about suing the golf club."

I had been giving Mrs. Bullingdon free legal advice for two years, none of which, I need hardly say, she followed. Now it looked as though the colonel was going to be added to the free list.

"Why," I asked Jennifer when she had dried her eyes, "don't you go on this cruise with your mother? By the time you come back, maybe these little difficulties about Cousin George will have resolved themselves and—who knows?—I may have news about the partnership."

Cousin George raised too many awkward queries in my mind. Every family has its skeletons in the cupboard, I





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APE suppose, but I don't think they all have such long arms. I have an aunt who hears little voices, and another who thinks she's the Lost Tribes of Israel, but we Favershams—anyway those of us who feel the cold—*buy* our fur coats.

Jennifer discussed the matter of the cruise with her mother and, I was relieved to learn, decided to go with her. That gave me breathing space, which I badly needed.

Colonel Bullingdon buttonholed me that afternoon in high indignation. Handing me the book of rules of the Templeton Friars Golf Club, he said, "You're supposed to be a lawyer, so perhaps you can find something in the rules which entitled the club to kick Cousin George out. The vicar's got hair on his chest. I've seen it. Why don't they kick *him* out?"

"There is probably nothing specific in the rules which says that you may not decapitate your grandmother in the lounge," I told him, "but even so, I feel that the members would be entitled to be annoyed if anyone did so."

"But George didn't decapitate his grandmother," retorted the colonel testily.

"Incidentally," I interjected, glad of the opening, "did George—er—know his grandmother?"

"How should I know?" he replied. "Ask him."

"I'll do that, colonel," I said, "but while we're on the subject, I've noticed that George hasn't—well, very much conversation. However, reverting to the club rules, I feel sure that there is a rule which in broad terms covers the question of conduct objectionable to other members, so I feel that eating a raw sheep on the fourteenth green might be so interpreted by a purist. Don't you agree?"

"My dear fellow," protested the colonel, "can you imagine what hell's delight the greens committee would have raised if the poor chap had built a fire there? Besides, it wasn't a sheep. It was a lamb."

"Quite, quite. I used the term generically. But even so, speaking as a lawyer, I wouldn't advise you to press the matter."

"I s'pose you're right," he grumbled, "but it smacks of unfair discrimination, and I don't like it. However, there's another matter I'd like your advice on."

"You shall have the best I've got."

"Well, it's like this. George has become a great financial burden. I was a rich man when I met George about fifteen years ago and, between ourselves, I'm practically at the end of my resources. He eats such a dashed lot, and the fact is that, unless he becomes self-supporting, I don't know what'll happen."

"Have you tried any of the employment agencies?" I asked.

"I had hopes of making him a professional golfer," he went on, ignoring my question, "and, if he would only learn to putt, there isn't a golfer alive to come near him. But he loses all interest after his tee shots."

"It's a pity, because he'd be—in fact, he is sensational. Any other ideas?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact I have. I had a chat during the week with Joe Brabander. Know him? Wrestling promoter. I'm taking George to see him Monday. If anything comes of it, I'd like you to handle the legal end of things—contracts and so forth."

"It's not quite in my line," I told him, "but I'll be happy to act for you."

Joe Brabander, I learned later, was the top man in the grunt-and-groan business and, on meeting Cousin George, predicted a brilliant future for him. I drew up the necessary contracts which made the colonel Cousin George's manager.

Cousin George—under his ring name of Monstrous Mortimer—made his debut against an anthropoid type called the Tottenham Terror. There was a very awkward moment in Joe Brabander's office when the Tottenham Terror's manager, a man of little polish, said bluntly, "Before we sign, if it's all the same to you, we'd like to hear your man talk."

That's what I wanted to hear, too, but my delicacy had hitherto prevented me from saying so. "Can he talk?" I whispered to the colonel.

"Listen and you'll soon find out," he replied, taking a pin from an ash tray on Brabander's desk and jabbing it firmly into Cousin George's ample rump.

Cousin George talked. Indeed, it would have been better if he had preserved a dignified silence. Joe Brabander, the Tottenham Terror and his manager—all three men being of coarse fiber—looked and, I believe, were, profoundly shocked. But Cousin George had made his point, and

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the contract was duly signed. He had, I believed, found his true niche in life.

Cousin George, alias Monstrous Mortimer, became a celebrity overnight. At a press conference on the eve of the bout he endeared himself to the sporting journalists as, with flash bulbs popping, he ate five pounds of raw liver cut delicately into convenient finger strips. "If I were the Tottenham Terror," observed the sports editor of *The Comet* darkly, "I would buy a milk route while I was still healthy."

"It is a pity," said the *Morning Gazette*, "that Darwin and Huxley could not have been spared to meet Monstrous Mortimer, for they might have learned much from him of our own dim origins."

Jennifer returned from her cruise in time to join me at the ringside. She seemed to lose some of her sun tan at sight of the two protagonists. The Tottenham Terror tipped the scales at 265 pounds and Cousin George at 291. An admirer threw the latter a bunch of red roses, which he promptly ate, much to the delight of the crowd.

The first ten minutes or so were dull, for Cousin George lacked his opponent's aggressive spirit. He was, like many large, strong people and animals, a gentle soul. I don't think he knew why he was in the ring until the Tottenham Terror began dancing on his face. Then he learned—fast. Seizing the Tottenham Terror by the ankles, he whirled him round the ring a couple of dozen times before letting go. The other landed in the fifth row and was carried out on a stretcher.

Monstrous Mortimer had arrived. He went from triumph to triumph until, at the insistence of the press, he was matched with Colossal Carlos the Mexican Man-eater, the champion of them all.

Somebody in the crowd yelled, "Pull 'is fur coat off, Carlos!" Foolishly that was what Colossal Carlos—himself a very hairy man—proceeded to do. Holding up a tuft of poor George's fur, with a six-inch square of skin attached, he reached for another tuft. He soon found himself tied in a tight knot while Cousin George, quite unhurriedly, proceeded to pluck him as though he were a chicken until the ring was littered with Colossal Carlos's hirsute adornment. The referee interfered and was flipped out of the ring for his pains. The crowd loved it. Good clean fun like this was what the customers had come to see, and Cousin George, or perhaps I should call him Monstrous Mortimer, became the hero of the hour.

Colonel Bullingdon was jubilant. Real money was beginning to roll in. Talent scouts representing promoters in New York, Chicago, Montreal, Mexico City and Buenos Aires beat a trail to Templeton Friars with tempting offers.

Mrs. Bullingdon and Jennifer did not share the colonel's jubilation.

"I have nightmares about Monstrous Mortimer and wake up screaming in the night," Jennifer told me tearfully.

"So, I imagine, do the Tottenham Terror and Colossal Carlos," I reminded her.

"Donald," exclaimed Jennifer, "do you think that Cousin George really is a relation of mine?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied. "Your father seems to think he is, and he should know. But I hope there's no relationship because, quite frankly, I wouldn't like to have children who favored that branch of your family. When little feet patter about our home, I think I'd prefer them to leave rather more—er—conventional prints on the bathroom floor, if you know what I mean."

It had to be said, and while she was digesting this thought, the colonel came along to ask whether I could spare him a few minutes about one or two troublesome matters. "I've more or less decided to take Cousin George on an American tour," he announced, "but I'm having a spot of bother with the Passport Office. They've adopted a very obstructive attitude, and I want you to straighten it out for me. The fact is they won't give the poor chap a passport—some dashed technicality about having no birth certificate."

"But, colonel," I protested, "what has he done with the passport he entered the country with?"

"He didn't have one."

"But he couldn't have got in!"

"Don't tell me he couldn't!" snapped the colonel. "He's here, isn't he? Try to be constructive. There's a dashed lot of money involved here. Your job as a lawyer is to overcome difficulties."

"Where was George born?" I asked.

"In India."

"Then the proper issuing authority for the passport was the Indian Government. Why didn't you get one from them? Anyway, how *did* you get him here?"

"The fact is," replied the colonel uncomfortably, "that there was some little irregularity about it all. We came by road from India. But every time we came to a frontier, poor George had to ride in that trailer cage I towed all the way."

"But do you mean to tell me you crossed Baluchistan, Iran, Iraq, Syria and half of Europe like that—all without any travel document for George?"

"I had a document—of sorts. An old pal of mine, a retired army vet, gave me a veterinary certificate for George, describing him as 'an unclassified primate.' Thank God, George can't read, or he'd have hit the roof. Dashed humiliating situation, what? And now, to cap everything, they're trying to make him pay income tax! Can you beat that?"

"What is the attitude of the United States consulate-general?" I asked.

"They're not being very cooperative either. All they chuck at me is some dashed nonsense about quotas, and has he ever been a member of the Communist Party. Now, I ask you, does George strike you as the kind of chap to get mixed up in things of that kind?"

"Well, I'm not so sure," I replied. "With all those whiskers on him, Cousin George strikes me as the kind of chap who might have been mixed up in anything. It seems to me, colonel, that your best bet is to go on using that veterinary certificate."

"I daren't do it, my dear chap. There's some damned silly rule in America about wrestlers being human. Nobody believes it, of course, but if it leaked that George was traveling on a veterinary certificate, some of his opponents might not like it."

I was prepared to concede that. "Colonel," I said sternly, "if I am your lawyer, I must know all the facts about Cousin George. Is he, or is he not, human?"

"How the hell should I know? In any case, legally there is no such thing as a human being. A human being has never been defined in law. You know what you mean, and I know what I mean by the term, but that's all. But I say that if George isn't human, they've no right to make him pay income tax. If he pays income tax, why shouldn't he be elected to Parliament, or be a member of the Templeton Friars Golf Club? There's nothing in the law to say that a man can't have funny-looking footprints. The whole thing's monstrously unjust."

"Colonel," I persisted, "you claim to be human, don't you?"

"That's my affair!" he snapped.

"It's George's affair, too, since he's a cousin of yours. And, since we're being frank, it's my affair. Just how closely are you and Cousin George related?"

"There's no relationship, my dear chap," he replied.

"Then who and what is George?"

"Donald, my boy, George is an Abominable Snowman. At the 20,000-foot camp I established on Everest in 1945, George crept into my tent to get warm. He was about six months old, as far as I could judge. He wasn't fully fledged then."

"But how do you *know* he's an Abominable Snowman?"

"By his footprints in the snow and the other ones we saw."

"But this—if you're right, colonel—is a scientific discovery of the first order."

"You don't have to tell me that! That's what I said at the time, until I was sick and tired of saying it. But nobody would believe me."

"Excuse me, colonel," I said, "but I have to put in a phone call."

Jennifer was at the hairdresser's having a permanent wave. "Darling," I said when I got through to her, "I've some wonderful news for you?"

"What is it, Donald?"

"I've been made a partner in the firm."

THE END

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Two of the winningest cowboys in rodeo today—both "tea men." Benny Reynolds, right, is World Champion All Around Cowboy. With him is Harley May, two-time Steer Wrestling Champion and President of the Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Why these rodeo champs drink tea, the hot refresher

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Winston Bruce on *Stingaree*. Now World Champion Saddle Bronc Rider, Bruce started riding the bucking horses at 13. "And I've been a tea drinker about that long, too," he says. "I think it's the greatest refresher going."

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Part Two of treasure diver Teddy Tucker's exciting story: The escapades that got him into serious trouble with the law, the hazardous underwater searches for long-buried galleons, and the prophetic dream that led him to his greatest discovery.

ADVENTURE IS MY LIFE

BY TEDDY TUCKER
as told to Don A. Schanche

Author Tucker with a coral-encrusted Spanish sword and the primary tool of his undersea trade, a diving mask. He served an early apprenticeship in prison, where he "learned the value of dogged patience."

There are at least seven Spanish treasure galleons buried in the pockets of clean white sand which separate the thousands of reefs ringing the islands of Bermuda. Salvage from two of those galleons has made me the world's most successful underwater treasure hunter. If I live long enough to dive on the others, I expect to find deposits of seventeenth-century Spanish gold that will make my present quarter of a million dollars' worth of treasure look like the widow's mite.

The greatest underwater treasure I have found so far was mysteriously linked to a clairvoyant dream about an old wreck. My brother-in-law and salvage partner Robert Canton was with me when I first spotted her, lying near an iron hulk from which we intended to salvage brass. Twice in five years I dived on her, more out of curiosity than thoughts of gain. One day in 1955, with nothing better to do, I went down for another look. Within minutes I uncovered a small, five-sided piece of gold. At that point my mild interest in treasure hunting became an insatiable desire, and it has not diminished since.

Without taking any special precautions to hide our good fortune, which was perhaps a mistake, Robert and I decided to work over the old shipwreck systematically. Gathering a group of friends as deck hands and diving helpers, we set out the next day to see what other treasure the old ship held.

The weather looked uncertain; I feared we might be driven off the site before we could accomplish much on the bottom. Donning a full-face breathing mask, which gets air through 100 feet of rubber hose attached to an air compressor on deck, I leaped into the water. Patiently, lest I overlook something of value, I skimmed across the sandy bottom which lay like a closed valley between walls of coral.

My aim that day was to clear away all obvious signs of a shipwreck so that if anyone else stumbled onto the site he would not recognize it as a possible treasure store. Soon I accumulated a sizable pile of artifacts. There were three beautiful three-quarter-inch gold buttons, each studded with three large pearls. The rest of my finds looked like nondescript junk out of a long-forgotten stack of scrap iron. Cannonballs rested against long, coral-encrusted rods that had once been Spanish muskets. Stuck to a few of the musket barrels and cannonballs were 200 ancient Spanish and French coins. The most recent coin in the batch was dated 1592. Clearly the ship was at least three centuries old, probably older. Although not particularly well informed on the period, I knew enough about the history of the Spanish treasure flotillas to realize we had a major prize on our hands.

Almost as soon as they found the New World, the Spaniards began plundering it. Upon discovering the Central American gold mines and the vast piles of sacred gold which the Indians had been hoarding in their temples for a thousand years, the Spanish began a steady trade system to ship the precious stuff back to Spain. In three centuries they moved billions of dollars' worth. In the same period, well established historically, they lost more than a billion dollars' worth in shipwrecks and to privateers.

I knew that some of the Spaniards—and probably some of the privateers as well—had wrecked in Bermuda waters. The islands were uninhabited until 1609, so any ship which hit the reefs before that time went down unrecorded in Bermuda history and unlooted by early Bermudians, who made an art of scavenging from the hapless ships which ran into the reefs.

The date of the latest coin on the old wreck indicated that the ship had never been seen by the colonists, and therefore must still have held whatever treasure the luckless Spaniards, or pirates, had aboard when they went down.

With that tenuous clue, we were ready to dive in earnest. But time was running out. It was already late August, with the beginning of hurricane season just days away. For several days we were shorebound. Atop my bedroom dresser lay the small gold piece and the ancient coins, constant reminders that I had to get back to the old shipwreck.

Soon the weather cleared, and we put in a third day on the bottom. Working slowly, I fanned my hands back and forth to create eddies which washed the sand away from the spot where I found the original gold piece. A round gold ingot, nine times the size of the first, poked out of the sand. Clearly stamped on its surface was a royal Spanish tax stamp. But after that came discouragement. Another full day's work produced only a gold-and-pearl button.

Again the weather soured. Winds from the northeast sent foaming white water crashing across the reefs around the old wreck. We were stuck ashore.

Thoughts of treasure filled my waking hours, and after two days ashore, I found my dreams being invaded too. I dreamed I was at the site of the old wreck, suspended just above the sand floor, about twenty feet from the excavation I had been digging. I was at the foot of a coral cliff. A bright yellow brain coral jutted from the cliff over my head. In my dream I fanned away the sand on the bottom and picked up a round gold ingot and two smaller pieces. Then I awoke.

Normally I cannot remember my dreams, but this one stuck with me. I nudged my wife Edna and described the dream to her in detail. She was fascinated and convinced. Edna believes firmly in her own telepathic powers. When I am away from Bermuda, doing business in the States, she sometimes "wills" me to call her on the telephone. Invariably I get the message and telephone her. We can't prove the power of her will, of course, but she has tested it on me so many times that I am convinced it exists. As for my dream, she firmly believed it was prophetic clairvoyance. So did I.

Two days later the weather cleared. Anchoring over the old wreck, I leaped into the water and swam down into the coral-protected valley of sand where the wreck lay. Turning, I saw the excavation I had been digging on our last day out. Twenty feet away a coral cliff rose from the sand floor. Jutting from it, just as it had in my dream, was the bright yellow brain coral.

I swam to the spot and began fanning away the sand, as I had in my dream. Within minutes I was down eight inches into the sand. The hole got deeper. Although only ten minutes had passed, time seemed arrested, just as it does in a dream. Suddenly there was a glint in the hole. I fanned more vigorously. A shiny object emerged, then another.

The prophecy of my dream was wrong. Instead of a round ingot and two smaller pieces of gold, I had uncovered a ten-and-a-half-inch-long, thirty-six-ounce bar of gold and one smaller piece. The gold bar was stamped with the name "Pinto," which I later learned identified it as gold from the early Spaniards' Pinto River placer mines in Colombia. It also bore a number and the royal tax stamp.

A few days later I put in a sixth day of diving and found another gold ingot.

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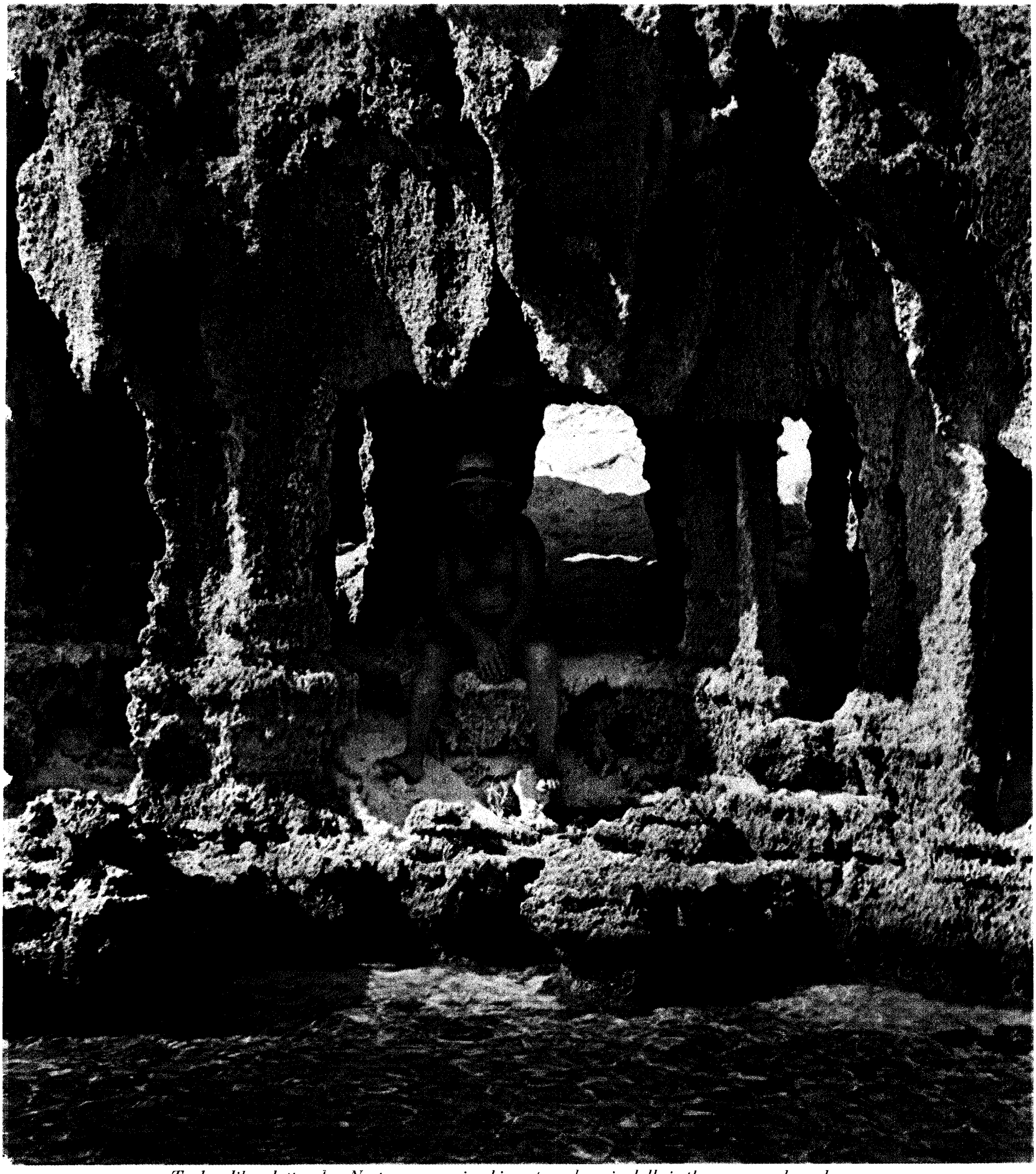

Tucker, like a latter-day Neptune surveying his watery domain, lolls in the sea-carved coral passages of Bermuda's Cathedral Rock, a weathered landmark at the entrance to Ely's Harbor.

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"Hundreds of pearls lying all about, scattered on and under the sand. . . . We found pearls as solid as they were on the day the ship went down. . . . I decided to keep the find a secret, but too many of our friends knew and rumors began to fly."

Tucker's wife Edna starting aloft in the *Post* expedition's helium balloon, used to spot sunken wrecks.

Photographs by Peter Stackpole

Then on the seventh day, a Sunday, I found the greatest single object of all.

By now it was September, and the weather was getting worse. Eager to work faster, I took a water hose down to the bottom and turned on the jet to blast sand from the area below the brain coral. After carving a deep hole, I turned the jet off. When the debris settled, my eyes fell on a gold cross lying face down in the sand. I picked it up and turned it over. Awe-struck, I counted the large green emeralds on its face. There were seven of them, each as big as a musket ball. From small rings on the arms of the cross hung tiny gold nails, representing the nails in Christ's hands, and at the foot was the ring for a third which had been lost. The carving, while beautiful, was somewhat crude, indicating it was made by Indians. It remains my most treasured discovery. Others apparently think it the most valuable too. Not long ago an American woman offered $75,000 for it.

Three more days on the bottom turned up more gold-and-pearl buttons and hundreds of less spectacular artifacts—swords and daggers, cannon balls and musket balls, pottery and pewterware, silverware and solid Toledo-steel tools, buckles and buttons, and hundreds of pearls. The pearls were lying all about, scattered on and under the sand. But not one was worth bringing to the surface. After such long exposure to salt water each of them popped like an overripe pea when I picked it up. But last summer, when *The Saturday Evening Post* expedition dived on the same shipwreck, we found pearls as solid as they were on the day the ship went down.

I soon discovered that keeping a treasure is more trouble than finding one. No Bermudian had claimed a sunken treasure in modern times, so there was no precedent to follow. But Robert and I had no intention of letting it slip away. We decided to keep the find a secret until we got professional help to inspect the treasure and estimate its worth. But we had been too casual in our search for the stuff. Too many of our friends knew about it, and rumors began to fly. One story told of a man who had come to my house for a cocktail party and saw a jewel-encrusted golden dagger on my mantelpiece. Another story had it that we had salted away a huge pile of gold bullion.

One of the Bermuda newspapers ran a story about the rumors, but the government, which we feared might try to confiscate the treasure, remained silent. Meanwhile, a friend of mine consulted Mendel Peterson, a rare-coin expert, underwater explorer and curator of armed forces history at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Peterson flew to Bermuda. After his arrival, we officially notified the government of our find.

Peterson's big brown eyes almost popped when he saw what we had discovered. The small gold pieces and round ingots were the most valuable, he said. They had been assayed for weight by the Spaniards and used in commercial trade just as if they were coin. Collectors or a museum, Peterson said, might value the two small gold chunks at $6000. He estimated the two round ingots were worth $50,000. The long gold bar was harder to evaluate. Because Peterson was uncertain, we sold it to the government for $2000. I have since discovered that the bar of gold is worth ten times that price, but the loss we suffered has been amply repaid. For later, when the government tried to take the gold away from us, we could point to the sale as precedent-setting: Bermuda obviously had recognized our right to own the treasure when it bought a piece of it from us.

Peterson estimated that the entire treasure, including the less gaudy artifacts, was worth $130,000. He recognizes now that he was too conservative; he had no idea at the time that the emerald cross would command such a high price.

With so much unprotected treasure lying about, I soon found myself the object of more attention than an ice-cream vendor in a school play yard. A few people, eager to share my good fortune, hurried to the Bermuda lighthouse whenever I put out to sea. They wanted to see where I anchored and thus locate the treasure ship, which by now we had definitely identified from the artifacts as a Spanish galleon, probably lost en route to Spain in 1595.

For a time I kept the gold in my house, with no thought of losing it. But one night I was startled into changing my mind. Edna was brushing her teeth when she heard a rustling outside the window of a darkened room. Barely perceptible at the window sill was the figure of a man. Hurriedly she whispered to me that an intruder was trying to break in. Taking my rifle, I crept outside and spotted a figure by the house. Whether he was a would-be thief or a peeping Tom, I don't know. I fired a shot in his general direction, and he ran off through the bushes. After that we put the treasure in a safe-deposit box at the bank.

Prowlers were the least of our problems. The Bermuda government, after recognizing our ownership of the treasure by buying part of it from us, reversed itself and sought possession on grounds that it was found within the island's territorial limits. We dug in for a long battle. At one meeting with the colonial secretary I got so miffed at an official's insistence that the treasure belonged to the government that I told him flatly, "Push me any farther, and I will take the whole works out to sea and dump it in such deep water that no one will ever see it again."

"You can't," he said. "We've got it."

"Like hell you have," I said. But for a moment I was not too sure. Perhaps the government had legally sealed my safe-deposit box.

I went directly to the bank. The box was not sealed. The gold was still there. After stuffing it into Edna's leather handbag, I went to my boat and put out to sea. If the government did try to confiscate the gold, they would have to find it first.

There are thousands of underwater caves in the reefs around Bermuda and along the shores of the island. One in particular has been my favorite hiding place for years. It is deep, hard to get to, and as dark as the inside of a black cat. After pausing at several other sites, just in case the watchers were spying from the lighthouse, I stopped above my cave. Shoving the gold into a potato sack, I jumped into the water and swam down inside the cave. There were three great lobsters near the entrance. I left them to guard my treasure.

After that bitter meeting with the government, I began to realize why officials were so eager to gain possession of the treasure. Members of the government feared I would smuggle the gold pieces and the gold cross out of Bermuda and sell them. I was miffed at this apparent lack of confidence in me after I had honestly reported the find and displayed it

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for all to see. But in a way I cannot blame the government for its fears. My life had been somewhat erratic, studded with jail terms and two years as a fugitive soldier of fortune, wanted for desertion by the British Royal Navy. It was hardly a background to inspire confidence.

Although my mother and father were gentle, respectable people, I was a black sheep even as a small boy. Every school I attended in Bermuda eventually expelled me. Once I was tossed out for smoking a pipe in class. Another time I was bounced for being drunk, at age thirteen.

In the Royal Navy during World War II, I sailed from one scrape to another. I was jailed in Belfast for clouting a policeman who wanted to put one of my shipmates in jail. In Plymouth, England, I was told to spruce up the naval station's mascot, a jackass, which was to perform at a review for a member of the royal family. But instead of cleaning the animal's hoofs with the methylated spirits provided for the job, I mixed the stuff with beer and drank it. The commanding officer found me two hours later, riding the jackass. I got fourteen days for misconduct and missed the royal review. The jackass made it.

After that I seemed to be in the detention barracks or in jail about as much as I was out. In the fall of 1945, right after the war ended, the navy popped me into a Singapore prison for selling weapons to a Chinese trader. When they let me out, I deserted. With an American buddy whom I met in the Singapore prison, I set out on a walking, hitchhiking tour of Asia. It was glorious fun, but it wasn't long before I was in trouble again. The French police jailed me after a mob fight in Saigon. I hadn't noticed that anyone got hurt in the fracas, but the police said a man had been killed. One of them hinted that they might hang the murder on me. I knew I was innocent, but I doubted that I could ever convince the French of that. So I decided to break out.

There were two other prisoners in my cell, one of them English, the other American. We went to work on the bars of the only window in the room, tugging and pulling and shaking as hard as we could. For five full days we took turns, around the clock, wiggling those bars. On the fifth day we got the window frame loose, and that night we jumped three stories into some bushes outside.

The next day I stowed away on a ship bound for Hong Kong. I bummed around there for a bit, slipping over to the wide-open Portuguese colony of Macao or up the river to Canton for variety. One day, while I was cadging drinks in a Macao bar, a dark, mustached Portuguese sat beside me.

"Would you like to earn an easy $100?" he asked.

"Is the Pope a Catholic?" I replied.

He outlined a simple plan. I was to go with him by boat to Hong Kong. My responsibility was merely to carry a small, but extraordinarily heavy box and deliver it to a sailor aboard a Swedish merchant ship. The package had the shape of a mah-jongg box, but it was too heavy to be a game. I guessed it was gold, and my new employer confirmed it. The operation went off without a hitch. It was my first and last stint as a gold smuggler.

A few months later I shipped aboard an American freighter and gave myself up to the British consul in Los Angeles. He paid my way back to England, where I was court-martialed for desertion. I was extraordinarily lucky in court. Owing to postwar confusion of Naval records in Singapore and to the fact that I never bothered to sign in at the naval barracks when I was released from the Singapore prison, the Royal Navy couldn't pin down the exact time of my desertion. This is the kind of technicality that saves many a criminal, and it saved me from an interminable stretch in the naval prison. Because the court could not prove how long I had been a deserter, it had no alternative but to give me the minimum sentence—ninety days. I did the time cheerfully, then went home to Bermuda.

Since those days I have been reasonably circumspect, but I have never regretted the wild years or the frequent jailings. What I failed to learn in school, I made up for in various cells. In one English prison I was put to work repairing and reconditioning ancient matchlock and flintlock firearms. I soon became an expert on antique weapons, an advantage now in sizing up old shipwrecks.

More important, I learned in prison the value of dogged patience. One has no alternative when locked in a bare cell reciting a months-long countdown to freedom. Happily, I learned the lesson well. Patience is the single most important virtue of a treasure hunter. Lying about on the sea bottom and carefully sifting hundreds of cubic yards of sand in search of valuable objects is as tedious as looking for a collar button in the Grand Canyon. An impatient treasure hunter is as handicapped as a legless runner. Patience also served me well in my dealings with the Bermuda government.

After hiding my treasure in the underwater cave, I waited calmly for the government to ease its demands. In time I convinced them that Robert and I were as interested in seeing the treasure remain in Bermuda as they were. Then, with the government's cooperation, I established a museum in an old building next door to my mother's house on Hamilton harbor.

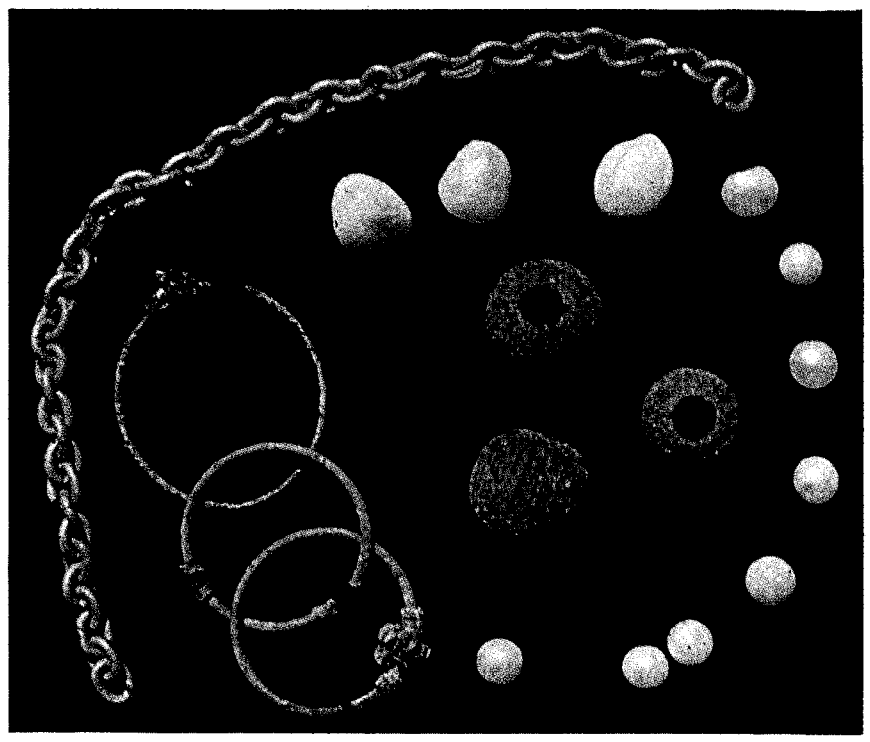
But I had no yearning for the life of a museum curator. My pleasure comes from plunging into the water to turn up treasures which have lain untouched for three centuries, not from leading visitors around museum display cases.

Last summer I took steps to sell the museum, treasure and all. I offered it first to the government, at a bargain price. Although museum experts told me I could get $250,000 for my collection, I knew I would have to break it down into individual pieces and actively promote their sale to museums and private collectors around the world. This would require most of my time for the next two years, and I probably would spend half of the proceeds in the process. I also would defeat my own goal of keeping the collection in Bermuda. Therefore I agreed to accept $100,000 for the whole lot if the government wanted to buy it.

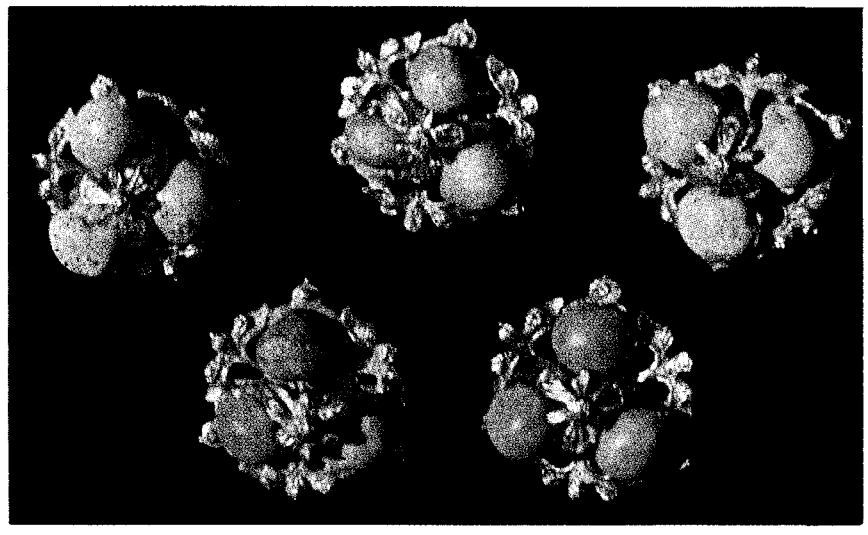
Recently the government accepted the offer. Although I did not get the $250,000 which experts believe the treasure was worth, I am not unhappy. After all, $100,000 in tax-free Bermuda is not a paltry sum. And in the process of earning it I learned a great deal about treasure hunting, enough to convince me that I will find a greater fortune in the future. I believe part of that fortune lies in a previously untouched Spanish treasure ship which the *Post* expedition probed last summer, and I aim to bring it up.

(*In the next installment Tucker tells why his new-found galleon looks like the most fabulous treasure ship of all and incidentally gives a few essential technical hints to would-be treasure hunters.*)

Tucker's treasure finds include golden earrings . . .



pearls, silver bells, silver earrings and gold chain . . .



and five perfect buttons, pearl clusters set in gold.

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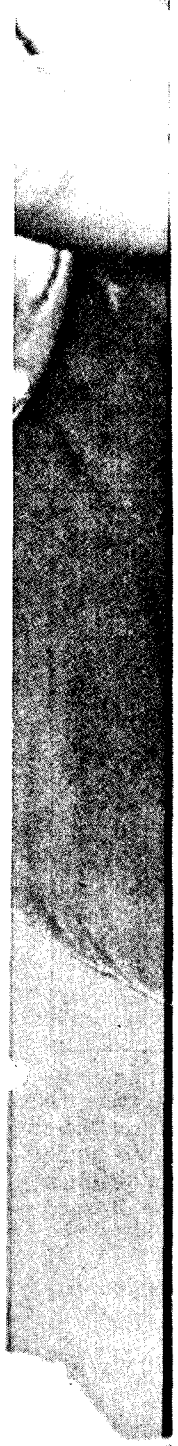

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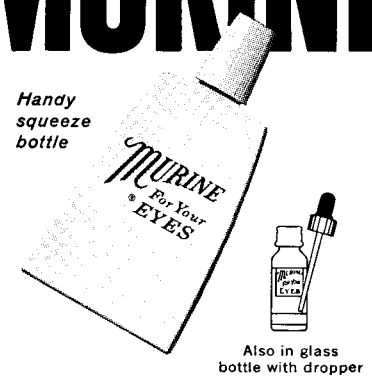

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Time for Courtship

continued from page 23

refrigerator but a lamb bone and a couple of pieces of liver."

"Not any more," he said cheerfully.

"Oh?"

"Charlie Brown ate them. The dog."

"You shouldn't have given him a name," she said. "That's a big mistake."

Clem grew thoughtful.

Janie, their daughter, was married to a young broker from the office that handled Clem's investments. Johnny Bryant. He was doing well. They owned a handsome estate in Hope Ranch and occupied an important position in young Santa Barbara society. Wanda, now ten, had been riding in horse shows since she was six. Little Johnny already had a set of golf clubs.

So they went to see the children, and they heard the latest news about the horses, the stock market and the Junior League. And all the time Clem was thinking that Charlie Brown must be getting hungry. And they still had to stop at the club for dinner.

Winifred noticed his uneasiness and made the move to go. On the way to the club she asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"I guess I'm hungry."

Over dinner he finally asked, "How are Brad and Connie?"

"Wonderful! Brad's starting a new picture, you know. It's going to be super-screen, three-dimensional, better-than-life color—you know Brad. It's Civil War, a sort of *Red Badge of Courage* thing. Only much better—you know Brad."

Clem said nothing.

"Were you listening at all, Clem?"

"Of course I was."

"You're funny today. But you must admit that we have a very clever son. To be a director at twenty-eight and in charge of the studio's biggest specials ——"

"I do, I do. I admit. Both children, and both grandchildren. We are very lucky, Winifred."

"Yes." She ate happily. "I asked Brad and Connie to come up next week for our anniversary—for dinner."

"And Janie and John and the kids?"

"Of course. Janie said she'd lend me her Harriet to get the dinner and serve it."

"Fine."

"You don't sound very excited."

He laughed a little. "I guess I'm a little blasé after thirty years. Let's go home and feed the pup."

Charlie Brown was simply delighted to see Winifred. He hadn't known he was to have a mother too. He wagged all over. Winifred couldn't help being flattered. She put her hand on his head.

"What kind of a dog is he?"

"A short-haired Newfoundland or a shaggy boxer. I haven't decided which."

"A dog dog. He's got hairs on the rug."

"I'll vacuum it in the morning."

"No use doing that until he goes."

"No." Clem grew thoughtful again.

"Clem!" she said. "You know what we decided—not to get involved in anything after your retirement."

"Not at all," he assured her. "I'm just waiting to see tomorrow night's paper."

"Because—suppose we want to take a cruise or something? Who could we give that great hulking dog to?"

"You're absolutely right." The idea of a cruise was always popping up.

Clem didn't go to play golf on Monday. He followed Winifred around, just enjoying her presence. She was slim, crisp, efficient. She was intelligent, sophisticated, dryly humorous. But she was terribly busy, because she wanted to get the house in order and go to Janie's before the children got home from school. Always terribly busy on account of the children. Well, her job would never end. He couldn't expect her to retire too.

Charlie Brown made himself tactfully inconspicuous. Only when Winifred sat to rest a couple of times with a cigarette did he come over tentatively, put his great head with dignity on her knee.

Winifred noticed him. "You are kind of nice," she admitted. Then immediately he went away again, out of sight, out from under foot. Remarkable dog! Clem, watching him, felt secret laughter, because that dog had felt her reluctance, and he was cleverly, tactfully wooing her.

After she left for Janie's, the paper came. And there it was—the ad: "Lost in Montecito, great Dane puppy, seven months old. Answers to Duke. Reward."

Great Dane? Clem looked at the dog. Well, the way he wore his tail, the surprisingly deep bay, the eventual size of him as promised by the great head and those clumsy puppy feet—well, he might be called a great Dane.

"Duke!" said Clem softly.

The pup thumped his tail on the floor. Clem's heart sank. He spoke again, tentatively, "Charlie Brown?"

Then the pup came over to him.

Clem laughed and found the courage to go to the phone. The young man who had advertised for the dog was at work but would be home about six. Clem left his number.

When Winifred came home, Clem said, "Well, I guess our problem is solved. Somebody advertised for Charlie Brown. Charlie Brown's name is Duke."

"Charlie Brown suits him better," was her surprising reply.

At six o'clock the boy phoned. "You have my dog?"

"I think so," answered Clem cautiously. "What color is he?"

"Brown."

"That's right. And his ears?"

"They're floppy."

"Yes. I guess he's yours all right."

"Oh, golly, that's wonderful. I'll be right there."

He arrived almost immediately. But when the boy looked at the dog, his face fell. "Is that the dog?"

"Yes. He isn't yours?"

"No. Cute pup, though." He opened the screen door and held out his hand. Charlie Brown responded with dignity, not enthusiasm. "What made you think he was a great Dane?"

"Well, yours was the only ad. He was the only lost dog I knew. He's big, and brown. With a little bit of optimism ——"

The boy laughed. "He looks like a rough-coated boxer with a modified Newfoundland head. Nice dog, though."

"My wife calls him a dog dog."

"Yes," the boy said. "Thanks anyway."

"Hope you find yours," said Clem.

When he turned around, his face was beaming. "Fine young man!"

"Clem!" said Winifred.

"I'll put an ad in the paper tomorrow."

"All right. But three days should be enough, if anyone is looking for him."

Charlie Brown stood between them, turning his great head from one to the other. He seemed confident.

"Well," said Winifred, "I've got dinner started. We're having a party next week, you know. I hope you've got rid of the dog before then."

"Oh certainly, certainly," said Clem in a businesslike manner. "No doubt about it. At all." He felt that perhaps he had been a little too emphatic. "Want to go for a short walk, Charlie?"

They took the bridle trail up the hill in back of their house. Charlie Brown forgot his dignity. He imagined himself a horse and galloped ahead, ears blowing about, tongue hanging out, tail waving. At the top Clem sat down to rest, and Charlie came and sat beside him, another person, leaning a little against him. The pup's tail wagged expectantly. But instead of getting up, Clem took the dog's head between his hands and looked into his face. Charlie stopped wagging his tail. It was a very still moment, and who can say what passed between them? Finally, because he was only human, Clem had to speak.

"Yes. Sometimes, Charlie, it takes a fresh viewpoint, someone coming in from the outside, looking at the problem with new eyes. Yes, if you can do it, I can do it. I did it thirty years ago, didn't I?"

Being long married and in love—with one and the same woman, of course—is a rewarding thing. If there is not the high excitement of youth, neither is there the uneasy anxiety. If there is less heat, there is more tranquil satisfaction. And all the little tricks of courtship are not forgotten just because thirty years have dropped upon the wedding day.

"You bought that dress when you were in Hollywood?"

"Yes."

"It's extremely becoming." It was too.

"Well, thank you."

"Let's have candles on the table."

"Candles?"

"Yes. You can't imagine what candlelight does to your eyes, Winnie."

"Why, Clem!"

He held her chair at the dinner table. Once he bent over impulsively and kissed her neck. She turned, surprised.

"I just couldn't resist it. I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

There was more too. They had their easy, comfortable flow of reminiscences.

"Remember the night we took the kids to Ocean Park and I went on the Whirl-a-Wheel, and then we had to go home because it made me feel awful? You had to drive, and in all the traffic, the kids tried to push me out because they thought I was going to be sick in the car."

"Poor Clem!"

starting next week . . .

A three-part study of American youngsters who quit school:

HIGH SCHOOL DROP-OUTS

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"Poor Clem? At the time you said, 'Yes, get out and take a taxi.' "

"I didn't."

"You were absolutely heartless."

She was convulsed at the memory. Then she reminisced. "Remember the time we got into that expensive restaurant by mistake and just had money enough among the four of us to pay the check. And poor Brad kept trying to hold on to the three dollars he had been saving."

Clem shook his head. "I'll never forget that inelegant pile of dollar bills we kept counting, and the waiter standing with his back to us, snapping his fingers."

There was more too. It lay in an unspoken philosophical attitude which they shared. After thirty years, life had come to seem right and true and plausible. In retirement the mind has a chance to transcend successiveness, to see life as a whole piece, to see collective human existence beautifully laid out by an incomparable intelligence—the athleticism of youth, the reflectiveness of middle age and, God willing, the illumination of old age. This philosophy they shared was the greater part of their compatibility.

On the third night after the ad was put in the paper she actually forgot to go to the children. Janie phoned.

"Mother, where are you? The children are ready for bed."

"My goodness," said Winifred. "Is it that late? Well, kiss them for me."

"Mother? Do you have company?"

"No, your father and I were talking."

"Talking?"

Clem smiled into Charlie Brown's face.

No one answered Clem's ad. Charlie Brown stayed on in a kind of indecisive position. And when the night of the anniversary came, he was still there.

Janie and John and the children were the first to arrive—Janie and Wanda in mother-daughter outfits, exquisite little girls, both of them. But Janie, wrinkling up her nose at the sight of Charlie Brown, exclaimed, "What is that?"

"His name is Charlie Brown. He just came to us. I don't think we're going to keep him though."

Janie laughed. "I should hope not! You just can't have a mutt in Montecito!"

"He's not a mutt. He's a gentleman."

"But daddy, if you're going to have a dog—a setter, or a boxer, or a great Dane—something handsome and pedigreed."

"Charlie Brown is a friend. Do we pick our friends for pedigrees?"

"You know what I mean, daddy. Just like horses. You want aristocracy."

"Yes," said Clem. "If it's for show, you do." He went into the living room, Charlie Brown at his side.

Then Brad and Connie arrived from Hollywood. Brad looked at Charlie Brown and said, "Wow! A dog dog!"

But that was all, because Brad and Connie had apartment-house psychology—adults, no children, no pets.

They were all so young, Clem thought as he sat at the head of the dinner table; so wrapped up in their own concerns. He tried to break through the shells.

"Your mother and I have been reminiscing. Remember the night we went to Stevers' for dinner and almost didn't have enough money to pay?"

"That was the worst experience of my life," said Janie.

"Oh, no," objected Clem.

"Yes it was! To be in a smart restaurant without money—a nightmare!"

Yes, thought Clem, the seed had been there that early. "Janie ——" he began. But then he broke off. She belonged to herself now. Life was her teacher now.

"I don't think I ever got my three dollars back," said Brad.

"Oh, yes you did!" said Winifred firmly. "I gave it to you the next morning, and you're not going to collect it again."

They all laughed. But Clem, catching Winnie's eye across the table, thought she looked a little tired. She really needed that cruise they were always mentioning. And then at once he knew that he could, and he would sacrifice Charlie Brown for a cruise with Winifred.

Janie and her family left early. The others went to the living room for a visit. Brad sat cross-legged on the couch, Connie on the floor at his feet, leaning against his knee. They were an exotic pair, more out of place in staid Montecito than Charlie Brown was. Brad wore casual clothes. Connie wore the short, ungracious sheath of the day, in broad, brilliant stripes, and a Jackie Kennedy hairdo. But they were young, bright and enthusiastic. No boredom, no psychoses.

It was all about "this picture," which was smash box office over the country, and "that picture," which grossed over $3,000,000 in Europe, and the "other picture," which was going great guns in Australia. All triumph and optimism. And that was good for now. Clem sat back with his eyes closed, and he realized guiltily that there were gaps in the conversation when he must have slept briefly.

Then finally Brad and Connie went. Harriet had long since finished the dishes and left. Clem closed the front door and turned off the porch light. He came and sat beside Winifred on the couch. Charlie Brown came over, put his large head on the couch between them and rolled his eyes from one to the other. Winifred began idly to play with one of his ears.

"Clem?"

"What?"

"Brad is so clever and successful. Do you think he has a swelled head?"

"No, I do not."

"But he takes himself too seriously."

"No, it's the motion-picture business he takes seriously. He has to."

"Janie and her pedigrees and her aristocratic friends, Brad and his Hollywood that is the center of the world—what are they going to end up with, Clem?"

"Love," he said simply.

"Do you think so?"

"Well, certainly! When they have been the length of the course, and they sit down to think it over—isn't that so? Isn't that so, my dearest?"

She looked at him in sudden surprised realization. "Clem! Have you been paying court to me all this past week?"

Clem felt himself blushing guiltily.

Winifred laughed at him, delighted. Then she said, tenderly, "Oh, my love, I didn't make any mistake when I married you. I'm beginning to see that."

"It's taken you thirty years."

Charlie Brown moved his head to remind her that she was no longer caressing his ear. She began again.

"The picture business bores me," she said slowly. "Horse shows bore me too. What's happened to me, Clem?" He said nothing. She looked at him in slight alarm, as another thought struck her. "You know something? The children bore me—my own children."

Then Clem laughed. "You need to get away for a bit. How about that cruise?"

She looked down, silent, twisting and twisting the dog's ear in her fingers. "Well, yes," she said finally. "But not a cruise. Let's go somewhere in the car so we can take Charlie Brown." THE END

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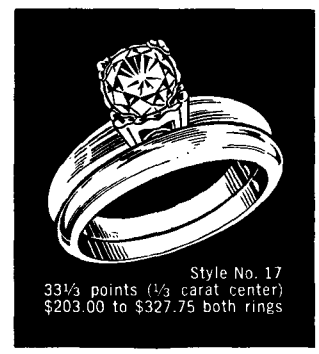
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How They Picked "Miss Teen-age America"

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

Sprightly Holly Shick was attracted by the contest's grand prize of a four-year college scholarship. After her victory in Cincinnati (above: relaying the news to her father), she finished second in the Dallas finals.

On the stage of the Lyceum Theater at the Dallas Memorial Auditorium on the evening of last October twentieth, television cameras focused on ninety-six young girls in identical white evening dresses. The orchestra music rose to a crescendo. There was a moment of breathless expectancy, broken by the voice of the master of ceremonies:

"The judges have decided, and here she is—the winner of a four-year college education—Miss Teen-age America, 1962!"

This was a heart-warming moment with sentimental appeal to most Americans: A lovely young girl, her face flushed with surprise and success, receiving a worthwhile award.

But it was also a moment that raised some interesting questions: Was this contest really necessary? How did ninety-six high-school girls from cities in thirty-two states get into it? Who started it, and what did they expect to get out of it?

When the contest was first announced last summer, *The Saturday Evening Post* decided to look behind the attractive façade of teen-age beauty and talent for the answers. The search began in Cincinnati, with a seventeen-year-old, brown-eyed girl named Holly Mae Shick.

Holly Shick is the sparkling kind of girl you like to think of when you think of teen-agers. She lives with her parents, two brothers, a small sister and her grandmother in a modest home on a neighborly street. Her mother makes most of Holly's clothes, and Holly is always attractively dressed. Holly is a good competitor. Her grades are tops. She likes to "ham it up" in school dramatics. She models youthful clothes on Saturdays at Pogue's department store.

"I like dramatics," Holly explains, "but I love children and I plan to be a teacher. That means going to college. When I heard that a college education was the prize in the Miss Teen-Age America contest, I wanted to know all about it."

To know all about it, you have to go back to 1958, and to the city of Dallas where an ambitious young merchandising expert, Scott Reynolds, had suddenly become interested in teen-age girls—strictly on a statistical basis. He had come across figures showing there were 18,000,000 teen-agers in the United States and that they represented $10,000,000,000 in purchasing power.

At thirty-three, Reynolds is tall and slender, with intense, deep-set eyes and dark hair swept back from a high forehead. He can work eighteen hours a day, and is so tenacious that his wife sometimes calls him "elephant head" when he concentrates on a problem.

"I live to accept challenges," Reynolds said recently. "When I studied those teen-age statistics, I thought: *Wouldn't it be a challenge to find a vehicle with which a manufacturer could introduce his product into this market with reliability and glamour?* Later I had an idea." Reynolds's idea—a Miss Teen-age America—at first glance seemed simple, even shopworn. But in fact, Reynolds was thinking about a complex business enterprise with exceptional grass-roots appeal.

"I wanted a contest teen-agers could identify themselves with, and that their parents would say was fine and wholesome," he explained. "So I set out on this challenge and I spent every nickel I had on it."

As his idea developed, he could imagine a nationwide television audience holding its breath while harassed judges struggled to pick Miss Teen-age America, and manufacturers fought for the privilege of paying handsomely for her endorsement on a new dress or a new color of lipstick. He was so fascinated by his vision that he closed his merchandising office and set out to live on his savings until he could transform it into reality.

"The first thing I did," he continued, "was lie down and think. I had to find a balance between a public-service concept and commercialism. Everything had to dovetail so the consumer saw it as a public service and was pleased, without knowing that it was a merchandising project."

Basically what Reynolds was trying to do was to follow a famous old recipe for stew made of equal parts rabbit and horse meat—one rabbit and one horse. His public-service rabbit would be college education for one girl. But the horse he had in mind was a huge merchandising project designed to promote the sale of millions of dollars' worth of goods.

Eventually Reynolds formed a corporation, Teen America Associates, Inc., for the purpose of selling a license to one radio station in each city, granting an exclusive right to promote a contest to select a local candidate. The station could sell sponsorship to a department store or to a number of stores interested in attracting teen-age trade. In picking a winner, emphasis would be on scholarship, charm, poise, personality, talent and appearance—there would be no bathing-suit competition. The local winner would go at the expense of Teen America Associates to Dallas to compete in the Miss Teen-age America national finals.

The plan was well drawn, especially in offering the winner a four-year education at the college of her choice. The high cost of college is a grave problem these days for countless families. Look again for a moment at Holly Shick in Cincinnati.

"I want to go to college," Holly pointed out, "but I have two brothers and I think they come first in such things. Three children in college, or getting ready to go, is a terrible strain on a family budget. I didn't know how my parents were going to manage."

When Holly heard over Cincinnati's radio station WCPO, that entry blanks for the Miss Teen-age America contest, open to girls between fourteen and seventeen, could be picked up at Shillito's department store, she got one. Some of her friends at Withrow High School entered too. "I just knew I didn't have a chance," one girl said later. "But finally a bunch of us decided to enter together, and that made it a fun thing."

For Scott Reynolds, however, the weeks of promoting the contest had little relation to a

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Is this nationwide contest a real contribution to the development of our young citizens or is it just another way for a few smart people to make money?

"fun thing." He had to convert the interest and excitement of perhaps 50,000 teen-age contestants—and of their friends and parents—into a vehicle that would help sell everything from bobby pins to sports cars. He had to give glamour and prestige to the name Miss Teen-age America in a way that would impress businessmen. For this he had elaborate plans, but no money.

Two of Reynolds's friends, C. W. Quist and Jacques de la Marre, dress manufacturers' representatives, had bought shares in Teen America Associates. Now they began a search for financial backers. Quist came up with Wayland Boles, a short, balding man who had made a fortune out of household wax. "This teen-age idea," Boles said later, "had all the angles."

Boles brought in R. Dawson Hughes, a former textile manufacturer, and Hughes interested Dr. John Jenkins, a longtime friend of Clint Murchison Sr., one of the wealthiest men in America. Not only did Jenkins invest in Teen America Associates, but later Mrs. Murchison bought stock and became a member of the board of directors. The corporation was reorganized. New stock was authorized and, in effect, Reynolds traded his ownership of the idea for financial backing. Jenkins, Hughes, Boles and Mrs. Murchison bought a total of $75,000 in stock and also made loans totaling $75,000 to the corporation. Jenkins, the largest stockholder, became chairman of the board. Hughes was elected president.

With funds available, Teen America Associates prepared charts and surveys to help sell the contest to advertisers, radio stations and department stores. The presentations emphasized that the "teen-age group is usually first in adopting the new. . . . Most of the [trends] that reach the adult market have their beginnings here . . ."

That approach was first tried with success on the Frito Company, a Dallas concern distributing corn-chip snacks nationally. "We were interested in building good will," said William H. Prince, merchandising manager. "Teen-agers consume a lot of snacks . . ."

Frito set up a list of 130 radio markets in which they were willing to buy some $100,000 worth of time to promote the contest during brief corn-chip commercials. That move was of vital importance to Reynolds, because it was a built-in guarantee of revenue to stations that bought licenses. Frito also distributed booklets, posters and other promotion material across the country.

Reynolds hoped that license fees from radio stations would finance his operations and the Dallas pageant. Things didn't always go as he hoped. But to get a close-up look at the contest, let's go back again to Holly Shick's home town.

In Cincinnati, WCPO station director Pat Crafton, a brisk, crew-cut young man, saw the Miss Teen-age America contest as something to help build station prestige. And it opened an approach to local department stores which seldom used radio advertising. Crafton bought a license and put in additional money for promotion, a

Photographs by Bob Henriques

Miss Teen-age America, Diane Lynn Cox of Richmond, Virginia: The title also accords her the regal privilege of endorsing products promoted by the pageant organization.

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Scott Reynolds, the contest's general manager. "Everything had to dovetail so the consumer saw it as a public service . . . without knowing it was a merchandising project."

total investment of more than $5000. "We couldn't make much money on it," he said later, "but it was long-range benefits that interested us."

Long-range benefits meant a good sponsor for the local contest, and WCPO went to a leading department store, Shillito's, to talk up the idea of teen-age merchandising. Shillito's already knew more about such merchandising than WCPO was ever likely to learn, but the contest fitted into their program. After investigation, the store signed a contract with WCPO and took over sponsorship and arrangements for the contest, making an investment of about $7500.

"We tried to make it a fun contest," one of Shillito's experts said. "For a store, the important thing is to have a gimmick to bring them in, to create traffic."

Holly Shick, of course, helped create traffic. First she got her entry blank. Then she got a photograph to go on it. Then her parents signed it, and she returned it to the store. Later, leading contestants accompanied by friends or relatives would make publicity appearances each Saturday at the store's teen-age department.

Holly, after her experience as a model, was well aware that the contest was business. But she kept her eyes on that college education and she never felt exploited. "Of course," Mrs. Shick remarked, "it's a promotion deal, but what isn't? It could be a fine thing and still make money."

When Holly returned her entry blank to Shillito's, it went with all others to WCPO for screening by a teen-age college girl, a high-school boy and the station manager. They picked twenty-five girls each week as semifinalists. Holly didn't know she had been chosen for the semifinals until she heard her name announced over the radio. By the time the contest closed, 150 semifinalists had been picked from among 1000 entries.

Late in September the semifinalists appeared before a board of judges—the head of the Cincinnati juvenile courts, a newspaper fashion editor, a college dean, the president of a models' guild and a theatrical personality. Each girl walked along a ramp and spoke her name and school into the microphone. Holly's modeling and dramatic training were an advantage. She went home feeling she had done all right.

Early that evening the telephone rang. "You've been chosen one of fourteen outstanding contestants," a caller from WCPO said. "Return tomorrow morning to talk with the judges and do your talent act."

"What talent act?" Holly cried. "I have nothing planned."

"Ten o'clock tomorrow," the caller answered.

Fighting off panic, the Shick household rallied around. Mrs. Shick remembered a cute dress she had made Holly for a costume party six years ago. Holly began composing a dance and monologue to music for a "little-girl skit."

The next morning Holly answered the judges' questions about activities, about world affairs, about teen-age problems and about her ambitions. She did her little-girl number, and it was a success. The next day, after contestants had paraded before the television cameras at Shillito's, the mayor of Cincinnati placed the winner's crown on Holly's head. Shillito's gave her a wardrobe as a prize, and the congratulations of the girls who didn't win sounded sincere.

But while the Miss Teen-age America competition was rolling along happily in Cincinnati, its promoter was having his ups and downs in other cities. Some local contests were highly successful. At such cities as Albuquerque, Cleveland and Erie, as many as 4000 girls entered. At Tucson some 2000 spectators were turned away from the finals. At Boston the governor of Massachusetts proclaimed a special day for the winner.

In various cities, however, there were countless problems, largely financial. Reynolds buzzed all over the country, making deals and pushing the promotion. In Kansas City, for example, he hoped to get $3500 for the license. The best he could do was $1250 in cash, but he also got advertising time on the air which he resold to Frito for $3000. In Philadelphia payment was half in cash and half in time. And so it went.

Reynolds's most serious problem was posed by the big cities such as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Detroit, where no deal at all could be arranged. But those cities had to be represented in the contest, either for prestige or because of the Frito arrangement. In such instances Reynolds was forced to buy radio time to promote the contest and stage an abbreviated competition in a reputable modeling school. Thus in one way or another, by early October, contests had been held in ninety-six cities, and ninety-six winners were excitedly preparing to take part in the national finals during the week of October twentieth at the Texas State Fair at Dallas.

They might have been less excited if they had known that even before they arrived in Dallas, Teen America Associates was in debt up to its neck. Income from sales of licenses, far from paying expenses as Reynolds had hoped, totaled only around $130,000. Expenditures were more than $200,000, and the figure was mounting rapidly. Over all, the corporation had spent its capital, borrowed more money and spent that, and was heading for an operating deficit of $175,000.

That situation was not so discouraging to Reynolds as it might seem. For one thing, Murchison's interest had continued and, with his encouragement, chairman of the board Jenkins was busy signing personal notes to provide cash for the pageant. But the pageant had to be a big success if Teen America Associates expected to establish the merchandising value of Miss Teen-age America and start reaping a profit.

At first the whole affair seemed about to fall on its face. The arrival of Holly and ninety-five other contestants was all but ignored by the city of Dallas. Despite much drumbeating by Reynolds's publicity staff, the local newspapers hardly mentioned the contest.

Meanwhile everything went smoothly at the city's biggest hotel, the Statler-Hilton, where the girls were housed. Holly and her mother followed a carefully planned daily schedule. There were fittings for the official evening gown (a gift to the contestants). There were hours for talent competition, for interviews with the judges, for visits to the Fair Grounds and for evening get-togethers and songfests.

Holly's little-girl act was popular with other teen-agers, and the judges were impressed. They scored her a handsome thirty-eight out of a possible forty points for talent. In the formal-gown competition, she was at her best walking the ramp and scored a maximum of forty points. By the third day she was attracting attention as a prominent candidate, but she still faced a personal interview with the judges.

Word had spread that the judges asked questions about world affairs. Holly and her mother sat up late at night reviewing recent news events and recalling names of famous international figures.

"NATO—what does 'NATO' stand for?" Mrs. Shick asked.

"I've forgotten," Holly admitted sleepily.

"So," replied her mother, "have I."

Holly went to sleep, but Mrs. Shick stayed awake another hour until she remembered "North Atlantic Treaty Organization." The next day, however, the judges questioned Holly about her school and other activities and never did ask a question about world affairs. She scored thirty-five points out of a possible forty.

Point scores were important, but the judges had to make the final decision. The names of a dozen possible winners were being mentioned even as spectators streamed into the Lyceum Theater for the finale on Friday night. The show moved speedily along to selection of ten finalists. Holly Shick was one of the ten.

Now perhaps Holly saw that college education within her grasp; but if so, she was not going to admit that she ever believed she could win. Nevertheless she came close. When the judges' decision was announced, a winsome seventeen-year-old "A" student from Richmond, Virginia—Diane Lynn Cox—was Miss Teen-age America. Holly Shick was chosen as her alternate and the winner of a $1000 scholarship—at least a help toward her college education.

If there were heartbreaks among the other contestants, they didn't show in public. The only tears were tears of joy shed by a third-place winner. "Diane deserved it," Holly said. "Why I

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was amazed that I came so close. And anyway I had a wonderful time."

By the time the show ended, Scott Reynolds was having a rather wonderful time too. Miss Teen-age America was a considerable success. Columbia Broadcasting System signed a contract to pay up to $55,000 annually to televise the pageant nationally for the next seven years. Participating radio stations began wiring and telephoning about renewal of contracts, and forty-five of them quickly signed up without solicitation. Reynolds expects to get about $200,000 cash for licenses from more than 150 stations in 1962.

But it is in merchandising that Teen America Associates expects to make its big profits. Diane Cox signed a contract to make personal appearances, endorse products and appear in advertisements. She will make a tour of about forty cities next summer to model and merchandise clothes and other products in department stores. Diane's main recompense—she will doubtless work hard for it—is a college education, but she will also be paid a minimum of fifty dollars a day for personal appearances.

Miss Teen-age America endorsements may be purchased by a manufacturer of a suitable product—a brand-name soap or a particular dress or blouse or typewriter—for a flat fee of $15,000 or for a lesser fee and a commission on sales of up to 5 percent. For an additional fee of $10,000 a product will be identified with Miss Teen-age America on her public appearances and on all radio stations promoting local contests. Or, since Reynolds likes to keep things flexible, other deals can be negotiated.

For a businessman who spends most of his waking hours wheeling and dealing in large sums, Reynolds has a remarkably lofty attitude when talking about possible profits. "I don't think it is in good taste to go into financial figures," he once said. "We should not confuse the image of Miss Teen-age America with commercialism."

But the fact is, Reynolds's stew of one public-service rabbit and one merchandising horse appears to be highly palatable—and promising, at least, of profits. He hopes to be able to offer additional scholarships for runners-up in 1962. But he is counting on a merchandising operation that, on the basis of present forecasts, will boost Teen America Associates' income to around the $500,000 mark in 1962, enough to bring the corporation out of the red and bring a net return of probably $150,000. And experts in the field are convinced that, barring some blunder, there is a potential for almost unlimited expansion of Miss Teen-age America merchandising.

"We're in the red right now," stockholder Wayland Boles said recently, "but I wouldn't sell my interest in Teen America Associates for 100 percent profit." THE END

Showstopper: Denver's Cheryl Lillian Sweeten copped the pageant's talent award with her dramatic performance (above) of a scene from the play Anastasia.

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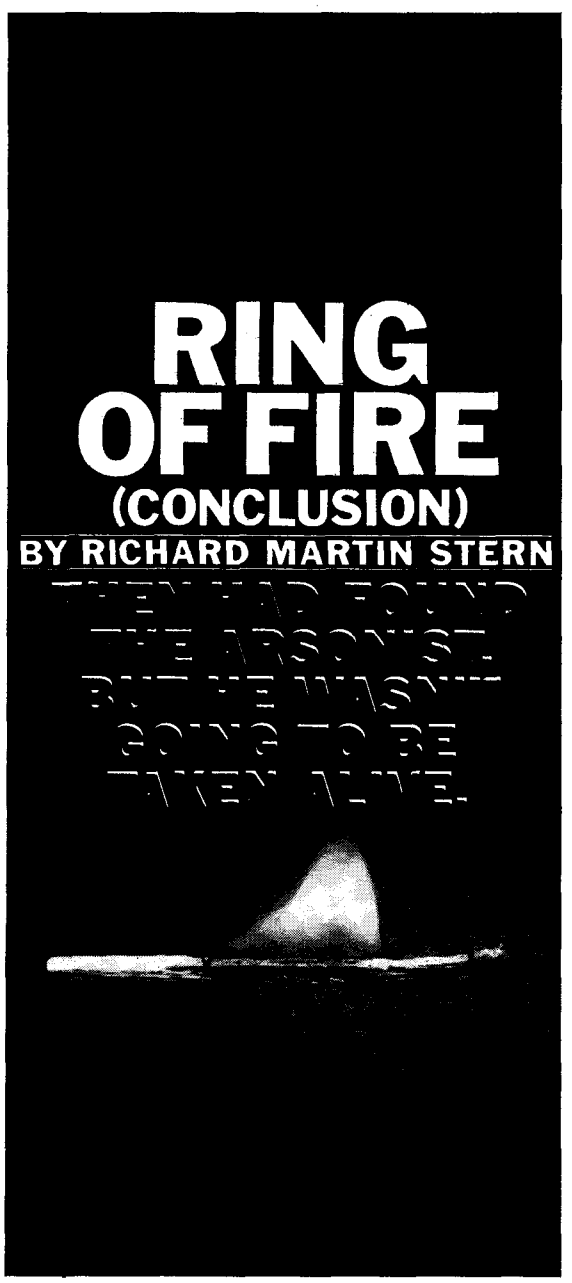

Police Capt. Ben Harding knew he had to produce the arsonist responsible for fires at three lumberyards. But when night watchman Sam Walling died in a fourth fire at the Carson lumberyard, Councilman George Bowers and Henry Carson, the lumberyard owner, showed up at Harding's office to tell him to find the arsonist or the town would have his badge.

Later the captain received an anonymous note alleging an affair between his wife Martha and his friend, Lieutenant Murphy. Harding tried to disregard the smear by focusing his attention on the case.

When one of his men, Tom Fuller, brought in Will Jackson, a carpenter who had been photographed at all four fires, the case seemed to break. After Jackson admitted setting the first three fires but denied responsibility for the fatal blaze, Harding called District Attorney Paul Wallace to question the suspect.

Wallace did not arrive alone. This was too big a thing not to share, and so he had with him George Bowers, the little councilman, whose voice was listened to in the State Committee. "Splendid work, captain," Wallace said. Bowers was silent, merely watching. "Tell us the whole thing, from the beginning."

Harding went through it, all of it, and when he was done Wallace wore his courtroom smile showing many teeth. Bowers said only, "You seem to have reservations, Harding. Why?"

It was important that he make it plain and convincing, and so he took his time organizing his thoughts. "He's confessed to three fires," he said, "but not to the fourth."

Wallace said, "Naturally. A man was killed in the fourth fire."

Harding shook his head. "I think he's telling the truth."

Wallace said, "He is in all four pictures. The fire was set by the same technique."

Harding said, "I have three reasons. First, what he said—that he didn't do it. You can discount that one, although I believe him. Second, the photographs. He was among the first to appear at each of the first three fires. He was late coming to the fourth one. He says he saw the glow in the sky and got dressed and hurried over, but he had missed part of it. He's disappointed that he didn't see it all, and again I believe him."

Wallace was smiling again. "Your sympathy does you credit, captain, but you haven't shown us anything."

Bowers said, "The third reason?"

Harding said, "The bottle. Old Tavern, bonded bourbon. Walling didn't buy it. We've checked the liquor stores and his habits. He always bought a cheap blend. And Jackson is a teetotaler, thinks liquor is an abomination and will have nothing to do with it. So where did the bottle come from?"

Wallace waved his hand. "Unimportant." And he would have said more, but Bowers made a small movement with his hand.

"It isn't unimportant," Harding said. "The bottle had to be there, because Walling had to be drunk before a fire could be set unnoticed." Ben supposed he had known all along that it would come to this, or something like this, and again, strangely, the consciousness of Martha was strong in his mind, the sadness. "You can't crucify him," he said, "for something he didn't do."

Wallace had lost his smile and a good deal of his happiness. "Now let's be reasonable, captain. Your job is to co-operate with my office. I decide what the charge will be. Your job is to find evidence to back it up. You've done splendidly so far." He produced the smile then. "Let's just keep it that way." His manner turned brisk. "Now, I'd like to talk to Jackson. Perhaps I can dig a little deeper than you did, captain. No offense, but questioning people is my business."

"He isn't here," Harding said. And he watched the two faces open with surprise. "I sent him over to the State Hospital. I asked Doctor Rogers to talk to him and give an opinion."

There was a long silence. Then, "Aren't you taking a lot on yourself, captain?" Wallace said, and there was no show of teeth this time, no friendliness at all.

"Perhaps," Harding said. Bowers's head moved in a faint nod. "I think you are, Harding," he said. And there was no mistaking the menace in the words, or the tone.

Long after they had gone, Harding sat on at his desk, because if there was one thing he had learned it was that problems had to be faced, that they could not be ignored and expected to disappear. That applied to all problems, personal as well as professional. Maybe sometimes the problems seemed insurmountable, but that was no excuse. You did what you could to whittle them down to size. There was no other way. And so at last he left the station and went out to his car.

He had to go home, because the anonymous note was there, and that, at least, was a piece of his personal problem that he could whittle away at. He hoped that Martha would not awaken when he went into the house to get the note, but he knew that she would.

The bedroom light went on as soon as his key turned in the lock. When he walked into the living room, Martha, barefoot and in her nightgown, her hair tousled, but her eyes wide and unsleepy, stood in the bedroom doorway, just stood there, watching him and, if the light behind her seemed to strip away the nightgown and display every lovely curve of her, she was unaware of it. She watched him pick up the note from the table and fold it and put it in its envelope and tuck it in his pocket. And then she said, "Ben. You're going out again?"

"Yes." He made his voice as gentle as he could. "Go back to bed."

She was still standing there in the doorway, motionless and silent, when he opened the door and went out. There was no ritual.

He drove straight into the city which, unlike the village, never slept. There were times—but not this time—when he wondered where all the people were going into and out of and within the city, and what they did when they got there. Now he was merely content that the perpetual life of the city was a fact, whatever the reasons.

Down at the huge police-headquarters building, like the rest of the city lighted and bustling, he found a police lieutenant whom he knew and gave him the note and the envelope and told him what he wanted as a favor. And when the lieutenant, glancing at the note, said it might take a little time, Harding said, "I'll wait." And he explained where his car was parked. Then he went out and got into the car and uncomfortably went to sleep. It was dawn when a uniformed patrolman awakened him and gave him the note and a typed sheet of paper, and Harding thanked him and headed back.

He stopped at a diner on the highway and had two cups of not very good coffee and some ham and eggs, which helped some,

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but not very much. It was full daylight when he reached the village. And here, too, his course was plain. He drove straight to Murph's apartment, because Murph was due back on duty tonight and could be expected by now to have returned from his city jaunt—whatever direction it had taken, or with whom.

Murph came to the door in only the bottoms of his pajamas, yawning and scratching himself and asking what in the devil was so important.

"I want to talk, Murph," Harding said.

They sat in the little, cluttered sitting room. Harding held out the note, and Murph took it and read it and, like Martha, like Harding himself, read it a second time in clear disbelief. His face was angry when he looked up; the flat muscles along his jaws were working. "So?"

Harding told him then about Mrs. Carson and her report of the accident, her version, and he rather expected an explosion from Murph, but it was deeper and harder than that, no loudness at all. "The woman is a damned liar," Murph said. And he lifted the note, waved it gently. "You showed this to Martha? You told her what the liar said?"

"Yes."

"Then you're a damned fool."

"Perhaps I am. I don't know."

Murph stood up. He tugged angrily at his pajama trousers. He said, "Just what in hell do you expect me to do, or say, Ben?"

Martha had asked the same, and it was true, there was no definitive answer. Harding said, "Help me."

"Help you do what? Prove that I've been running around with your wife? Have you gone off your rocker?" He waved the note again, not gently this time. "Is this what you want to believe? About Martha? About me? All right, go ahead. The hell with you."

He had known it was going to be bad. But there was no other way. He held out the typed sheet the patrolman had given him, and Murph merely looked at it without taking it. "What's that?" Murph said.

Harding said, "I gave the note to the crime lab in the city. This is their report."

"Now," Murph said, "I know you've gone nuts. You take an anonymous note and a liar's statement and you make a Federal case out of them." He shook his head. He stood there looking down at Harding. "Get out, Ben. I don't know if I can throw you out, but I'm sure as hell going to try."

Harding said, "I'm asking, Murph." He made no move.

"And what right have you got to ask anything?"

"To help."

"You? I wouldn't lift a finger ——"

"No," Harding said, and it was suddenly clear in his mind as it had not been before. "Not just me, Murph. Martha. Yourself. And me. I'm asking you to help all of us."

It was a long silence. In the end Murph said wearily, "I don't know about you, Ben. I guess I never did." He took the crime-lab report, read it swiftly. "O.K.," he said then, "so we know what kind of paper it's written on and what kind of typewriter and that it was typed by an expert typist and which keys are out of alignment and that it was mailed here in the village and that there are fingerprints all over it, too many to mean a thing and smudged at that, and that it was probably written by a woman because there's a lipstick trace on the gum of the envelope. So?"

Harding was silent. He was waiting for Murph to continue.

Murph said, "I could have told you it was written by a woman. They always are. I could have ——" He stopped there. His voice lost its edge. He said then, "And I could have told you that there wasn't a bit of truth in it, too, if you'd bothered to ask. But you wouldn't have been able to believe it, would you? Or would you?"

"If it had been just the note," Harding said, "yes."

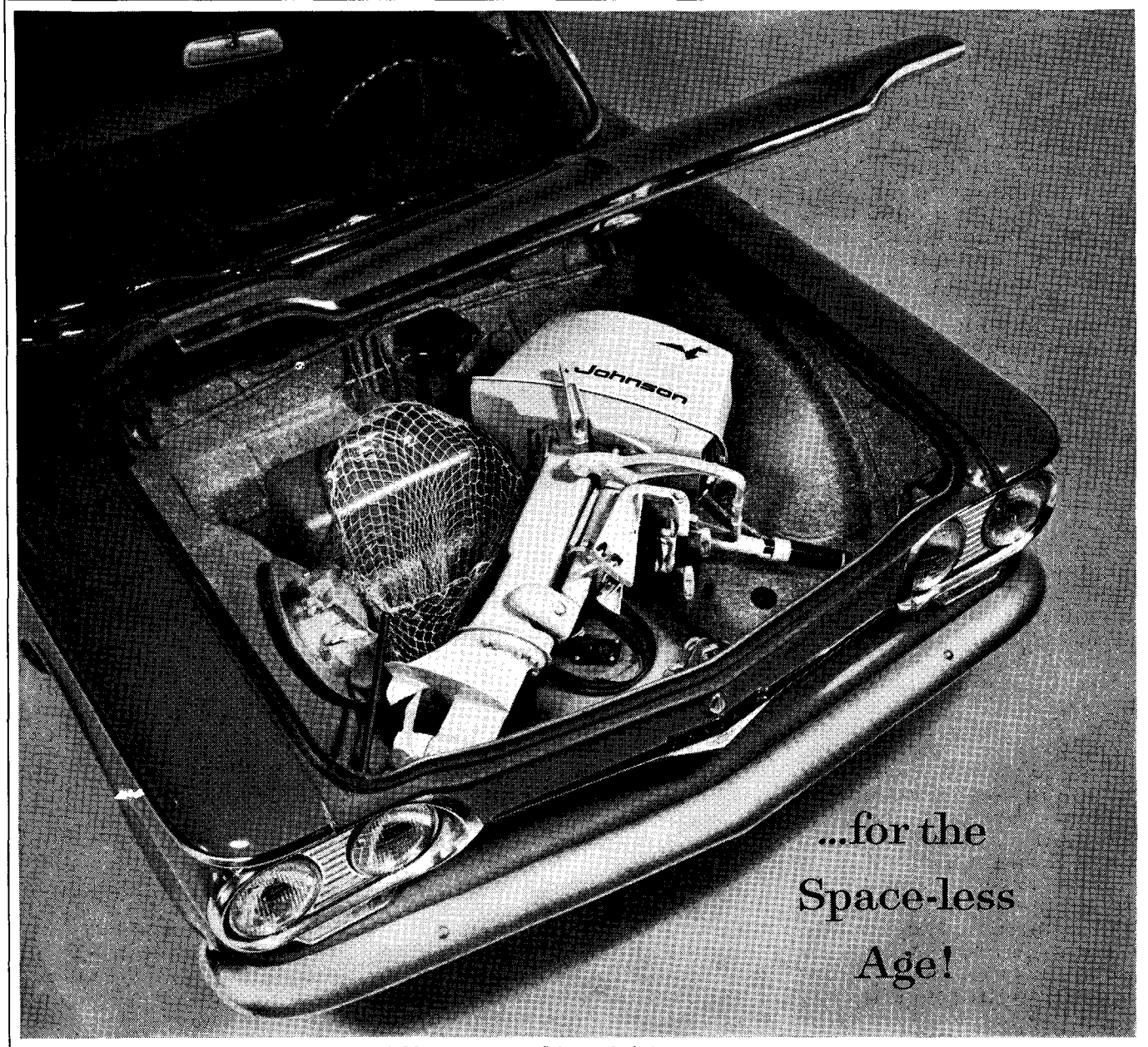
Murph watched him, studied him and then at last, slowly, reluctantly, he nodded. He said, "O.K. The woman who wrote this note is a liar. The other woman, the Carson woman, is a liar too. You want me to prove it. I'll try. What the hell else can I do?"

Harding stood up. "Thanks." He started for the door.

Murph's voice stopped him, and the voice was puzzled now. "Why, Ben? Why should two women bother to lie? One, yes, a crackpot with nothing to do but write anonymous notes. But why two?"

Harding said, "I don't know, Murph. I was hoping you'd wonder about that too." And then he went out.

He drove home to shower and shave and change into clean clothes. Martha brought him coffee and asked if he wanted breakfast, and he explained about the diner on the highway, and after that there wasn't much for either of them to say until he was ready to leave. Then Martha walked over to the door and



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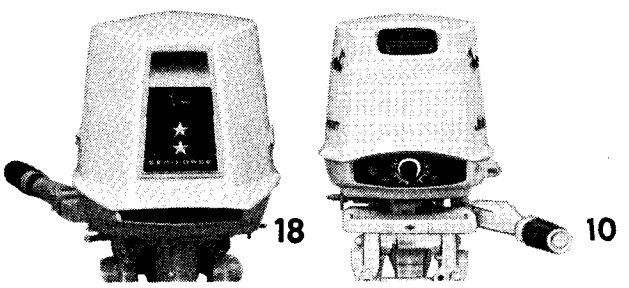

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RING OF FIRE

stood with her back against it. She said, "What am I supposed to do, Ben? Just sit here and wait for judgment?"

"In a way," Harding said, "I guess that's what we're all doing. I'm sorry."

She watched him steadily. "Can you explain that, Ben?"

"I don't know. I'll try." And, as with Wallace and Bowers, he took his time setting his thoughts in order. He said at last, "You believe something, but belief isn't enough when other people are involved. Then there has to be proof that you both can see. It ——"

"Even between us, Ben?"

"It isn't just between us. There's Murph too."

She was silent for a long time. Then, "Yes." And she added, "You're suffering too, aren't you? About everything."

"That doesn't matter."

Martha said, "Tell me one thing." She paused. "Do you believe, Ben? In me? In Murph? Is it only the proof that's lacking?"

"Yes."

She moved away from the door. She said, "I guess that's good enough for now, Ben. I guess it has to be."

He went out then. There was no ritual.

As long as he lived he would remember the balance of that day. It was a time of waiting, and not waiting, if such a thing could be. It was a time of waiting because not all of the answers had yet bubbled up within his mind; they merely continued to churn around in the depths Doctor Rogers had mentioned, sending up vague feelings that were nonetheless strong and that you could call hunches, if you liked; and until they finally bubbled up into view, exposed themselves, everything that he did lacked direction, and so in this sense he waited.

It was a time of not waiting because even if the answers remained hidden and the sense of direction was lacking, there were questions that had to be answered now, decisions that had to be made now, even arguments to cope with now, and so his time was filled—and in this sense there was no waiting at all; he could only go ahead.

There was a note to call Doctor Rogers. Harding took that first. Doctor Rogers said, "I've been up all night, at my age, so I might as well give you what I have and then disconnect the phone and get some sleep. Will you come over?"

They sat in the doctor's study, which was cluttered with books and medical journals and a lifetime of impedimenta. Doctor Rogers said, "You've found me a little beauty, Ben. Jackson reminds me of the Wodehouse character who thought he was an eight-day clock and had to be wound up once a week. How do you want it—technical, or plain?"

Harding smiled that quick smile, his first in more than twenty-four hours. "I'm a simple man. Make it plain."

"All right. He's just plain crazy about fires, and I mean crazy. Maybe I can dig out the root and cause and maybe not. It doesn't matter right now. The basic thing is that fire is his obsession, and everything else is subordinate."

Harding said, "He said that it purifies, cleanses."

"That may mean something, or it may mean nothing. It may be merely an overlay of quasi-religious claptrap to try to justify the fact that he loves to see things burn. You guessed this much already."

Harding said, "There's a bottle of whisky involved." And he told about it, and about Jackson's reaction to the offer of beer. And then he waited.

Doctor Rogers said presently, "In my opinion he wouldn't buy a bottle and, if he found one, he'd smash it, and giving a drink to another man would be to him the same as giving poison, and he's not a poisoner. He's a man who likes to see fires. We spent the whole night talking, and liquor, among other things, came into it."

There was more, but it all added up to the same. As Harding was leaving, Doctor Rogers said, "Paul Wallace, your D.A. called. He's sending over a court order for Jackson. What do I do?"

"Turn him over to the D.A.'s man," Harding said. "You haven't any choice."

"I think he belongs here. I know he does."

"Maybe you'll get him back," Harding said. "I hope you will."

The doctor studied him. "That means what?"

"If you don't get him back," Harding said, "it'll be because they've sent him up the river to electrocute him for something he didn't do."

Sharpe, the insurance man, was waiting back at the station. "I don't want to pry, captain, but I've heard rumors."

"Like what?" Slowly Harding made himself relax. "Forgive that. It's just bad temper." He forced a faint smile. "What rumors?"

There was again that faint admiration in Sharpe's face as when he had asked about the pictures, and it was annoying because Harding didn't feel that he deserved it. Sharpe said, "I've heard that a man confessed, but only to the first three fires. I've heard that the district attorney wants to try him for all four, but that you don't go along."

"I'm a cop," Harding said. "I'm supposed to support the district attorney, not spread my own rumors against him. I can't answer that."

"Thank you, captain. I'll stay in touch." And that was all—for a little time, a very little time.

Henry Carson came in like a bull. "Is this a personal thing? Because my wife made that accident report against your lieutenant? Because if it is, I promise you ——"

"Sit down, Mr. Carson." It was hard to keep his voice under control. There was quite a bit about the man that rubbed him the wrong way. "Now tell me what's on your mind."

"You've caught the firebug," Carson said, and his voice was somewhat less violent. He was trying hard, too, or appeared to be.

"It seems that we have."

"All right," Carson said. "I'll give you that. You produced at last. Now what's this about your telling the insurance man that you aren't sure the firebug set my fire?"

"I told him nothing."

There was a long silence. Carson said, "Then why is he threatening to hold up settlement of my claim?"

"I wouldn't know," Harding said.

"Do you know how much money is involved? Over one hundred and ——"

"I wouldn't know that either," Harding said. "It's none of my business."

"High and mighty, aren't you?"

Harding picked up a pencil, looked at it, set it down again. He said then, "If you've said what you came in to say, Mr. Carson, then beat it. Now."

Carson stood up. He said, "I've had just about enough of you. I'm going to Bowers."

"You do that," Harding said. Still he waited in the midst of the not waiting because the answers were there, and somehow he had missed them, perhaps been distracted, looked the wrong way.

Murph walked in and sat down. His face wore a curious expression. He said, "Are you sure you know what you're doing, Ben? You didn't tell me you'd picked up the man, and he'd confessed."

Harding said, "Not you too, Murph."

"Look," Murph said. "The guy's batty. But of course he won't confess to the Carson fire. He isn't that batty. Because that one's murder, not arson. What're you trying to do, anyway—make a simple, open-and-shut thing complicated? The way you've already done with that damned note?"

Harding said only, "Have you got anywhere, Murph?"

Murph stood up. He spread his hands. "There's no use arguing with you, is there, Ben? I think you've flipped. But you're the boss. I'll keep on working. I'll plug along, looking at typewriters. Brother!" He was gone.

in next week's SPEAKING OUT

WE'RE FLUNKING OUR ECONOMIC ABC'S

By LUTHER H. HODGES
Secretary of Commerce

The break came unexpectedly and from an unexpected source, and it was not so much a break as it was a stimulus, a ringing of a bell that opened a curtain and exposed the stage to him, the audience. Just like that.

Young Fuller came in in late afternoon. He was off duty and in civilian clothes, but he had his notebook, as much a part of himself as his overlarge ears. He said hesitantly, "I don't know if it means anything, but I've checked the liquor stores again, and nobody's bought any Old Tavern in weeks." He stopped there and watched Harding's face.

Harding was frowning. "Why is that, Tommy? Any reason?" And he was never to know why he chose those particular questions to ask.

"Yes, sir. It's too high-priced. Usually around this time of year, they tell me, it starts to move. But this spring ——"

And there it was, the ringing of the bell. Harding sat up straight all at once, and young Fuller didn't know whether to cut and run, or stand his ground. Harding shook his head in wonder. He said, "Good boy, Tommy."

"It helps?" Relief was plain.

"I think it may." Harding looked at his watch. It was too early yet for Murph to come on duty. He would still be out and around. Harding said as much aloud. And then, "Try to find him, Tommy, if you will. It's a lot, I know."

"Not," young Fuller said, "with that crazy convertible of his. You can see it a mile." He loped off eagerly.

And now the waiting was done, and only the not waiting, the killing of time, remained. *Martha*, he thought. *Baby, I think we're closing in.* And he wanted to telephone to say this to her, but he would not let himself, because hope raised and then dashed was worse than no hope at all. And he could be wrong, although he did not think so. The pieces fitted too well.

When the phone rang, he grabbed it eagerly, thinking it might be Murph, and he had already on his tongue the words to say to Murph, the one question to ask that would settle everything.

It was not Murph. It was Bowers, the little councilman. He said, "Henry Carson came to see me, Harding. He complained of your high-handed attitude, and I think his complaint is justified. That nonsense last night of sending the man Jackson over to the State Hospital, for example. After that I question whether you and Paul Wallace can co-operate. And co-operation with the district attorney, who is an elected ——"

Harding said, "Did you tell Carson my reasons?"

"Concerning Jackson?" Bowers said. "Yes, I did. He was unimpressed. As I am." And then, "I've called a meeting of the Town Council for tomorrow evening. We'll expect you to be there." And that was all, but it was enough, more than enough. Bowers might have added, "You will have your chance to convince the rest of the Town Council, as you have failed to convince me, that you are fit to continue to hold your present position." But there was no need to spell it out. No need at all.

Still he sat, because there were times when you accomplished most by doing nothing at all, and it came to him then that this was the hard part, the role of true heroism, merely sitting and waiting and hoping. And again he was thinking of Martha just waiting it out in the little house, alone—sweating it out, as they had called it once upon a time.

The phone rang again, and he picked it up and spoke his name.

Young Fuller's voice said, "I've found him, captain. He's ——"

"Put him on," Harding said. And now he'd know for sure.

Fuller said, "You don't understand, captain. I've called the ambulance. He's hurt, slugged. He's hurt bad. He's in his car, off in that lane by the reservoir. I saw the car from the highway."

Harding closed his eyes. "I'm coming," he said. And then, gathering himself, "Listen, boy. Hold the ambulance until I get there." Because this, too, had to be done. Afterward he did not remember that ten-minute drive.

The volunteer ambulance was there, and they had Murph on a stretcher and already loaded inside. Murph was as motionless as death and as white—except for the blood on his face and his shirt collar and matted in his hair.

Harding jumped into the ambulance and knelt beside the stretcher. His fingers were gentle, but quick and deft, going into Murph's inside coat pocket, pulling out the papers that had to be there, that were there—the note, the crime-lab report and one other paper, a penciled list of names.

He jumped back out of the ambulance. "All right," he said, "get going." And then, to the ambulance driver, "Call my

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wife. Send somebody to pick her up. Tell her ——" He stopped there. There was no need to tell Martha anything, because she would understand. "Just call her and tell her he's hurt." He watched the ambulance swivel around in the narrow lane and take off, red light and siren going.

And now he had to be right, and he read the penciled list quickly, read it again. It was in Murph's handwriting, and it was a list of names—typewriter owners, of course, garnered from the local typewriter exchange; Linus portable typewriters, 1955 or 1956 models, the crime-lab report had said. But the name wasn't there—the name that had to be there—and everything he had built up in his mind was wrong, and Murph was hurt, hurt bad, and he, Harding, was responsible, although he no longer knew how or why.

Young Fuller said hesitantly, "Can I help, captain?"

Harding merely looked at him. Then slowly, wearily, "I don't know." And he held out Murph's list. "Do you recognize any of these names? Any of them?"

Fuller read quickly. "Why, yes, sir. Howard Grace. He runs the luncheonette. And Henrietta Thompson. That's Miss Henrietta at the library." He looked up at Harding's face.

"Go on, boy. Any others?"

Fuller said, "Ruth Willoughby—she's married now. She used to be ——"

Of course. Names changed with marriage, and he should have thought of that, as he should have thought of so many other things. "What's her married name?"

"Why," Fuller said, "Carson. She's Henry Carson's wife. She used to be his secretary." And there it was—everything falling into place.

"Leave your car here," Harding said. "We'll get it later. Come on with me." It was a kind of storm that was in his mind, rage under control, the culmination of everything that had happened in the last—was it really only some forty hours since Murph's phone call in the middle of the night? Unbelievable.

He drove fast, back out the lane, onto the highway, cut off onto the avenue that ran high above the village. Fuller, sitting beside him, watched Harding's face in the gathering darkness, in the faint light of the instruments, and the face was as if it were carved from wood or stone, lumpy and set and unmoving, frightening to see. Fuller wanted to speak, to question, but he said nothing.

They swung into the drive of the Carson house, and their tires threw gravel against the fenders with spattering sounds; they skidded to a stop in front of the house. Harding said, "Take the back. You're wearing your gun? Use it if you have to." He jumped out and went up the front steps as Fuller galloped around through the flower beds.

The house was empty. They verified this, meeting in the front hall at the foot of the stairs. "All right," Harding said. He put his own gun away. "It was just a chance. Come on." And, out in the car once more, "You know where Carson's cottage is? The place where he goes hunting and fishing?"

"Yes, sir. Over in the Round Hills, near the state line." And another piece fell into place. "We take the highway west."

Harding waited until they were on the highway before he spoke at all. Then, "You practically rubbed my nose in it two or three times, but I didn't see it. I was distracted. That was the whole idea, to distract me." He flayed himself with the knowledge, thinking of Martha and Murph, who were the ones who counted, not himself.

Fuller said, "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Liquor," Harding said, "is cheaper out of state. You told me that."

"Yes, sir."

"But I missed it." And then, "Never mind. It's complicated." But he could not leave it there. Only a fool kept everything to himself because, if anything happened, as it had happened to Murph, then those who followed would have no starting place and could only go around picking up pieces as best they could. "Now listen to me, boy," Harding said, and he held the wheel with one hand while he took the papers out of his pocket, all of them—the note, the crime-lab report, Murph's penciled list—and handed them to Fuller. "Put those in the glove compartment."

"Yes, sir."

They were on the highway, and it was full dark now, and there was only the path of their headlights and the night rushing past with a hollow sound. "There's an anonymous note there," Harding said. "It's addressed to me. You brought it to me yesterday when you picked up my mail."

"Yes, sir."

"Never mind what it says. It served its purpose. It took my eyes off the ball—it and an accident report Mrs. Carson made, which appeared to support the note. I knew, or guessed that something was fishy, and I told Carson as much, and so his wife got into the act and dragged a red herring across the path just to distract me. Two red herrings because she caused the accident. You don't have to understand this. Just remember it."

"Yes, sir."

"Three fires," Harding said, "all of them in lumberyards. Everybody knew we had a firebug loose. So if a man wants to get his money out of his own lumberyard, collect insurance on it, what better way than to burn it down? Everybody would assume that the same firebug had done it. You follow me?"

"Yes, sir. But—but, why? Henry Carson ——"

It had been there under his nose all along, but the distractions had worked—too well—and he had been looking at Martha and Murph instead of at facts and possibilities, and the answers had refused to come bubbling up out of the deep part of his mind. "You rang the bell this afternoon," Harding said. "High-priced liquor wasn't selling, when usually this time of year it begins to sell—why? Who usually buys it?"

"Why, lots of people," Fuller said. "Come spring, and the frost out of the ground, construction, housing ——" He stopped there. "We take the next left, captain."

Harding said, "Right." And then, "Exactly. Everything starts up again in the spring, outside work that can't go on in winter, and all sorts of people stop living on their fat and begin earning steady pay again and so people can afford high-priced liquor. And this spring was supposed to be the best one yet. But it wasn't. It never got started. Things were slow, too slow. And if somebody had stocked up in anticipation of a big spring, lots of building and construction going to start

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RING OF FIRE

up, and it didn't start, and he was in a hole because he'd overbought ——"

Young Fuller said, "Oh."

"Right," Harding said. "He couldn't sell except at a loss, a bad loss. But he could collect insurance at book value. So he burned the yard down and figured the firebug would be blamed. He made only one mistake—the bottle. It was the wrong kind of liquor. Walling wouldn't have bought it. And the firebug, Jackson, won't have anything at all to do with liquor. So where did the bottle come from?"

Fuller said, "There's a general store in about a mile, captain. We'll have to ask there where Carson's cottage is." And he was silent for a moment. Then, "Did he give the bottle to Sam Walling?"

"I doubt it," Harding said. "He probably left it where Walling would find it, because he knew that would be enough. Maybe he thought Walling would just get too drunk to do anything, but would still be able to get out when the fire started. It doesn't matter. Walling wasn't able to get out."

Fuller said, "Have we any proof, Captain Harding?"

And this, too, was clear in his mind. "I think we have. They panicked. That has to be the way it was. Carson went to Bowers to complain about me, put on pressure to get me out, and Bowers told him my theory about the bottle. It must have hit him hard. So when they saw Murph coming up the drive, they couldn't know he was only looking for a typewriter that belonged to Ruth Willoughby, now Carson. Mrs. Carson could have told Murph that she'd sold it, or given it away, or turned it over to a charity auction, anything. But they thought Murph was coming to get them, not just ask questions, because of the liquor, the Old Tavern, which they buy out of state because it's cheaper. They probably stock up with it when they're out here at the cottage. And so they panicked and laid for him and slugged him and then drove him out to that lane where you found him." And here the raw anger appeared, flooding his mind. "They left him for dead," he said. "Just like that."

He braked to a stop in front of the general store. "Now, listen. I want you to have all of it. They're panicky. That's one thing. They're trying to get rid of the bottles of Old Tavern and the typewriter. That's the second thing. That's why they ran up here. You can't get rid of things in the village, not without somebody seeing. The third thing is maybe proof, and maybe not, but it's a direction. Insurance companies have facilities that village cops don't have. Sharpe can check, all over the country if he has to, with wholesalers who supply Carson and find out from them what Carson's financial situation is." He paused very briefly and looked at Fuller, "Now," he said then, "have you got it all?"

"Why, yes, sir, I think so. But won't you ——"

Harding said, "You're not going in with me to get them, boy. You're going to stay right here, and you're going to shout for help if you need it—state police if you have to."

"But ——"

"No buts," Harding said. "This is my pigeon. They dragged my wife into it. They dragged Murph in. They tried to kill him, and maybe they succeeded. This is mine." He slid out of the car and walked into the general store, into the sudden aroma of coffee and clothing and vegetables and gun oil and all of the smells that go with vacationtime, incongruous now.

The man behind the counter was small and old, and he wore a red-plaid hunting cap. He said happily, "Hunters?"

"Not exactly," Harding said. And then, puzzled, "What's in season now?"

"Special season," the old man said. "Too many deer, causing a nuisance, raising hell with farmers' crops." He grinned gleefully. "Daytime woods're full of hunters busting around with rifles, shooting everything that moves and some things that don't."

"So," Harding said and tucked it away as mere information. Then, "I'm just after information. A man named Carson—Henry Carson—has a cottage near here. I want to find it."

He came back out to the car and got in. "Half mile down the road," he said, "his lane turns in. You wait at the end of the lane in the car and, if you have to, take off." He started up, driving slowly.

Fuller said, "Captain ——"

"The answer," Harding said, "is no." And there was no more talk until the lane entrance appeared, rutted and grass-grown, disappearing into trees, and Harding stopped the car and switched off the lights. He opened the door, and in the glow of the dome light he took out his gun and swung out the cylinder and checked it, snapped it shut again.

And it was then that the windshield, with no warning at all, seemed to come apart with a crash, and Harding felt the sudden sting of glass on his face even as he was moving, throwing himself sideways into the brush.

He landed hard and rolled to lessen the jar. He heard the second rifle shot, but it was unimportant because the car was empty, the far door open, and young Fuller nowhere to be seen. The only light was the dome light of the car. The only sound was the faint soughing of night breeze in the pine trees, and the fresh pine smell was in the cool air.

So he had fumbled again, underestimated Carson, anticipated resistance, but not attack. And yet, why not attack? The man had murdered once, and he had panicked—but there was more to it than that. The woods were filled with hunters, the old man at the store had said, shooting at everything that moved and some things that didn't, as some hunters were wont to do. And so he, Harding, found with rifle bullets in him, and who would be able to sort out what had happened? And young Fuller—his responsibility, one more of his responsibilities, like Martha, like Murph, both of whom he had let down.

These thoughts were there, this knowledge, but he pushed them aside, as he had pushed aside those thoughts of Martha. And he pushed aside another thought too. A man with a hand gun going up against a rifle—by the book, and tradition, it was suicide. But not at night, not among trees and darkness, and it made no difference anyway. Not any more. He hoped Fuller would have the wit to stay where he was, but he decided that Fuller was on his own. He gathered himself and wriggled forward a few feet, as he had been taught once, until the brush thinned out and then ended altogether and he felt the rough bark of a tree. There he stopped, and raised his voice, "Carson? Carson!"

If the man was smart, and he was, he would hold his tongue and not betray his position. And he did. There was only the faint whisper in the trees.

Harding raised his voice again, because that was the way these things were done. You gave every advantage to the person who had put himself beyond the law, perhaps merely to prove—to whom?—that your side represented order and not the jungle, and that violence was the last resort. "This is Harding," he called. "I'm arresting you." Silly words, silly formula shouted for only the trees to note.

Still there was silence and the sighing of the wind and the smell of the pines and the sharp prickle of their needles through his clothes. "All right," Harding called. "I'm coming in to get you." The last restraint was gone now.

He left the tree and wriggled forward as soundlessly as he could, stopped, listened and heard nothing. If you stayed low—this, too, he had been taught—you found when your eyes became accustomed to the darkness that the black sky was not black at all, but lighter than the ground and the silhouette of a man, or of a tree. Still the darkness played tricks, and unmoving shadows moved, and who could tell which was real movement and which was false? And Fuller was somewhere, which was bad, because all men looked alike at night, just as all cats were said to be gray. *Baby*, he thought, sounding it in his mind like a prayer; *baby*.

He wriggled forward again, and again stopped. How far had he come? Thirty feet? Fifty? He had no idea. His face was beginning to smart now where the flying glass had hit him, and there was a tickling sensation in many spots which he knew to be blood oozing slowly over unhurt skin. No matter. He had been distracted once. Nothing could distract him now. He wriggled on and again stopped.

Avarice led to this point, greed for money which was inanimate and worthless compared with the warmth of a smile, or unimportant talk between friends, or merely a presence into which you could sink and relax and be soothed. *Baby*, he thought, *soothe Murph now. Pull him through. We both need him to make everything right.*

There were too many trees, and they all seemed to move against the lighter sky, and any one of them could be a man with a rifle, waiting. And here, too, the advantage lay with the hunted, not with the hunter, because movement meant the possibility of exposure, betrayal of position, and the one was forced by his duty to close in, capture, while the other could merely stand.

Too many trees that could be men, and he had to choose the right one, or fail. That one over there—was it a rifle, or a branch it held? And that one? And the one over yonder? He closed his eyes, squeezed them tight, which was a mistake because lights flashed on his retinas and confused him. He opened them, as he opened all of his senses—hearing, smell, touch and sight—and gathered himself to wriggle forward once more, bracing himself against the sense of vulnerability that would come with movement, the prickling that would begin in his scalp and run down the back of his neck and set the flesh to crawling on his spine. *Baby;* again a prayer, a plea for benediction.

And then sound and movement flowed together, so nearly simultaneous that they seemed to be one. The sound was loud, a crackling, tumbling echo off to his right. The movement was almost dead ahead, closer than he would have believed—a tree became a man against the sky and an innocent branch a rifle, and the man swung toward the sound and the rifle flowed up to his shoulder in one smooth motion, effortless and silent. And Harding would never, never forget the sense of slow motion, of time almost suspended, as he rose to his knees and leveled the gun in his hand and felt it buck once, twice, three times, its roaring sounds blending with the rifle's sharp *crack!*

He felt no pity, or sense of triumph, but only a kind of sadness as he watched the rifle drop, heard it land with a thud in the pine needles, as he watched the man fold upon himself and disappear, become one with the ground.

He watched, and there was no movement. He listened, and there was no sound. He raised his voice then, almost fearful, "Tommy. Tommy!"

And Fuller's voice said, worthy of Murph himself, "Over here, captain, cozy as can be. I've got the biggest tree you ever saw. It was a big rock I heaved."

And it was then, deeper in the woods, that the screams began, a woman's screams, rising hysterically, filling the night with their mad sounds.

Harding drove his own car, the wind cold through the shattered windshield, the woman riding beside him and saying over and over again, "But I haven't done anything—not a thing, not a thing."

Harding closed his ears to the sound, because it was empty and meaningless and, when the shock had worn off, the woman would talk. This Harding knew with certainty. There was the note and the matching typewriter and the bottles of Old Tavern they had not had time to destroy, and there was Carson's rifle and somewhere inside the car the bullet it had fired through the windshield, and rifle and bullet could be matched—and these were things she could not explain away. And so she would break and talk, not that it mattered at the moment.

Fuller followed in Carson's big convertible, Carson in the rear, decently covered with a blanket.

At the general store Harding pulled in and stopped and waited for Fuller to come over before he slid out from under the wheel. He said, "Watch her, Tommy."

"Yes, sir."

"She'll tell you she hasn't done anything wrong."

"Why," Fuller said, "I don't think I'll believe a word of what she says. Go along in, captain."

For a wonder he had change for the pay phone, and the old man in the plaid hunting cap opened his eyes wide at the look of Harding's face, the scratches and the blood, and then clamped his mouth shut without a sound.

It seemed an interminable time before the hospital switchboard answered, and a longer, much longer time before he heard the voice he wanted to hear. Martha said, "He'll be all right, Ben." And there was something about a hairline fracture and, of course, concussion, but Harding didn't rightly catch the words, only the tone and the voice itself.

He said then, "Baby. It's all over." Merely that. And then, "I'm coming in. I'm coming home."

There was an unsteadiness in Martha's voice now. It had been calm enough before, but the words, the ritual, the benediction—this was clear as clear could be. "I'll be waiting." And that was all.

THE END

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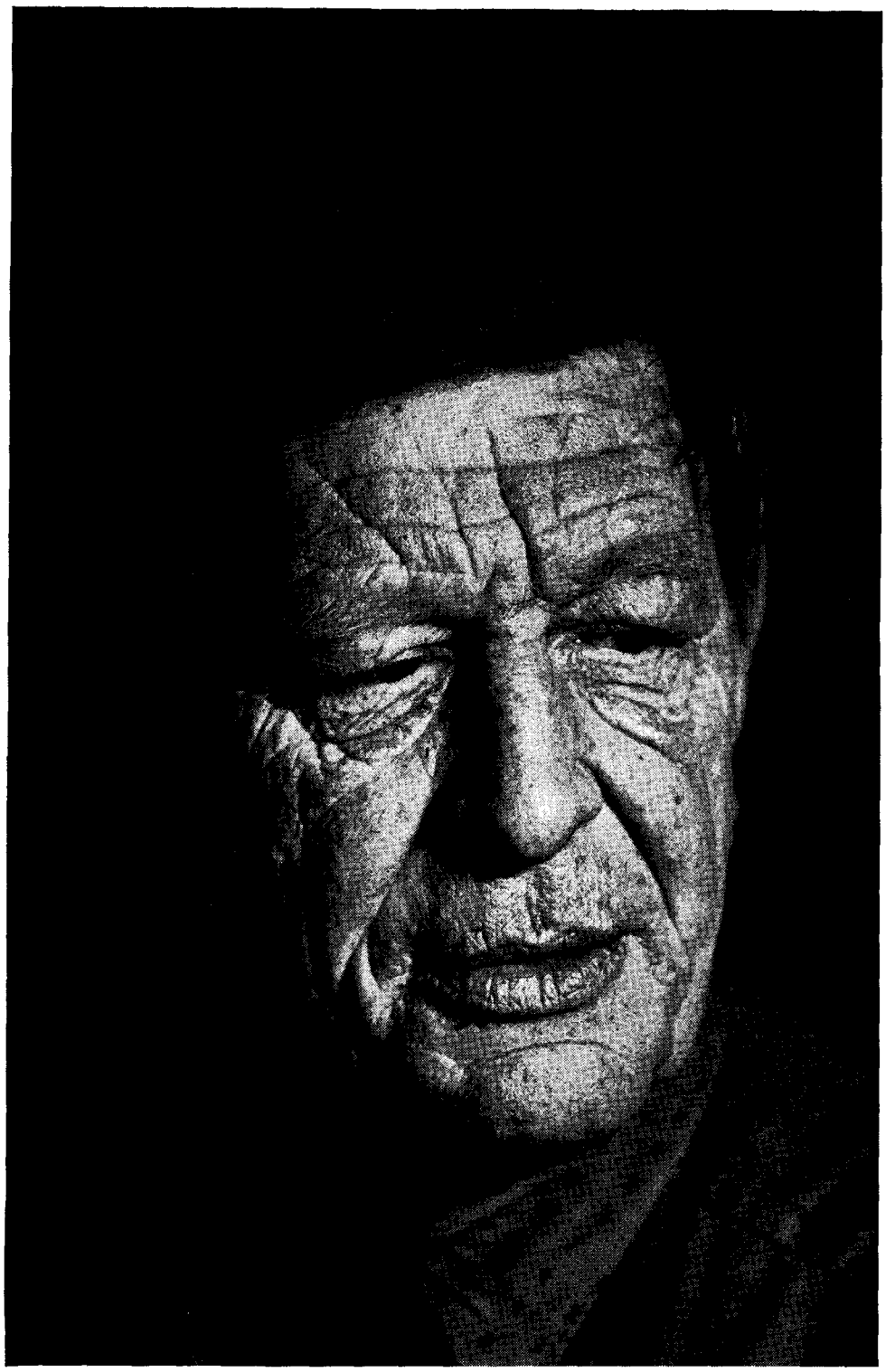
A New Poem YOU *By W. H. Auden*



WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN *was born in England in 1907, came to the United States in 1939, and in 1945 became an American citizen. Three years later his long dramatic poem* The Age of Anxiety *was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. In recent years Mr. Auden's poetry has shifted its theme from the problems of social struggle dealt with in his early work to a concern with religious and metaphysical questions; but the wit, ease and virtuosity that first won him fame continue to distinguish his poems. Mr. Auden is a teacher as well as a poet; from 1956 until last year he held the Chair of Poetry at Oxford University.* Homage to Clio, *published in 1960, is Mr. Auden's most recent book of poems.*

Really, must you,
Overfamiliar
Dense companion,
Be there always?
The bond between us
Is chimerical, surely:
Yet I cannot break it.

Must I, born for
Sacred play,
Turn base mechanic
So you may worship
Your secular bread
With no sense
Of the value of time?

Thus far I have seen your
Character only
From its pleasanter side,
But you know I know
A day will come
When you go savage
And hurt me badly.

Totally stupid?
Would you were!
But, no, you plague me
With tastes I was fool enough
Once to believe in:
Bah, blockhead,
I know where you learned them.

Can I trust you even
On creaturely facts?
I suspect strongly
You hold some dogma
Of Positive Truth
And feed me fictions:
I shall never prove it.

Oh, I know how you came by
A sinner's cranium,
How between two glaciers
The master-chronometer
Of an innocent primate
Altered its tempi:
That explains nothing.

Who tinkered and why?
Why am I certain,
Whatever your faults are,
The fault is mine?
Why is loneliness not
A chemical discomfort
Nor being a smell?

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WHERE DO YOU WANT YOUR TAX MONEY TO GO?

Your tax money is needed these days to keep America's defenses strong. Yet, right now, some people are urging the federal government to spend tax dollars needlessly for more government electric power plants and power lines.

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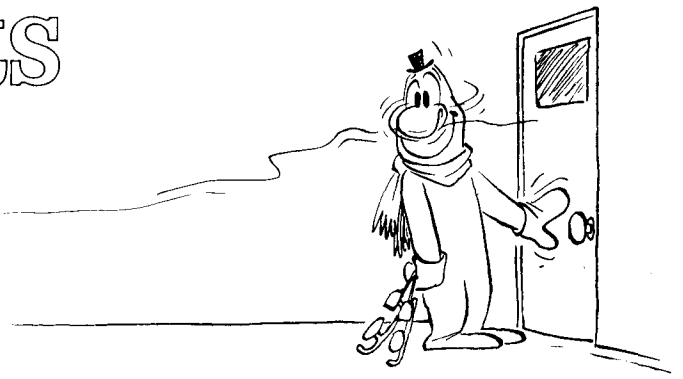
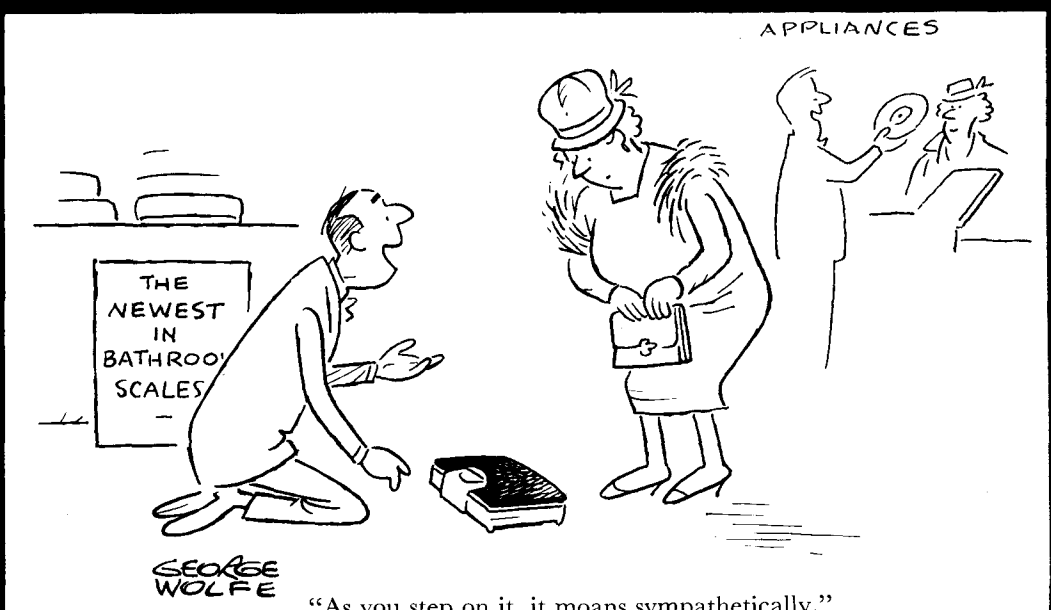
post scripts



"It's for you."

"Is there anything else you want from the outside, boss?"



"As you step on it, it moans sympathetically."

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"Anniversary of what . . . the Black Hole of Calcutta?"

"How do you like our family skeleton
I made out of coat hangers, mom?"

"He's at the inquisitive age."

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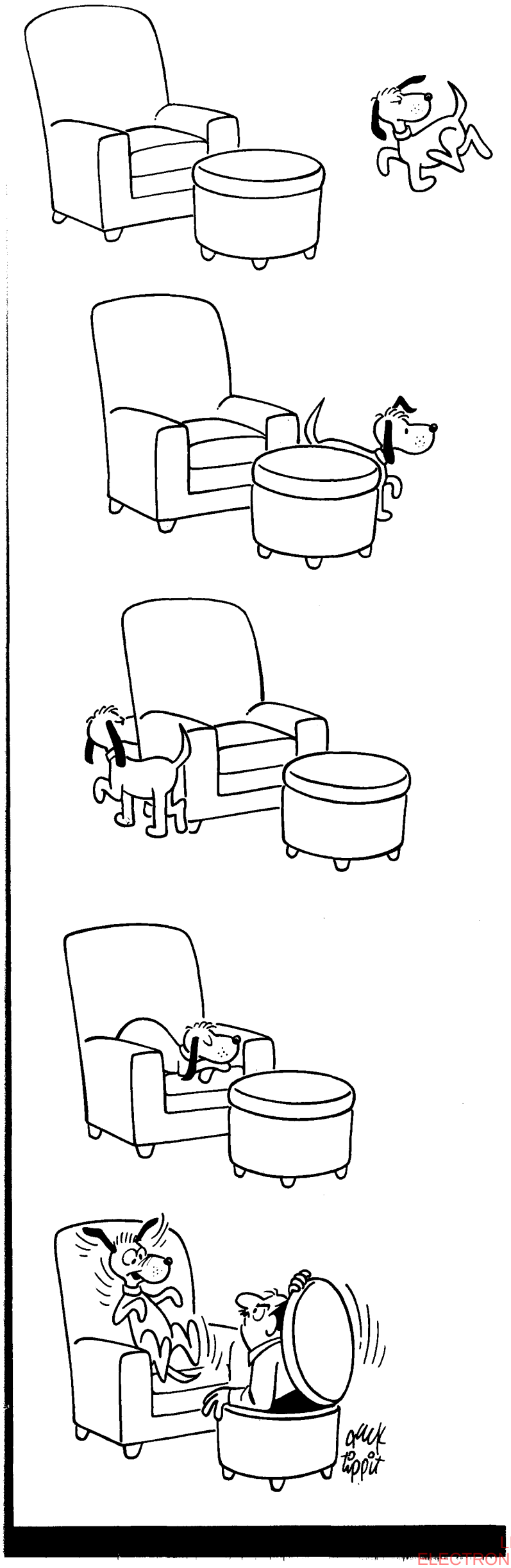


MEMO TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Recent incidents here at Popular Department Store emphasize the need to bring again to your attention some of our basic policies.

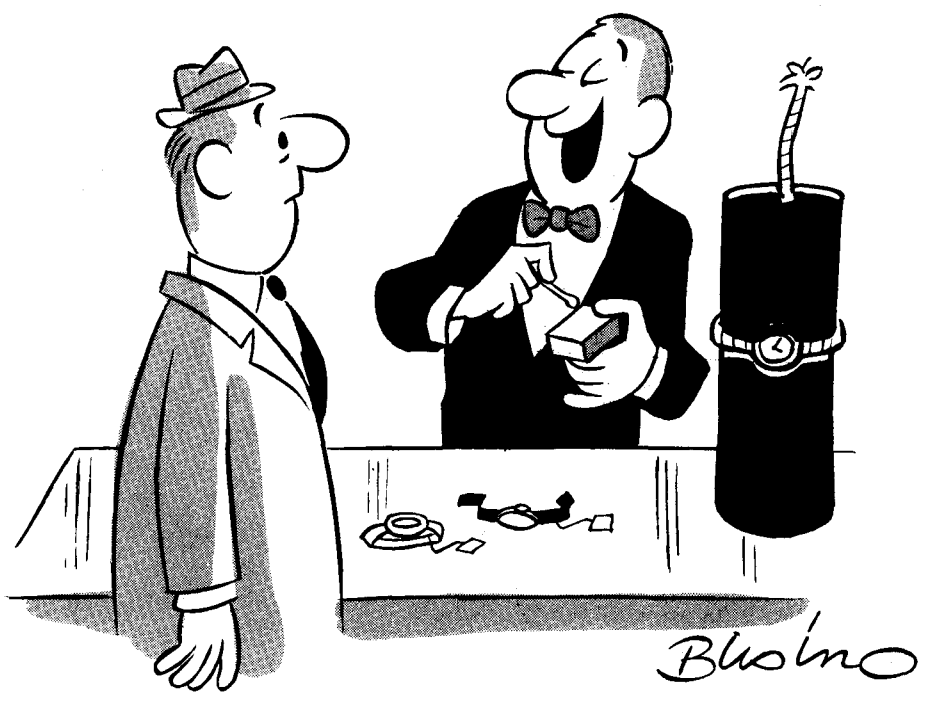
First, concerning lost children. Girls should be taken to Mrs. Thurber at the Customer Accommodation desk, boys to Mr. Ray in Small Appliances. PLEASE DO NOT FEED CHILDREN. Candy, soda pop, ice-cream cones and the like are to be handed out *only* by Mrs. Thurber or Mr. Ray, who are equipped to handle the consequences, if any.

The Case of the Ostensible Shoplifter has, by now, been so widely discussed that it seems unnecessary to bring it up. However, in order to prevent a recurrence, the Personnel Department reminds you to *look before you leap.* The lady who was trying on a hat at the millinery bar had no intention of "lifting" the hat; she was, not unnaturally, disturbed to see her son hurtling out the 16th Street door on roller skates. It was unfortunate that Mr. Boland took it upon himself to apprehend the lady at the door, and due only to our excellent legal department that the case was settled out of court.

This brings up a similar incident, although it did not involve a question of shoplifting. On the contrary. You will all remember the lady whose little girl broke away from her while the mother was in a fitting room trying on foundation garments. Miss Latcham, in Household Linens, displayed great presence of mind by snatching up a large tablecloth and throwing it around the woman as she raced after her child. Mr. Clark is also to be commended for intercepting the toddler only inches away from the imported crystal.

There has never yet been any problem of customer relations with which Popular has not been able to cope gracefully. Let us all strive to keep things this way.

KAY NELSON



"Now you're probably asking yourself, 'Is it shockproof?'"

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ADVANCED PSYCHOLOGY

"The toddler is an egocentric who understands things only in terms of what he does with them: *a hole is to dig*."—Child Psychologist.

Ah, egocentric tot
  As guileless as your dimple,
How happy is your lot,
  To think a hole's so simple!

Dig while you can, sweet youth.
  Too soon will you begin to
Discern this deeper truth:
  A hole's for falling into!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

NOTHING NOURISHES FRIENDSHIP LIKE AN HONEST OPINION

"No, I mean it, Charles; if you don't like the story I've written, I want you to say so. I mean —— Well, you certainly wouldn't be much of a friend if you were to say you like it when you actually don't."

"Well, O.K.; if you really want my honest opinion, I think the story's—well, a little boring."

"Oh? Well, I didn't think the one you wrote a few weeks ago was so hot, either!"

"Be truthful about it, Charles. What do you think of my looks? I'd like to know. Am I handsome, ugly or in-between? Whatever you say, I won't get sore. I promise. Straight from the shoulder, Charles. The truth."

"Well, you're not exactly a Gregory Peck, of course, but ——"

"And you *are*, I suppose!"

"I haven't been a very good president of our club, have I, Charles?"

"Don't be silly. I think you've been a *good* president."

"You're just saying that because you're afraid the truth will hurt my feelings. Believe me, it won't. I'd really like to have your genuine opinion of my term of office. I've been pretty lax at times, haven't I?"

"Well—well, maybe in a few things. But, of course, nobody's perfect."

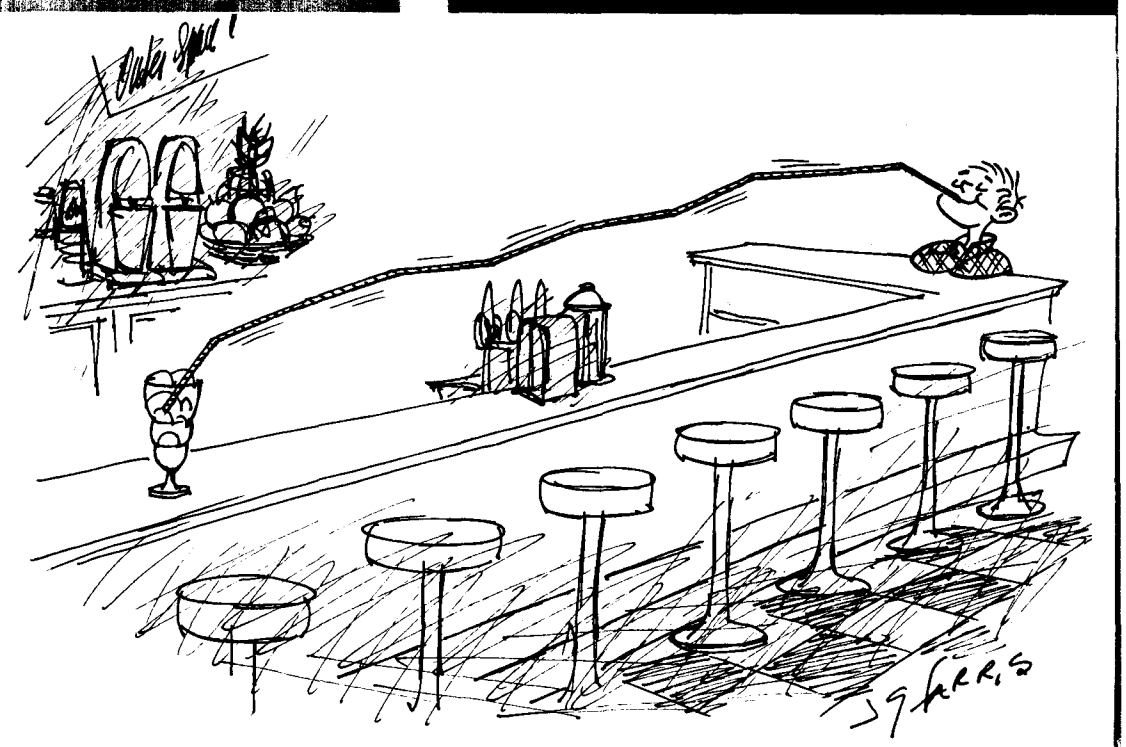
"Except *you*, you mean?"

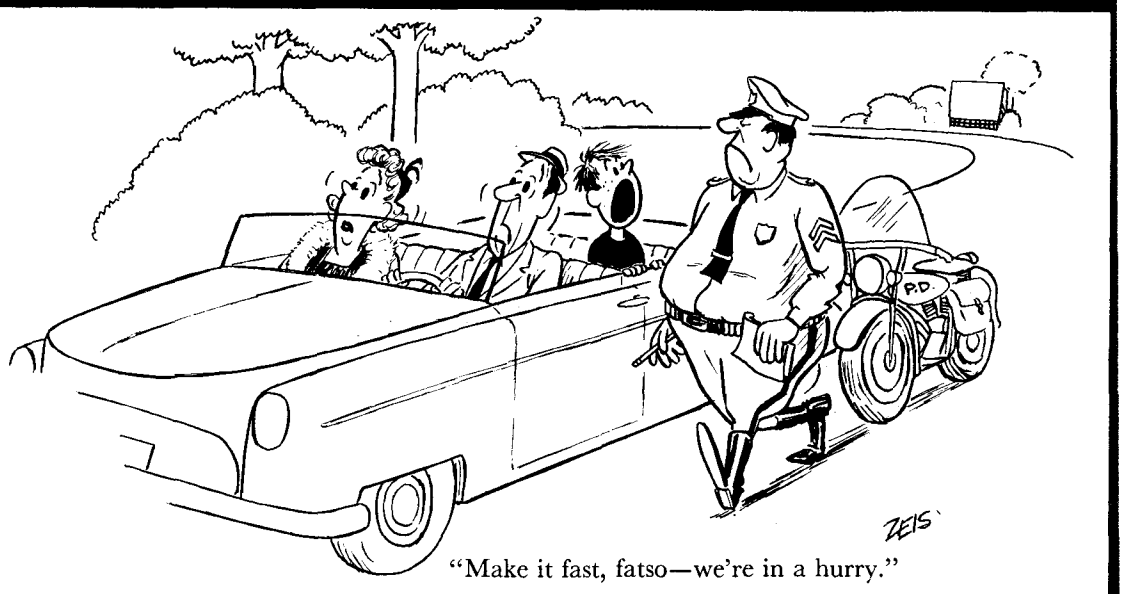
"Charles, I came to you because we've been friends for a long time, and I know you're the kind who'll level with me. I made sort of an idiot of myself at the annual banquet last night, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Oh. So, now, after all these years, I'm an idiot!"

CHARLES A. MATTESON





"Make it fast, fatso—we're in a hurry."

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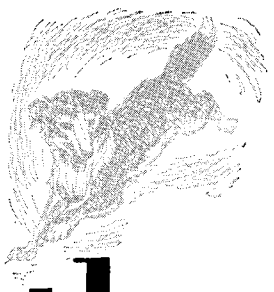

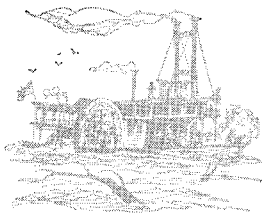

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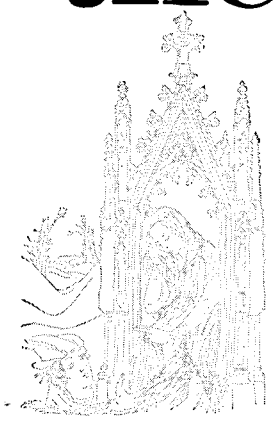

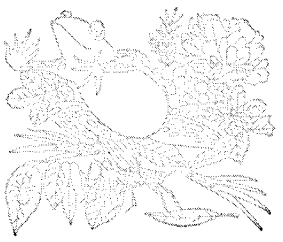

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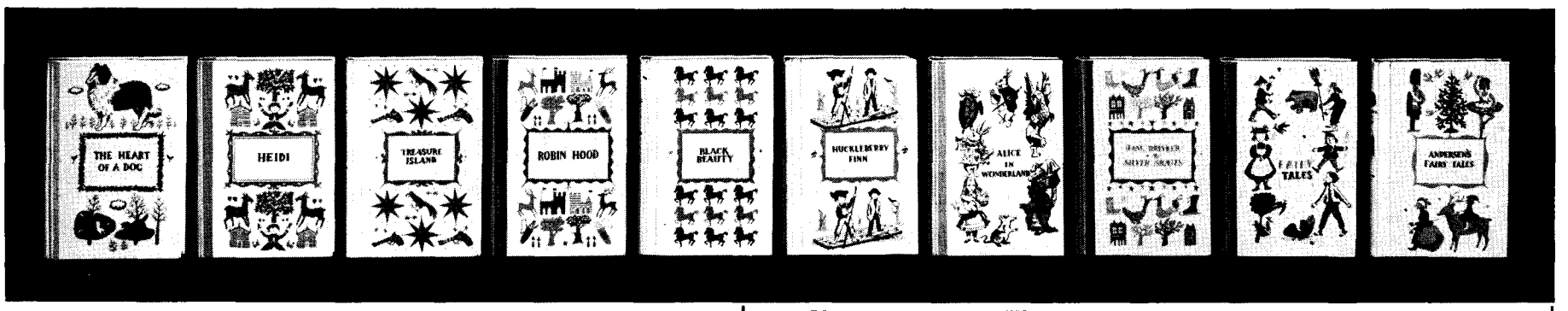

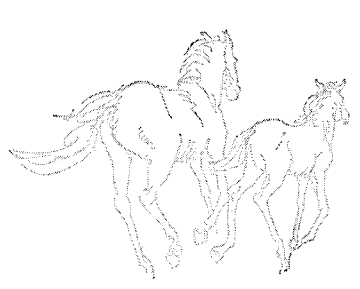

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NEVER DIE TWICE

continued from page 29

never have laughed at the way Hack said anything. And perhaps she was more persistent than the girls who had sighed and given up on the tall, taciturn West Point cadet. Or possibly it was the moonlight on the Acropolis, where Penny told him tales of ancient Greece, that ended Hack's shyness. Most likely he was simply overdue for love and, as an infantry adviser on Papa's staff, encountered Penny's gray, candid, inviting eyes a dozen times daily. Once persuaded that she really liked him, that it wasn't merely a chance to improve her English or for those precious nylons that he could buy at the American PX, Hack went headlong into a delirious love—love that mixed a man's passion with a boy's romantic idealism.

And it worked out just fine. Because Penny was without coquetry and confessed her love gladly, and old Papa Pappachristous of the Praxitelean nose and imperial whiskers, whose pet she was, slashed red tape that would have delayed marriage and gave the bride away himself. And they set up housekeeping and went to work together mornings, because Papa couldn't do without her, and Hack was happier than he had believed possible. Which was a merciful bounty of Providence, because he was never to be happy again.

In a couple of months he was sent to Macedonia. By then the K.K.E. forces were broken in southern Greece and hard-pressed in the north. American equipment and training were paying off and, if they could cut the line of retreat into Bulgaria, the Macedonian guerrilla brigade would be finished. That was the grand strategy and, sitting in that Athens café at midnight, Hack sketched terrain features on the marble table and talked tactics of an old war.

"It almost killed me to leave Penny," he said. "But soldiering was my trade, and I got to like it up there, even though chasing guerrillas in those mountains was like hunting down lice in a bedroll. Lice is what they were! They only struck when they had a six-to-one advantage and vanished before you could bring up reserves. They lived off the country, extorting support from peasants. You take on an army sometime when every man in it is a superior fighting machine and his own commissary!"

Grudging admiration quickened his voice. "Damn their souls, they were fighters! Until you've seen them come busting out of the woods—men in captured German helmets with every kind of weapon, all hairy as goats, spring-legged as goats, screeching and slinging grenades and waving butcher knives and every last one knowing exactly what to do next—until you've lived through a Greek guerrilla charge, you haven't seen light infantry!

"But we had sound troops too—hardy men, veterans of the Axis-occupation resistance and fanatic fighters once you pointed the way . . . . Sam, give me enough of my old Greeks and keep the Russian Air off my back, and I'll fight to Moscow on foot and won't need any PX or U.S.O. to keep morale up either!"

Noel slouched in his chair, watching the fagged kid with the pistachio nuts try to sneak back in. The waiter ran him off. Listening to Hack, I had a creepy feeling that he had been born at the wrong time; that he should have been with Swamp Fox Marion or Jackson in the Valley. The kind of war he was talking about went out of style at Hiroshima. Or maybe it didn't. Don't ask me. I'm just a dumb ex-bombardier.

"We did all right," said Hack reminiscently, "up there in Macedonia. We slipped some good units behind that brigade, closing the frontier to mass retreat, and began squeezing in, bunching them together. That's fatal to guerrillas. They need room to run in. There was still one mountain pass we couldn't seal, but unless the K.K.E. found it out they were our meat.

"That was a fine time to be a young doughfoot! We kept probing in, getting better at guerrilla killing all the time. I remember once working up behind an ambush party on a mountainside, and the look on their hairy faces when we landed on their backs was something to see!" The exultation in his voice died as he suddenly realized how long ago it all was.

"But lord, I missed Penny! I missed her so it hurt like a toothache. And then she came! Except for that one pass, our trap was set; so Papa arrived to take command, because he was getting old and it might be his last fight, and Penny wheedled him into bringing her along so she could see me." He closed his eyes.

The kid on the sidewalk hissed, "Hey, Mister!" and waved a sack of pistachios. I shook my head, and he looked so forlorn I was ashamed and flipped him a coin. He took it, but stayed there, watching me reproachfully.

"I should have sent her back," said Hack heavily. "It was too dangerous. But I wanted her so bad I could taste it. So she came, and they killed her. I let them do it!"

"Hack, Hack," Noel protested, "don't torture yourself, man."

"This part I'll tell fast," said Hack, breathing hard. "There was a resort hotel outside our village, and after we cleared the area a man from Salonica, a huge, jolly man, leased it and opened for business. He fixed us up an officers' mess, and we all thought a lot of Fat Gus Constantine." Hack's mouth twitched. "When Penny came, he gave us his best room and promised me privacy. Privacy! Before dawn that room was full of guerrillas, and Penny and I were hustled out and tied across mules! And they took us to a cave where Fat Gus put his knife to my throat and demanded Pappachristous's scheme of manuever."

His hands quivered again. I signaled for brandy, but he waved the waiter off. "I wouldn't tell, naturally, although Penny, poor, scared girl, begged me to, not understanding why I couldn't, no matter what they did. So they tried things, burned my feet, other things, while she screamed. After a while they gave up, and Fat Gus squatted down and said since I was so tough, they'd see how tough I was when they worked on Penny. They took her out of that cave, clawing and crying, and I went crazy. But I still couldn't talk, because if they learned about that pass they'd slip back to Bulgaria, and all our fine Greeks would have been killed for nothing. But I wanted to die. I prayed to die. And then they began bringing me"—he covered his face—"bringing me pieces of her—with her rings and earrings on them."

"Good God!" whispered Noel, and I felt sick.

"Why didn't I talk?" cried Hack, tormented. "What were all the soldiers in Greece compared to Penny? But I held out, because it was all I knew to do—because everything they had trained and drilled into me told me to. I held out. Don't ask me how, don't ask me why! I've asked myself the same ever since."

He dropped his hands and stared into the distance. "Somehow I got untied the second day and crawled, because of my burnt feet, to the stool where Gus was dozing and reached up to his thick neck and pulled him down. He was the strongest man I ever fought, but I bent him over my knee and cracked his neck just as the sentry rushed in and hit me with his rifle. When I woke up, my good Greek troops who had tracked us in were there, but the guerrillas had got away, taking Gus's body. They almost always carried off their dead. Up the mountain we found"—his voice cracked—"what there was to find. They'd poured gasoline and set fire to her, but she was still wearing the identification bracelet I'd given her, so I knew." He put his head down on his arms.

Noel looked at me helplessly. Waiters were stacking tables around us, and we were the only customers left. I turned so I would not have to see Hack, and from the sidewalk, desperation in his face, the kid darted in, tossed a bag of pistachios on the table and was gone before the waiters could grab him.

"Honest boy," I said. "I paid him for nuts and, by gosh, I get nuts! Try some."

Noel ripped the sack. "What's this?" A note and a rolled snapshot came curling out. "Grab that kid!" Noel cried, but the boy was gone.

"What is it?" said Hack lifelessly.

I had already seen the things. "Hack. Take it easy, Hack."

He seized them, and his face went bloodless. The note read: "Zulu Club. Or don't you want to see her?" The photograph showed a fair, voluptuously mature woman of extraordinary beauty,

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and also

Change of Heart Hill

the sensitive story of a girl's decision

BY MARGARET CRAVEN

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holding the most recent edition of *News Report* magazine. I recognized the cover picture of Adenauer and De Gaulle and noticed the woman's hands. She had all her fingers.

There was absolute disbelief in Hack's face, gaping incredulity, and then the wildest expression of ecstatic hope I ever saw. "*Penny!* My God, it's Penny!"

He sprang from his chair, and Noel was on him, wrestling him back. "No, Hack! Wait, Hack! It's some kind of trick!" He held him an instant, and I would not have suspected he had that strength. Then Hack hurled him aside and went striding out.

I caught him on the sidewalk and knew how Fat Gus must have felt when those hands dragged him down. It was like bulldogging a tiger. Noel rushed up, panting, "Listen, Hack! Don't go, Hack! Greek counterintelligence is already there. That wasn't a girl I called; that was the embassy and ——"

Hack roared and sent us staggering. "I'll kill you for that! If anything happens to her, I'll kill —— Taxi, taxi!" A Citroën cut in to the curb, and he was in it and gone. Another cab came down the street, and I ran for it, leaving Noel to flounder on his back among a cluster of shrieking waiters.

We lost the Citroën, but my driver knew the Zulu and took me through a maze of crooked streets, unlighted except for an occasional coffeehouse, out of Athens and into the port area of Piraeus. I caught the fresh-sea smell and glimpsed the superstructures of freighters tied up at piers. The cab swung into a black hole of an alley and stopped where a small sign glowed over a cellar door: ZULU CLUB.

"Sew uppa your pockets, pal," said the cabdriver. "Thissa no good place. You no like, I know better place."

"No, thanks." I paid him and went down the dark steps through a leaping flurry of alley cats. The door opened easily.

A man gets around in the Air Force, and I've seen my share of dives all the way from Copenhagen to Calcutta, but the Zulu Club could hold its own anywhere. The man inside the door had an eye gouged out and fanned me for a gun with fingers light as fluttering butterflies. A well-mellowed brunette beauty undulated up, hooked her arm in mine and invited me to buy champagne.

It didn't strike me as a champagne place. Raki with knockout drops seemed likelier, and I said I wasn't really thirsty and that I was only there to find a friend, a very tall American who should have just arrived.

They both looked grieved and said no one like that was there, but feel free to investigate for myself. The room was full of bleary-blinking seamen being pawed by sleazy girls and zombis swaying on the dance floor to the moan of a saxophone. There was no Hack, nor anyone who resembled Noel's counterintelligence agents and I had an attack of acute loneliness. I wished I were not in this place and that I had sense enough to go away and let some other hero take over.

But I couldn't. I was pretty sure what this was all about now and, in the shop where I work, we aren't naïve any longer about what Communists will do to get military information. Our top-secret stuff was in that embassy safe, but Hack still knew where we had been and why we went there. Once I would have staked my life on him, but every man has his limit and, if they offered him a live wife after all these years, even a Hack Eglin might crack.

So I drew a long breath and said I was also looking for Fat Gus Constantine.

The Zulu seemed to get quieter. Miss Athens of 1930 unhooked my arm and had business elsewhere. The one-eyed man said sadly, "Hokay, Joe. But anybody comes looking, I never seen you," and called a dancer, a hipless youth in a striped jersey.

The boy jerked his head, and I followed him through a curtained door back of the bar onto stone steps where black water lapped and a rat dared me to steal the sodden grapefruit he was gnawing. And we put to sea in a skiff with no running lights and nothing to mark our passage but the roar of the five-horse outboard.

A mile in the harbor we came alongside a rusty, one-stacked Bulgarian freighter with her home port, BURGAS, painted on the stern and a sea ladder down her starboard side. The boy called the watch, and I climbed aboard with a stomachful of squirmy sensation. A barefoot deckhand led me forward to the captain's stateroom and padded away silently. I took another deep breath and went in.

"You fool!" cried Hack. He sat at the end of a long table and, behind him, a squat man in blue serge held a Skoda machine pistol to make sure he didn't rise without permission. "You fool! What did you follow me for?"

"You forgot to pay for your drinks," I said inanely and stared at the woman

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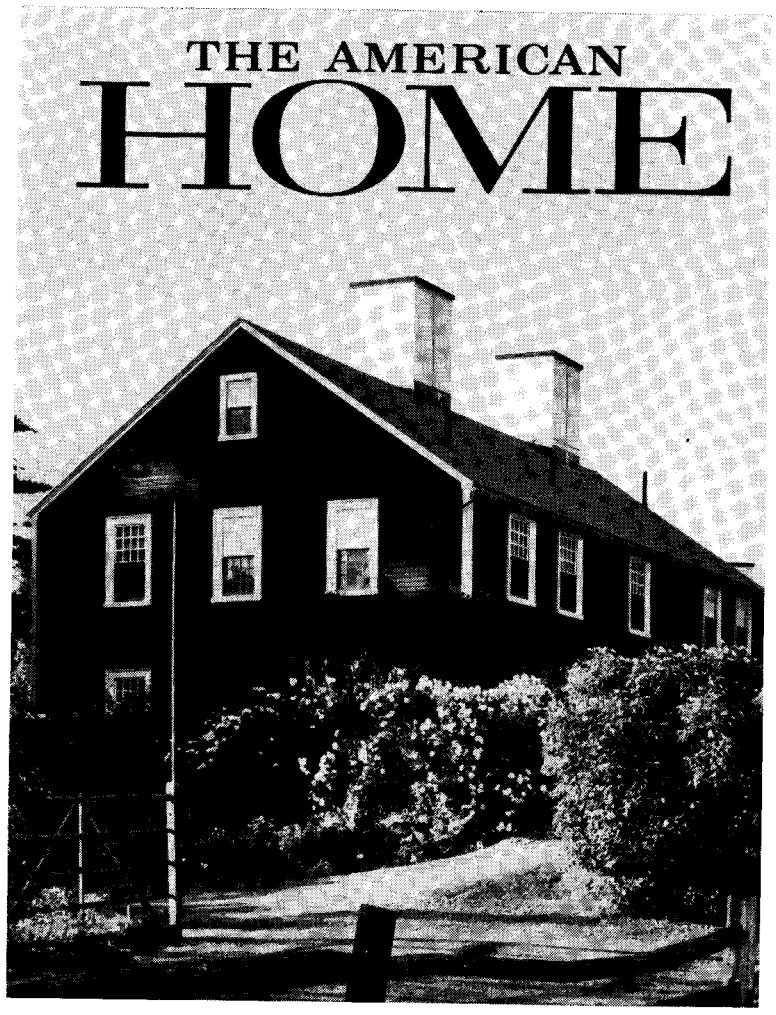

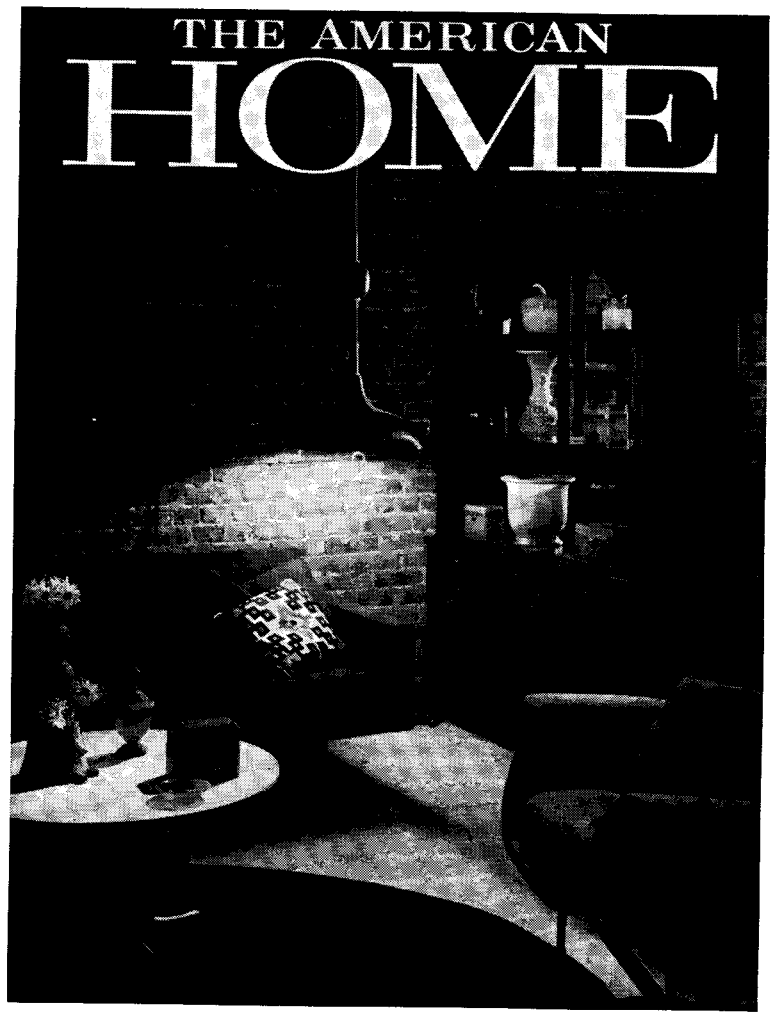

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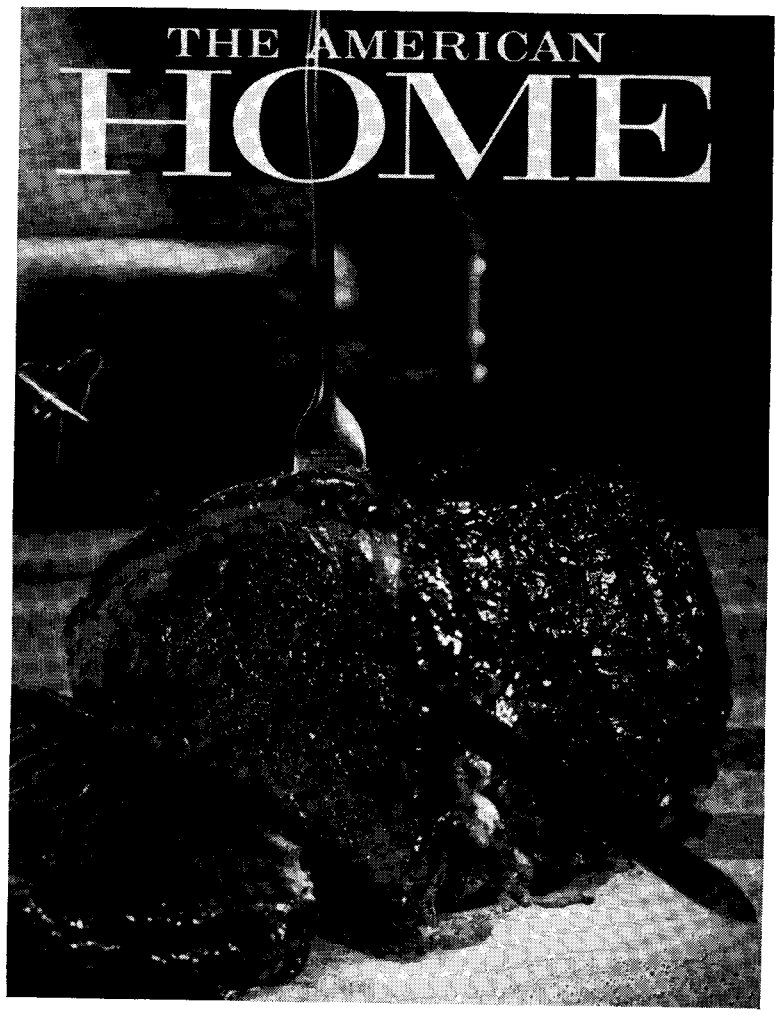

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NEVER DIE TWICE

with the golden braids at the table's far end, her wrists tied to her chair arms. After the least glance at me, her imploring eyes returned to Hack. I don't know what Penelope Andropoulos looked like as a girl, but this was a magnificent woman, statuesque, magnetically female, utterly beautiful in spite of the lines that suffering had etched in her face. A man might do anything to possess this woman's love—might even betray his friends for her. I saw the agonized hunger in his face as Hack turned back to her and, with a feeling of despair, thought that we might already have lost.

"Thissa nice surprise," said Fat Gus Constantine amiably and swiveled his chair to examine me. He could not turn his head. A leather harness was laced from his mountainous shoulders to his ears, and I thought with a shiver of how long he had worn that horrid contraption and how he must hate Hack for it. He was a curly, iron-gray bull of a man, and he smiled pleasantly, and I did not like him at all.

"So," he continued, "somebody elsa to answer questions." He held a paper before his unbending head and read, "Samuel Evert Gossner, major, United States Air Force." He told me my serial number and birthplace and high lights of my fifteen-year career, and I was not astonished, because we know how thorough those people are. But I was alarmed when he recited our Middle East itinerary, naming places you can't even find on most maps.

"So much we know already," he concluded. "Now you tella only little bit more and you O.K. You don't, we cutta your head off." He smiled again.

"Well, gee," I said, "that's a nice, simple proposition. But my curiosity's up and, if you'll answer a couple of my questions, I'll think it over." I figured the longer I talked the longer I lived. "For instance, you chopped up Mrs. Eglin and set fire to her, but here she is. That's a neat trick."

"Was different woman. Was peasant girl with jewelry on. Penelope, she'sa too good hostage to waste. Not pay off one time, maybe next. Like now."

"Tough on the peasant girl. I suppose you arranged that airport strike too."

His bland smile widened. "Maybe. Now you talk. Why you go lasta week to ——"

"This is stupid!" snapped Hack. "He doesn't know anything. He's a junior officer, only along to run errands and carry papers. You want to know anything, ask me."

I thought it a poor time for him to pull rank, but I let it go.

"You mean you talk?" said Fat Gus suspiciously.

"Maybe," said Hack tautly. "But you've got to send Sam ashore first."

"For God's sake, Hack, don't tell him anything!"

"Shut up! Keep quiet and maybe I can save your dumb neck. Don't you know what you've stuck your nose in? . . . Gus, it all depends on your deal. Do I get Penny back?"

"Oh, Hock," she breathed and strained against her wrist cords. "Oh, my dear love!" Her eyes were luminous, hoping.

"Why you talk now?" said Fat Gus warily. "You not talk lasta time. No, no matter what we do."

"I was a fool! A million times since I've wished to God I'd talked! What was one lousy battle compared to Penny? What was anything compared to her? Well, maybe I'm not that kind of fool any more. What's your deal, Gus? You know I don't scare. You know you've got to buy it if you want it. What are you offering?"

"Hack!" I shouted. "You can't! You can't do this!"

The man in blue serge took two quick steps and drove the butt of his weapon under my ribs. I went down, gagging and gasping.

"I told you to keep quiet," said Hack thinly. He flushed with anger. "What do you know about it? Did you ever let anybody cut your wife to pieces?"

I was already sick from the blow. What had to be done now made me sicker. I'd like to make it clear here and now that I'm no bloody-minded killer. I've never killed anybody, except by dropping bombs from an airplane in a war, and it's not the same thing. But I had to kill Hack now. Somehow I had to get that weapon from the guard and shoot Hack dead and afterward maybe jump overboard, though that part wasn't important.

"Oh, Hock," pleaded Penelope, "get it over. Tell him what he want. What we care for their politics? I got little villa in Burgas where they leave me alone, and we can make new life. No trouble for you there if you tell him. Then they through with you. Tell! What does anything matter if we together?"

Hack's mouth worked. My wind was back, and I said, "Well, Mr. Constantine, it looks like you'll get what you want. If he talks I might as well too." I made my voice sarcastic, hoping to irritate the guard enough to rush me again. This time I planned a surprise. Once I took a hellish course in air-crew survival training and some of it stuck. The guard wouldn't be expecting judo.

"This might be the first time in history, Mr. Constantine," I said, keeping an eye on the guard, "that two American officers ever gave what the courts-martial call aid and comfort. So that makes this an important historical occasion and maybe that calls for a speech." A deep sadness for a man I had respected, a brave man, came over me. I knew it was corny, but I thought he ought to have a kind of eulogy, and anyway I was only talking to get the guard sore at me again. It didn't really matter what I said.

"Maybe you don't know about Americans, Mr. Constantine, but they always make speeches on great historical occasions—the Fourth of July and so on. I want to make a little speech about a poor country boy who could just about read and write and had no real hope of ever amounting to anything until his country picked him out from among a lot of other boys for special training. Because, you see, he had proved that he was brave and loyal, and they knew they could repose special trust and confidence in this country boy and ——"

The guard charged, and I was set. But he knew judo too and bounced my head off the steel bulkhead, and I was down again, stunned and a total flop. What happened after that I saw and heard as if in a dream.

Hack had covered his face. Now he looked up at Penelope, and a vein was jumping in his temple. "God help me," he said quietly. "I can't do it. I want to, but I can't. Not after that. Not even for you, Penny, and I would die for you."

Fat Gus snorted. "Fool! Thissa time I killa you both! And no mistake this time. Her first I kill, slow, while you watch. . . . Tell him I mean it, Penelope! Tell him talk quick or it too late!"

The luminous hope had gone out of her eyes. She seemed to shrivel, to wilt inside. "What a thing it is," she said despairingly, "to be a woman in this world of war and politics, this world that men make. Long time ago, Hock, my dear Hock, on Acropolis under stars when we young lovers, I tell you stories of my people; of great Greek heroes of old time my people still speak of; brave heroes like men who stand and die at Thermopylae because they will not give up and run. All Greeks know stories. But who tell stories about those men's wives, how they feel when men not come home from war, what they do then?" Her lovely lips curved in a slow, sad smile. "So it is to be a soldier's wife."

"Shutta your mouth, woman," growled Fat Gus. "Him I want talk, not you."

Astonishingly she laughed at him, a scornful, embittered laugh. "He not tell you nothing, you foolish, crook-neck fat man! If I could make him talk, he hate me for it after. So creep back to Burgas, fat man, and tell them how you fail again. Tell them this dear, brave, stupid husband I love always, here and in what comes after, this man of honor I would not change if I could, who love me much but love other thing more, tell them he beat you once more! Tell them, fat man! What I care what you do to me? These long years without my Hock, I same as dead already. How you kill me twice?"

Hack stared at her with wondering worshiping disbelief. His harsh face, lighted like a man's who sees glory, seemed almost transfigured. As I said, it was all like a dream. I saw him smile at Penny, a tranquil, contented smile, and then he rose like a man with all the time in the world and turned to the startled guard. Fat Gus rattled something, and the guard began to fire. But Hack bent the leaping weapon from his hands with disdainful ease and smashed it over his head. Then he vaulted the table squarely into the raging, sputtering Gus and the big revolver he had snatched from a drawer. His hand came clubbing down on the leather harness, and then I too knew what a breaking neck sounds like. And he swayed and crashed at Penny's feet.

I crawled to him, the sound of her screams ringing in my numbed brain. I saw the blood bubble where shots had entered his shirt and heard the quality of his breathing. Somewhere there was a burst of machine-gun fire, and feet pounded down a passageway. Noel and a Greek naval officer burst into the cabin, followed by armed seamen. One of them I had last seen lolling bleary-drunk across a table at the Zulu Club.

"Get a doctor!" I cried. "Hurry! He's hurt bad."

Hack still wore his slight, contented smile. He opened an eye. "Never mind me. Take care of my wife. I've got over worse than this."

But he didn't. Not well enough for active duty. They gave him a disability retirement, and he took Penny to a Missouri farm. There was a child last winter, and it's a great thing to see Hack's face when Penny gives him his son to hold.

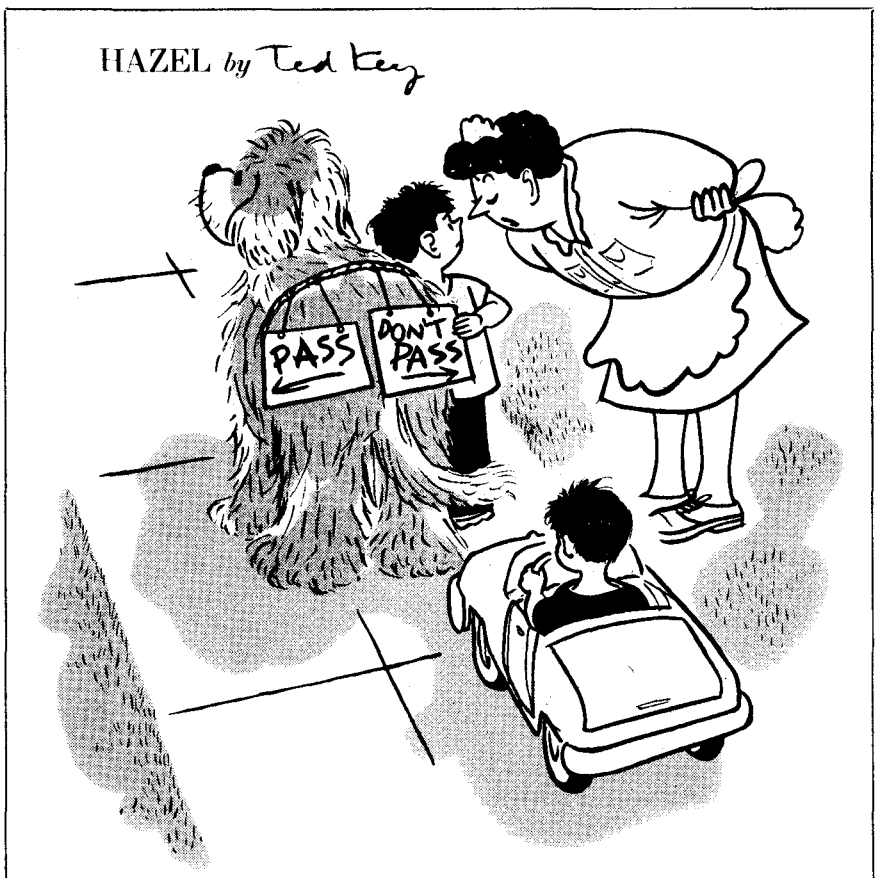
I was out there a while back. After supper we sat on the porch while Penny put the baby to bed. Hack mentioned that night in Athens only once. "That was a pretty good Fourth of July speech, Sam. I never got around to thanking you for it." He stared off at the hills, and his mouth twitched. "Except for them retiring me, I think I'd have had to resign. I don't believe I could ever have trusted myself again. Until you brought me to my senses, I was about ready to sell out that night."

"You wouldn't have," I said uneasily. "Not when all the chips were down."

"No?" He looked at me levelly. "I'd like to think that. But I'll never know. Tell me, Sam, what if it had been you, and Penny your wife? Could you have held out?"

I'm still wondering. THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



"On behalf of the highway patrol . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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YOU DON'T NEED A PH.D. TO PITCH

A star Yankee hurler and winner of the Cy Young Award gives the inside dope on big-league pitching today and explodes a few long-standing myths.

By WHITEY FORD as told to Irv Goodman

Late in the 1957 season the Yankees were in Boston for a night game. A victory would clinch the pennant for us. We were leading, 3–2, in the eighth inning when Casey Stengel called me in to relieve Don Larsen. The Red Sox had runners on second and third, with one out, and Pete Runnels and Ted Williams coming up.

Runnels was the man Stengel wanted me to get out. Then, with two away, we wouldn't have to pitch to Williams. We could walk him. But I failed to follow the script. I walked Runnels. Now the bases were loaded and I *had* to pitch to Williams. I worked too carefully on him and fell behind, three balls and one strike.

I had no choice but to come in with a good pitch. I decided on a fast ball, but I made it too good. It came in right down the middle, just as if this were batting practice. Williams knew the pitch was fat and took his let's-put-the-ball-away cut—and hit an easy two-hopper down to Billy Martin at second base. It was a cinch double play and we were out of the inning. We won the ball game and the pennant that night in Boston, and I was a hero at the victory party that followed.

Had I fooled Williams—"outdumbed him," as it's called—by throwing the easy pitch? No. Had I been plain lucky? Maybe. The fact of pitching life is that one day you throw a fast ball that hangs up there nice and round and the batter misses it, and another day you break off a curve in the dirt and he golfs it into the seats.

Baseball is an imperfect game. I know that in an average ball game I'm going to throw five or six fat pitches. But I also know the hitters won't murder me on all those pitches. They'll hit a few and they'll miss a few. I assume they'll miss more than they'll hit.

Essentially pitching is this simple: You try to put the ball where you want it and where—you hope—the batter doesn't want it. You throw the curve inside, the fast ball outside. Then you bring the fast ball in, send the curve out. You move the ball around. You change speeds. You try not to throw your strikes over the middle of the plate.

You make mistakes. Yet there is a pretense built up around pitching. We hear endless talk about the "book" on the hitters. And we hear talk, talk, talk about brains. Much is made over the supposed difference between "pitchers" (those with brains) and "throwers" (those without). The throwers are put down as dull and unimaginative musclemen who merely get out on the mound and fire the ball. The pitchers are cheered as clever weaklings who manage to survive because they can pitch with their heads.

It is a silly distinction. The only difference between pitchers and throwers is control. Take the case of Sandy Koufax, the Dodger southpaw. It used to be popular to call Koufax a thrower. He had a big fast ball and a wicked curve, and he struck out more batters per innings pitched than any other man in baseball. But he was wild and didn't win much. Then last season Koufax began to win and the line shifted—Koufax was smart now; he had changed from thrower to pitcher.

Koufax didn't get smarter. He got some control. He was able to get that first pitch over the plate. Then he had an edge. With his speed and curve, the batters couldn't afford to lay off his next pitches. They had to go chasing, particularly with two strikes against them. More than anything else, a hitter hates to get caught looking at a third strike with the bat on his shoulder.

Or take my case. By reputation I'm a pitcher, not a thrower. In 1960 I had my worst season since I joined the Yankees in 1950—twelve wins and nine losses. In 1961 I had my best season—twenty-five wins and four losses. It was the first time I had ever been a twenty-game winner. I received the Cy Young Award as the year's outstanding pitcher. I spent the winter going from one banquet to another collecting trophies.

I didn't get that much smarter in one year. What I did get was more work, better control of my curve balls, an effective slider—and more than my share of luck. The first time I pitched at Los Angeles for instance, I went into the shower losing a 6–5 ball game—and came out the winning pitcher. Bill Skowron had hit a three-run homer to pull the game out for us.

Before someone gets the idea that I'm in favor of dumbness, I'd better make it clear that I'm not. Brains won't necessarily hurt a pitcher, but they won't automatically help him either. All winning pitchers are not smart; all losers are not dumb.

If a pitcher comes up to the majors with a good fast ball, a good curve and good control, he has the ideal combination. He doesn't need brains. He has his catcher to tell him what to throw and where to throw it. After giving the pitcher the sign, the catcher will use his mitt as a target—high or low, inside or outside.

If a fellow is strong and fast but wild, it doesn't matter how bright he is. He has to get some control. Rex Barney, who came up to the Dodgers just after the war, was very intelligent. He went through almost a decade of mental and psychological and physical tests to try and help him control his mighty fast ball. Nothing worked, and he remained as wild as a shotgun.

If a fellow has control but only modest speed, he does need enough sense to go shopping for another pitch—an extra curve or a screwball or a knuckler. If that's brains, though, then my boys—Eddie Jr., age eight, and Tommy, age seven—are geniuses, because they already realize this.

Once a pitcher knows what he has and what he doesn't have, he ought to be able to settle down to work his own game. Instead, too many pitchers rely on the "book" to be their crystal ball.

The book is nothing more than a batch of information on the hitters—what pitchers they like and don't like, where they're strong and weak, what good and bad hitting habits they have. But this general information is of limited use to the individual pitcher.

Take me for an example. I'm primarily a low-ball pitcher. What do I do when I'm facing a low-ball hitter? The book says pitch him high. Not me. I believe my strength as a low-ball pitcher is greater than his strength as a low-ball hitter. I want to stay with my best pitches—nine times out of ten, that is. I may find that a particular batter can't handle my high pitches. Or, once in a while, I'll try to cross up a hitter. But the decisions will be mine, not the book's.

No two pitchers are exactly alike. Fast balls move differently, curves break differently. The book doesn't take this into account. My fast ball is not as hard as Chuck Estrada's, but it may move more. My curve breaks more than Pedro Ramos's, but it may not be as quick.

When I first joined the Yankees, we had Eddie Lopat. I was supposed to remind people of him. We were both left-handed breaking-ball pitchers. But Eddie had excellent changes of speed and not much of a fast ball. I thought I had a pretty good fast ball. (I still think so, although some others

Recent awards crown a great year: In '61 Ford won 25 games and shattered a 43-year-old record by pitching 32 consecutive scoreless World Series innings.

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"Pitching is this simple: You try to put the ball where you

don't agree.) Against Larry Doby and Luke Easter, big hitters with the Indians in those days, Lopat used to throw slow, breaking stuff. I found I could get them out with high fast balls. The same book couldn't support both of us.

All I want to know from the book is whether a hitter prefers a pitch high or low. I may not go along with this in pitching to him, but I want to know about it. The rest I learn for myself, mostly through hard knocks. I try a pitch on a batter, get clobbered, make an alteration, try again, get clobbered again. The process never ends.

When George Kell—strictly a high-fast-ball hitter—was playing, I probably threw him thirty or forty curve balls in a row. One day I figured I should be able to get away with a fast-ball strike. He hit it for a double over third base to beat me out of a ball game. Then I knew I had been right the first time.

Another source of valuable information is the pitching "grapevine." Pitchers talk to one another. We're a tight little fraternity that way, passing the word quickly about a new player or a veteran who has changed his batting stance or a hitter who is on a hot streak. Before I ever faced Floyd Robinson, a new man with the White Sox last season, I already had the dope from a Baltimore pitcher-friend that Robinson was a good fast-ball hitter.

When I'm on the road, I'll get out to the ball park early and drift down the right-field line, where Frank Lary or Billy Pierce or Tom Morgan or somebody else among the fifty or so American League pitchers I know pretty well will be shagging flies. Technically, fraternization among players on the field is prohibited, but no one bothers us.

I'll motion to Lary, say, to come over. "I'm having trouble with Jim Piersall," I'll tell him. And he'll say, "I'm having pretty good luck throwing him sliders low and inside." I know Lary's stuff and I can judge for myself how useful his information is to me. Then I'll tell him about a hitter. It's usually an even swap.

But whatever skill and strength and knowledge you may have, you'll always find fellows who beat you to death. I had trouble with Ted Williams, which made me no exception, but the hitters who bothered me most consistently over the years were right-handed—Harvey Kuenn, Minnie Minoso and Roy Sievers. They're all out of the league now, and if I didn't know better, I'd figure I should have clear sailing. But I'll undoubtedly find some rookies this season who will hit me as if they own me.

Every pitcher acquires his own notions about pitching to certain batters. How do my notions work? Well, regardless of what the accepted "book" on them may be, here's what I've learned about some of the good hitters in the American League.

Al Kaline—I never want to throw him a fast ball up. If I'm going to give him speed, it's got to be low and sinking, preferably away from him. The book on Kaline is to try to get him out with a curve ball—but it had better be low.

Rocky Colavito—He is a fast-ball hitter. I change speeds on my fast ball and move it around. He also is a good curve-ball hitter—probably better than Kaline—but if you throw him a slow curve he'll chase it. Changing speeds on your curves may upset his timing.

Norm Cash—Probably because he is a left-handed hitter, I've had good luck with him. But he is tough on right-handed pitchers. I try to keep the ball low on him, whether curve or fast ball. He has proved he can hit either, especially if the pitch gets above the belt.

Jim Gentile—He claims he is hitting about .100 against me, but he doesn't face me often. The Orioles sit him down against some left-handers. He is a wild swinger but can hit any pitch out of the park—curve, fast ball or change of pace. Don't throw him a good strike. So far, I've found that high fast balls, pitched tight, work best with him. He chases them.

Harmon Killebrew—He is a right-handed Gentile. I try to get him to hit to the opposite field. It is a bit risky in his home park at Minneapolis. He's strong enough to put the ball away there in right and right-center almost as easily as he can when pulling the ball. But his power to left is so great that it pays to make him reach for his pitches. I throw him almost everything down.

Vic Power—He is probably the best breaking-ball hitter in baseball—certainly the toughest I've ever pitched against. My idea is to pitch him low and make him raise the ball. He knows how to hit to the opposite field and once in a while will go for the long ball, usually on a pitch that's up. On low pitches he can hit through the infield but I give him that chance, hoping my infielders will get to most of the balls.

You hear aggressive talk from some pitchers about the beanball ("I'll knock the hitter down before I'll let him take the food out of my kids' mouths"), and sly talk about the spitball ("I'm not going to say I do throw it and I'm not going to say I don't"). Well, I don't believe in either of these pitches.

I don't think the beanball is a useful pitch. Let's get something straight, though. There's a difference between a beanball and a brush-back—and I'm not talking about the difference between hitting a fellow in the head or in the ribs. The beanball is used to scare batters. The brush-back is used to get them out. When a batter is leaning over the plate, it makes good sense to brush him back with a pitch on the inside corner. He'll move back, thinking it is well inside, and the ball will catch the corner. At least, that's my intention.

The argument for the beanball is that it will make a batter timid. I say that it might frighten a few weak sisters, but it won't scare the good hitters. Often it will make them better hitters. A pitcher is crazy, for instance, if he knocks down Vic Power. Power is more dangerous when he gets back up. The same is true with Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, Brooks Robinson, Roy Sievers and a few others. Throw at Nellie Fox and he'll spit tobacco juice back at you; that's how frightened he gets.

The beanball isn't as dangerous as some make out, though. If used by a pitcher with poor control, I suppose it can be risky—but, then, so could almost any pitch. A deliberate knockdown by a control pitcher is another matter. Not too much of that goes on these days.

As for the spitter, in the last couple of years I've been accused of throwing it myself. White Sox manager Al Lopez charged after one of my 1961 games that I had been wetting the ball. Then in the World Series against Cincinnati, Jimmy Piersall, sitting some 200 feet away in the press box, made the same charge. In all the years I've pitched against him, Piersall never opened his mouth. But there, covering the Series for some newspapers—as ballplayers do sometimes—he told the world I was throwing a spitball.

Now I know it is supposed to be a good idea to let hitters think you throw the spitter. It gives them something extra to worry about, and I'm in favor of that. But I don't like to be accused of something I don't do—and I don't throw the spitter.

I'm glad the majors recently voted against making it legal. I don't want it in baseball. I've worked hard during my four years in the minors and my twelve years with the Yankees to develop my pitches. Good pitches are not easy to come by or to keep. But if baseball legalized the spitter tomorrow, a kid coming out of high school with a good fast ball and fair control could develop a spitter in a matter of days and become a winning pitcher without ever learning anything else. I don't want this one pitch to make it that easy for others to come along and take away our jobs.

And the spitter is that good a pitch. I know because I *can* throw one. It's easy to learn. You just wet your forefinger and second finger at the tips and, without touching the seams, grip the top of the ball as it sits in your glove. Then you throw as hard as you can. The ball will drop like a knuckler, but more sharply and with much more control and speed. It's the best pitch I know of.

But I'm satisfied to go with the legal pitches. I have a couple of fast balls, several curves, a change of pace and a slider. This is perhaps a bigger assortment than a pitcher really needs at any one time. But I feel that the more pitches I have, the longer I'll stay in baseball. And I want to stick around.

My fast balls may not be blazers, but they're not slowpokes either, and they both move. I throw an overhand fast ball that backs up a little. It will start out two or three inches off the plate, then come back just enough to reach the corner. I don't throw it often, maybe four or five times a game, and usually with two strikes on a right-handed batter. It's a pitch I want him to look at. The other fast ball, thrown three-quarter sidearm, is a pitch I want him to hit. It dips a bit, and I throw it low anyway.

I have a sidearm curve that sweeps and an overhand curve that drops, and I can throw both at more than one speed. Over most of my career these have been my bread-and-butter pitches. Then I also have a change of pace that I developed in the minors. When you're a young pitcher, managers usually want you to have your first two pitches—the fast ball and the curve with control—down pat. Then they shop for the extra pitch, and generally it's change-up.

Up until last season I was one of the few pitchers in the majors without a slider. Actually I had one, but I wasn't using it because it hurt my shoulder to throw it. I was shot-putting the ball. In 1961 spring training, though, Johnny Sain, our new pitching coach, showed me the way he used to throw the slider. It worked. The delivery felt

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want it and where—you hope—the batter doesn't want it."

natural to me. It became the best pitch I had last year—my strikeout pitch. I was throwing as many as twenty sliders a game.

The slider is thrown with a fast ball's motion and speed, and it breaks in at the last moment. Some old-timers, like Frankie Frisch, call it a dinky curve. But too many modern pitchers have had success with it for anybody to say it's a bad pitch.

Now I'm working on a screwball. I'm thirty-three. Three or four years from now my curve ball won't be as fast as I'd like it, and as my fast ball also slows down, my slider will suffer too. I want to be ready with something new when that happens.

This spring I'm working on the screwball a few minutes every day, but it will be two or three years before I'll have one good enough to use. I refuse to throw any pitch in a game until I have confidence I can control it.

Every time I warm up for a game the ball has a different feel. Some days my fast ball seems sluggish, and other times the curve lacks snap. But I don't give in to myself. I work with whatever I have available. If I'm not particularly fast, I'll only show the batters my fast ball and use my curves for strikes. These are the times when I pitch some of my best ball games.

I'm known as a pitcher who doesn't finish his games. Out of thirty-nine starts last season, I completed eleven. Well, I don't believe in pacing myself the way many pitchers do. To me the goal is winning, not finishing. I pitch as hard as I can as long as I can. When I feel tired, and the manager has somebody else ready, I want to get out of there and have him bring in the fresh man.

Casey Stengel, who was my boss for eleven years, was often unfairly charged with pulling me out of ball games too early. He is supposed to have mismanaged me. That isn't true. Early in my career I would try to talk Stengel into letting me stay in a game, even though he sensed and I knew that I had tired. Every time I succeeded in persuading him, it backfired. I would get bombed.

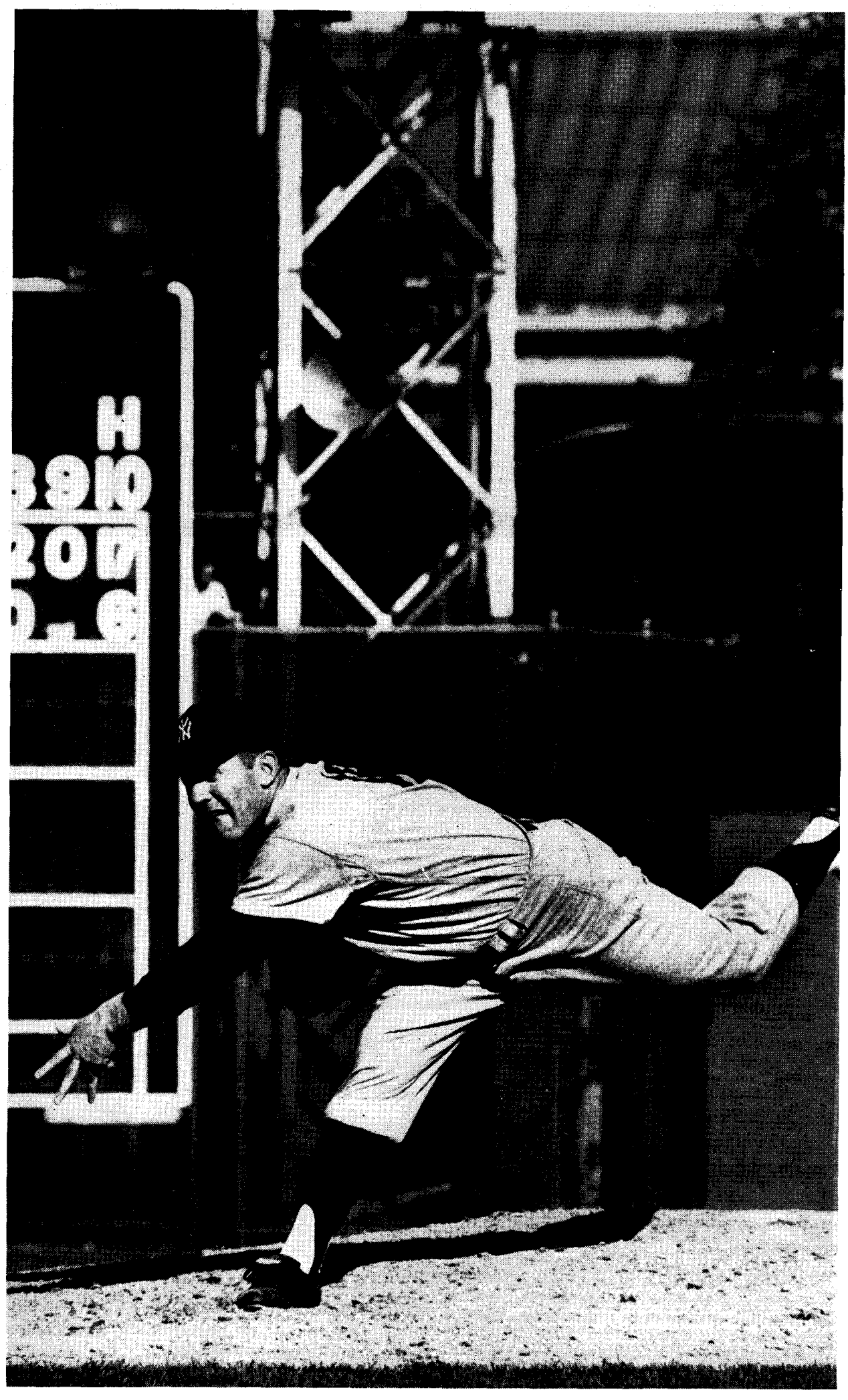
I should have known better. We had fellows like Joe Page and Allie Reynolds in the bullpen to relieve in those days—just as Luis Arroyo was always available last year—and they were in much better shape to finish the game than I was. So after a few early lessons I always told Stengel, before he had to tell me, that it was time for me to leave.

As long as I'm on the mound, though, I always feel that I'm boss. The pitcher, after all, does have the edge over the batter. Only I know what I'm throwing and where I'm throwing it. Even when the batter guesses right, he still has to hit the ball. And although he will get his cheap hits and his good hits, over the long run I figure I will be able to stop him three times out of four.

Starting with the essentials—a couple of good pitches and control—a pitcher needs to be stubborn, confident, bold, lucky. He needs to help himself—to practice his fielding, improve his hitting, master bunting, learn sliding and take sensible care of himself. He doesn't have to be a Ph.D. to understand any of this.

P.S. It helps to be with a winning ball club.

THE END



Veteran moundsman Ford at work: "I don't believe in pacing myself the way many pitchers do. To me the goal is winning, not finishing. I pitch as hard as I can as long as I can."

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EDITORIALS

GETTING READY FOR ARMAGEDDON

Let us hope for the best but anticipate the worst. Nikita Khrushchev—or one of his enemies who wrests control from him—unleashes all the accumulated demons of history by pressing the button of thermonuclear war. The missiles start flying toward New York, Washington, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Omaha. Maybe we have fifteen minutes' warning; maybe none.

The United States staggers under the first blow, but how does the United States retaliate? Under law the President is the only man who can give the "go" signal to those who command our own missilemen at various launching sites throughout this country, in England, in Italy and Turkey, underneath the seas off Russia in Polaris submarines, and to our aviators already aloft.

But suppose the President has been killed by the first Soviet blasts? Suppose he survives, but his communications are obliterated? Who then gives the orders? Article II, Section I, of the Constitution provides that the Presidential powers shall devolve upon the Vice President "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office." But let us assume that misfortune befalls the Vice President too. (No President and Vice President have ever died during the same administration, and statisticians have calculated that such a tragedy shouldn't occur more than once in 840 years. But nuclear warfare almost certainly would prove history's greatest calculation upsetter.)

With the President and Vice President gone, the Speaker of the House becomes President (just how he knows when to take the oath is something not precisely defined in the statutes of 1947 and 1955, which set up the order of succession). After the Speaker comes the President pro tem of the Senate, then the Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury, and others of the Cabinet. Sixth in line is the Secretary of Defense, who should know better than anyone else, the President excepted, when to Press the Button.

All this machinery could prove disastrously clumsy when there is no time to spare. Do our Polaris skippers wait indefinitely for orders to fire? What about the 600 bombers—half the total—on permanent 15-minute alert? Some of them will surely survive the onslaught of enemy missiles. What of the aircraft carriers which may be sailing not too far from Russia, bearing H-Bombs in their planes (and some of the planes already safely airborne)?

Command and control is the vascular system of modern war. It must restrain the firing of all nuclear weapons until duly constituted authority gives the "go" order. But if the order should come, the system must be ready to transmit commands instantly and unmistakably to launch-control centers all over the world where men must execute the orders.

This is no longer necessarily a one-time, all-or-nothing procedure. Certain bombers and missiles might be ordered to "go," while others remain in reserve. Certain targets might be hit, others spared. Some may be hit later or never, depending on how the war goes. Clearly, war launching has become so complicated that the warmaking authority must be qualified to decide more than simply "yes" or "no." And action cannot await any line of succession, even one established as recently as 1955.

The President, as commander in chief, must delegate his authority to someone who would take over automatically in case he is disabled. The decision must necessarily be military as well as political.

Some experts visualize alternate battle stations deep underground, perhaps in the "alternate Pentagon" located in the Maryland hills. Some believe that the next-in-line alternate White House should be at sea (where a shipborne command post already exists). The last-ditch stations for "assistant commanders in chief" would be airborne.

The assistant warmakers must be available instantly and around the clock. Obviously they should be senior officials. But they, like all other men, would be subject to sickness, they must travel to places where keeping them in touch with strategic events would be cumbersome and expensive. Most of them normally would be in Washington, a prime target. Some students of the problem believe that up to thirty men might be needed to make the system function under attack. Some very special training would be necessary for the thirty, of course.

Comes the prickly question: Who? The Vice President is certainly the legal heir of the President, but is the Speaker of the House qualified? The Secretary of Defense is a logical choice to determine what is necessary if we are attacked, but is the Secretary of Agriculture? Surely, some military men must be in the line of authority, despite the American reluctance to put our collective fate in the hands of the generals and admirals.

Trusting assistant commanders in chief is only one more of many calculated risks we must assume as long as destiny is a matter of fingertip control. Not talking about the problem won't make it vanish. The matter of designating the assistants—and of perfecting a system of transferring control—is a tough one, but it can be worked out by careful planning. It is not our purpose to suggest a precise formula, but Mr. Kennedy should act without delay to determine who does what, and when, if Armageddon is our fate.

FOOTNOTE ON THE ART OF POLITICS

Since 1959 Senators Hugh Scott (R.) and Joseph S. Clark (D.) have conducted a biweekly televised debate heard throughout their home state of Pennsylvania. They are the only two members of House or Senate to expose their conflicting views from the same platform on a regular basis. No one confused the debates with the Lincoln-Douglas classics; no one considered them great television. Nevertheless, they were informative and useful to the public interest. We applaud the senators for their forthrightness and particularly for their courage.

To do these telecasts, both had to buck the formidable opposition of their political leaders. The professionals hate to see Republican and Democrat on the same platform. They feel that joint appearances "blur" the distinctions between the parties, make the opposition respectable. Above all, the professionals abhor the sight of antagonists in agreement—and Scott and Clark did agree occasionally, despite their rivalry. The incident is worth recording, because again professional political leadership is revealed in all the glory of its "public be damned" contempt for the electorate. Never mind the earnest voter's quest for understanding; never mind if Scott and Clark helped Pennsylvanians comprehend the issues. Our job is the next election!

The telecasts are now off the air because this is an election year and neither senator considered them proper while Clark is up for reelection. Both promise to resume if Clark is returned to the Senate. In that case we hope they will resume and that rival congressmen and senators in other states will follow their precedent. It's time that the cynical bosses learned that the public's right to know outweighs the party's right to win.

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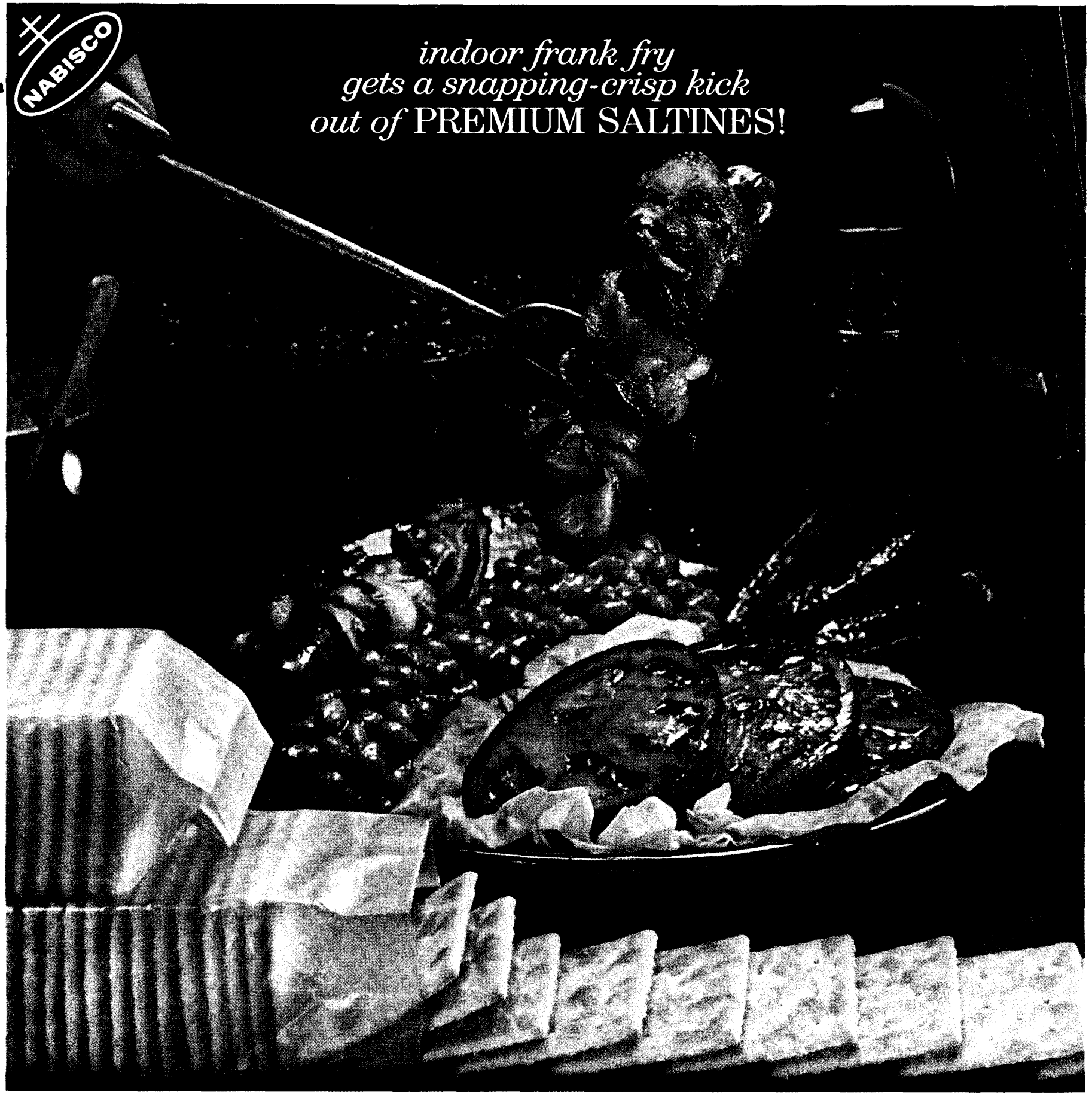

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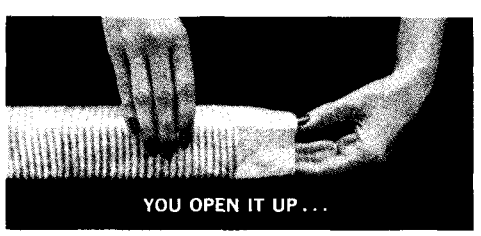

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